TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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WILLIAM TAIT, EDINBURGH;

SIMPKIN & MARSHALL, LONDON; AND JOHN CUMMING, DUBLIN.

MAY, 1832.

COMPENSATION.

SOME of the about-to-be ex-paper voters, are getting up a petition for compensation. What a roar of laughter it will cause in the House! The number of signatures in Edinburgh is, we suppose, that of the requisitionists to the hole-and-corner-meeting. It is proposed to meet this modest prayer by a counter-petition, enumerating the sums drawn by the ex-voters for their suffrages at different times, in the form of jobs, &c.; and praying that Parliament will force them to refund—will *strip the leeches.* A *catalogue raisonnée* of the signatures is in preparation, of which the following is a specimen:—" ———, purchased a vote previous to last election, avowedly for the purpose of getting his son out to India, the first time the county was contested, and afterwards selling at an advance. The present member walked the course, and the disappointed speculator was three days in a strait-waistcoat. He has since squeezed considerably more than the purchase-money out of his vassals, by the collection of casualties, and now claims payment of the whole sum. This vote has been a lucrative article of traffic for many years; and, as the purchaser of an estate becomes liable for all the real burdens, it is evident that the present holder must refund. He is rich, and will bleed."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MANY articles of merit have been unavoidably postponed. Our literary friends are requested to believe that the postponement of an article is no presumption of its being thought of inferior merit. Perhaps the postponed article belongs to a class of which we have already more than enough in types; perhaps it came too late, (we go to press very early in the month;) perhaps it is reserved to grace the succeeding number. The readiness of writers of established fame, and the eagerness of young volunteers full of talent and enthusiasm, to join our ranks, has been particularly gratifying to us. We are proud of the favour shown us; more of the cause of it,—the Standard of Liberty which we have uplifted, and by which we have sworn to abide.

Some new books of merit; and, among others, M'Culloch's invaluable Dictionary of Commerce—Captain Hall's New Series of his delightful Fragments—The Landers' Travels—and some American publications, are unavoidably deferred. To a large number of trashy pamphlets we can accord no notice;

> And the driest of all 'mid this *fuzzionless* lumber,
> Is the solemn address of the great Lord of Clumber.
> From its rigmarole style and conventicle tone,
> 'Tis apparent he does " what he likes with his own"—
> That he spurs his weak wit to ride o'er us rough shod,
> When the poor spavin'd brute is unfit for the road.

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THE SECOND READING.

It is impossible to peruse the Debate on the Second Reading of the Reform Bill in the House of Lords, without a deep feeling of anxiety for the ultimate success of the measure. Honestly speaking, we think that by this concession it has only been advanced into a situation of greater danger. The language of its friends—with one or two honourable exceptions—was any thing but clear and explicit. The great argument of several noble Lords for sending it into a Committee, was, that they might afterwards reject it with a better grace. The opposition of the Ultra Tories was as deep, virulent, and foul-mouthed as ever. We are still far from being satisfied that Earl Grey was justified in periling the measure upon so narrow a majority; but his conduct has at least placed it beyond all doubt that nothing short of a regeneration of the present members of the House can enable him to carry it, unmutilated, without an addition to their number. Lord Grey has known his order long enough to be able to translate their speeches into common English; and this being the case, we adjure him by every motive that can influence a high-minded statesman, to save the Peers from themselves.

It is impossible to say how many different shades and diversities of opinion may obtain among the Lords; but one thing is certain, that a great many of them are most lamentably ignorant of their position in society, of the real tenure of their power. They neither know the people of England, nor the nature of the hold they have upon them. When we hear a noble Lord declaring in his place, that "he knew, by rejecting the Bill, *inconveniences* would be created; but, he believed, that none would be created which might not be met by a *firm* government;" and when we further remark that this silly, unfeeling, ill-timed bravado is received with a burst of applause, we know not which feeling predominates—amazement, that with legislators so ignorant of the character of the nation, we should have gone on even so well as we have done,—or fear, lest we should again be delivered up, bound hand and foot, to their tender mercies. The gage of defiance is flung down in silken and holyday terms to a mighty and excited nation, and a motley band

fleshed in the trade of war, or hardened in the heartless subtilties of law, or just escaped from the control of the schoolmaster, cheer on their bully. It is well for these men that the nation has more sense and temper than themselves, otherwise they might now be in the situation—we will not say of the conscript fathers of Rome when the Gauls entered the capitol, but in that of a desperate crew, who, when the trampling waves are surging on all sides over their stranded vessel, strive to drown the noise and the terror of the storm by their drunken halloo.

But the ignorance of the character of the people evinced by the Peers, goes beyond a mere misapprehension of their power. In reading their speeches, one is almost tempted to fancy some noble Lords are of opinion that none but a Peer can possess honesty or common sense. They treat the nation like a herd of brutes who would be unable to conduct themselves with common propriety did not their betters think and act for them. The Duke of Buckingham knows so little of the world beyond the circle of his own immediate friends, that he really believes the rest of the community to be, to a man, paupers. Nay, one could almost fancy that some members of the Peerage, who might have been expected to know better, imagine their plebeian countrymen destitute of eyes and ears. At least, upon no other assumption can we attribute a meaning to words like the following, uttered in presence of crowding strangers, and of reporters writing as if for a wager: "Except in moments of great excitement, which would occasionally prevail in all countries, he had rather observed in that class of persons, a disposition to rely upon the judgment of their superiors, particularly when that judgment was not forced upon them."—(Cheers.)—"He thought that other noble Lords would concur with him in saying, that they had always shewn a disposition to feel flattered on being consulted by their superiors, and, in the end, to rely upon their judgment." When the priests of Memphis wished to juggle the people into morality and respect for the laws, they concerted their pseudo-miracles in secret; and when Iago described the Moor as "fit to be led by the nose," he took care that Othello did not overhear him. But our wise senators conspire to wheedle us (be it for our good or for our ill) at the top of their lungs, and in the face of the assembled nation. Nor is this contempt for the unprivileged class confined to those who remain in their original obscurity. Although a commoner may have elbowed his way into a peerage, he is still reminded, on all occasions, that he is a *parvenu*. When Lord Wharncliffe, forgetting that, until a few years back, he was merely the head of one of the oldest and wealthiest families in England, the representative in Parliament of a large and populous county, and one whom no personal danger could turn from his purpose, ventured to insinuate that *he*, who had spent a busy life amongst Englishmen, knew their character better than the Duke of Wellington, who had rarely come in contact with them; he was reminded by Lord Falmouth, "that the noble Duke had been employed in the civil service of his country three times as long as the noble Lord had been a member of that House."*

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* Poor Wharncliffe! This sneer at the newness of his coronet must be peculiarly galling, after his condescending declaration when the Bill was before the House last year, that "beyond these walls their Lordships *sometimes* mingled with the Commons."

This scorn of the Commons extends beyond that portion of the class which moves in the private walks of life. It reaches even the creatures whom the boroughmongering lords select to perform the drudgery of legislation in the other House. One noble Lord tells us that "the constitution is already too democratic;" another, that *he* thinks "the House of Commons, both in constitution and conduct, democratical enough," (which we implicitly believe;) a third gives a tolerable insight into the opinion he entertains of the use of this branch of the legislature, when he calls it a good school,—a sort of debating society for training Peers to elocution and public business; as if the interests of a mighty nation were but a foot-ball to allure these young Brobdignaggians to the practice of athletic exercises.

In this spirit of contempt for the people, lies the first and most obvious danger to which the Bill is still exposed. A minority of the Peers, so numerous as scarcely to deserve the name, has declared that it loathes and abhors the measure, and despises its supporters. These men are ignorant, and are determined to remain ignorant, of the constitution of the society for which they are called to legislate. They are Quixotes living under a mental hallucination, in a world of bygone centuries. They fancy that bearing the titles of feudal Barons, they can present the same imposing front to the Commons that their ancestors did. They are, withal, proud, self-willed, and regardless of danger. Ten to one, could their mental vision be couched,—could they be made to see clearly the danger in which they stand, their first impulse would be, to shut their eyes again, and rush on to take the bull by the horns. Nothing is to be hoped from them, but by opposing to their mad career a will stern and unbending as their own.

Have they been thus encountered? On the contrary, the framers of the Bill have uniformly sought to conciliate their infuriate adversaries. The soothing system is in the main a good one; but there are cases of derangement in which it is utterly inapplicable,—and of these the present is one. The Anti-reformers speak of impeaching the Prime Minister; and he blandly tells them that the measure is now in their hands, and meekly prays that the danger to be incurred by rejecting it may fall upon his head alone. Shylock's

> "—— Fair Sir, you spit on me last Wednesday;
> You spurn'd me such a day; another time
> You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
> I'll lend you thus much monies,"—

is a tame picture of rendering good for evil, when compared with the forbearance of the noble Earl. Even the front of Brougham, terrible to enemies, is smoothed, and his mouth wears one unchanging smile. His Majesty's Ministers are like the gods of Epicurus, unmoved alike by prayers or maledictions. Superior to human passion, they sit aloft upon their transcendental thrones, their countenances dressed in one eternal simper. Their followers, of course, take their cue from them, and all is politeness and concession. "The Bill! oh, my dear Lord! you will pass the Bill. I do not myself see how it can benefit the people, but they are anxious to have it. I would not be so unpolite as to insist upon your yielding to me in such a trifle; but you must see that it can do you no harm. The thing is a mere matter of moonshine, but it will gratify a great many honest people. That's a good fellow!" And this jessamy, cold, half-patronizing support of the measure is expected to countervail

an opposition struggling with all its heart and soul—resolved to die in the last ditch.

It would even be well if the phalanx of Lord Grey were composed of such men. But it is a well-known, and avowed fact, that the motive which induced many to swell his majority on the late occasion, was the hope of being thus enabled more certainly to strangle the measure. Their language is—that their hatred and abhorrence of the Bill is in no-wise diminished, but that after soothing the people by arguing the project with them in detail, they may, with less danger of giving offence, mutilate or frustrate its provisions. They expect to be able to sap its principles insidiously in the Committee; or, should the worst come to the worst, to throw it out at the Third Reading. These are the new accessions to Earl Grey's ranks; but even among his original supporters, there are not a few who would gladly, if they but knew how, get rid of this odious Bill. They have adopted it out of no love they bear it, but because, hampered by family connexions, they could not refuse their compliance; or, convinced that Reform was unavoidable, they yielded reluctantly to the pressure of necessity. They are ready to acquiesce in any evasion of the measure by which they may be enabled to save appearances. They are quite willing, were it not that they feel the eye of the people on them, to give even in to such a gross snare, such an apparent pit-fall, as the Duke of Buckingham's most exquisite plan of Reform.

The parties then, are by no means equally matched; and even if they were more upon a par, their weapons are unequal. The House of Lords is a little world within itself, having a morality and logic of its own. Words have there a very different meaning from what attaches to them out of doors, and actions are judged by a totally different standard. When we hear a noble Lord speak of the lower classes, their want of moral principle and information, we have some difficulty in recognising, under these flattering denominations, the industrious, enterprising, intelligent merchants, mechanics, and yeomen of England. Again, when we see Peers, with a view of transmitting their large estates, unincumbered, to their eldest sons, quartering the younger scions of the family upon the public, *we* are inclined to call it avarice and extortion. In *their* estimate of morality, it passes current for prudence and fatherly affection. An attempt to govern with the sword, would be designated tyranny were our vocabulary consulted; in theirs it is true courage. It is owing to this anomalous constitution of the aristocratical mind, that the very arms with which the Bill was defended in the Commons, have been occasionally turned against it with success in the Lords.

With them it is an understood axiom, that all the power they possess is justly theirs, and that all the purposes to which they can apply it are just and honourable. It would be unparliamentary for any peer to question principles so clearly established. Now, unfortunately, the Bill proceeds upon the assumption that both are false. In the Commons, where this latter opinion is now all but universally entertained, the defence of such a bill was easy; the labour and the shame of sophistical and crooked reasoning lay with its opponents. But, in the House of Lords, the policy of its friends has been to disclaim the principles upon which it is based. Their task is to persuade their illustrious compeers that the Bill is not calculated to extend the liberties of the people, or to secure good and cheap government and legislation—that, in short, it is the most harmless and inefficient measure that ever was proposed. So-

phistry so glaring, even the logic of the House of Lords is able to expose. —On the whole, it must be evident to every man who can think for himself, that the struggle in the Upper House is not a war of reason but of will. Not one of the speakers seeks to convince his opponents; his utmost endeavour is to put a fair face on his own conduct. In no public assembly have we ever heard such frequent protestations that the speakers had no hope of converting those who entertained opinions different from their own—in none have we so often seen the line of fair argument deserted for the grossest personal invective. The victory will be adjudged, not to the party which reasons best, but to that which is most obstinate; and, looking to the materials of which they are composed, the superiority is undeniably on the side of the anti-reformers. Their creed is more uniform, their league better knit, their discipline more perfect, their hearts more devoted. They have a deep stake on the issue of the game. They are fighting their own battle, while their opponents, acting merely as our auxiliaries, are but half hearty in the cause—if, indeed, this be not to over-rate their zeal.

Thus circumstanced, it is to itself alone that the nation ought to look. Whatever trifling advantage we have lately gained, has not been owing to the fine diplomacy of Ministers, but to the firm, unwavering front the people have hitherto presented. It was no insidious blandishments of Earl Grey—it was the conviction that the universal nation had shrunk from their side, leaving them in a moral vacuum, that extorted from Lords Harrowby and Wharncliffe the concession they have made to popular feeling. It is perseverance in the same determined conduct that must follow up the blow. Let us aid Ministers; but let us not, for a moment, repose any confidence in their timid policy. We know that we have given offence in some quarters, by what is called our harsh judgment of the Premier; but we are not, on that account, convinced that we have erred. Even by the showing of Earl Grey's friends, his conciliatory deportment is only warrantable on the assumption that it is worn to cloak the sternest resolution. When a man makes up his mind to finesse, he must not be astonished that even his well-wishers are deceived. Earl Grey has selected his course, and will doubtless pursue it—if to a successful issue, with more heartfelt gratitude from none than from ourselves. But as he is confessedly playing a double game, we must be excused if the frailty of our nature lead us to mistrust him. Fine-spun webs of policy are so easily torn asunder, that, even with the firmest confidence in the intentions of the artisan, we have little faith in them. In case of the failure of the van-guard, we must have a reserve ready; and the only one adequate to the present emergency is a united and determined nation.

Our opinion is, that the discussion on the second reading has shewn more clearly than ever the necessity for a creation of Peers. Lords Harrowby and Wharncliffe, and the Bishop of London, are men of sense, and, we believe, only desire to come round with some attention to decorum—with "coy, reluctant, amorous delay." But in not one other waverer, under whichever banner he may have hitherto ranked himself, have we the slightest confidence. A great deal of nonsense has been spoken as to whether such a measure would be constitutional or not. It is clear that the people have a right to demand a creation. The Peers are sitting as judges upon a case in which they have themselves an interest. They are enacting the fable of the fox, called to decide upon the complaint of the goose, whose goslings he had stolen, with a

strong pre-disposition to order her to his larder for her seditious impertinence. In any court of law, the plaintiff is entitled to challenge the judge who has an adverse interest—to demand that he shall not be judge in his own cause. The forms of our constitution do not in the present case admit of the people of England adopting such a line of conduct, although their judges have a direct tangible interest in perpetuating the abuse which is the ground of complaint. But the forms of the constitution admit of the Monarch's increasing the number of the Peers to any extent he may deem expedient. Here then is a succedaneum for the right of challenge which is denied to us. We only ask the King, in the legitimate exercise of his royal prerogative, to add to the Assembly of the Peers as many individuals, deriving no advantage from the present corrupt system of Parliamentary election, as may serve to neutralize the votes of those who do. By such a step no constitutional form is violated; and the ends of essential justice will be obtained. The demands of the lawyer and the honest man will alike have been gratified.

But the only method of securing this consummation "so devoutly to be wished" is by continuing the external pressure. The nation must declare its anxious longing to see this step taken, not in gentle whispers and inuendoes, but in explicit language, loudly and reiteratedly. If Ministers honestly intend to have recourse to a creation should they find it unavoidable, they will take the plunge with a better grace when animated by the encouraging exhortations of the whole country. If their courage is not yet screwed up to this pitch, they need to be reminded of their duty. At no moment of this protracted struggle has boldness and perseverance on the part of the people been more called for than at present. We are within sight of the harbour, but our course thither lies through a perilous surf. We never needed to keep a sharper look out upon our helmsman and rowers, for if they lose heart, or slacken their exertions for a moment, we are lost.

Lost—but not for ever. Some weak, though well meaning friends of social order, attribute a most absurd value to mere forms. There are bonds which unite man with man in society which will survive, even though a self-willed legislative body should insist upon sinking itself, at the hazard of engulfing the whole state along with it. Independently of the ties of friendship and family affection, there are the chains of habit scarcely less strong. Man's natural tendency is to do to-day what he has done yesterday. Our modes of transacting business, perfected by long practice—the little amenities of life would keep us together, were our Corinthian capital to insist upon throwing itself down in a pet. Nay, did our House of Commons prove itself worthy of its high vocation, such an event might happen, unattended even by so enduring a reflux of the ordinary affairs of life, as was caused in the waters of Jordan, while the ark passed through. That body would, as a matter of course, step into the shoes of the abdicated dignitaries, the reformers throughout the country would lend their aid in keeping the peace in their different districts, and every thing would go on as well, or better, than before.

We say this, God knows, not from any desire to witness such an occurrence. We would deprecate, with our whole heart, so sudden and violent an alteration of our institutions.. But, it is right that the House of Lords should be brought to know both itself and the people better. We are anxious to make them aware, that the *prestige* which once clung

to their *caste* has vanished—that they are no longer looked upon as the indispensable part of the body corporate, which they flatter themselves they are. More particularly would we seek to impress upon their minds, that in wealth, intelligence, high feeling, and resolute daring, the Commons of England are every way their equals. We are no born thralls to be bullied and scared with impunity. We do not envy their great possessions, or their sounding titles, or the glittering figure they cut in the eyes of the world. We are ready to assist in preserving these their peculiar privileges from spoliation. But we demand, in return for the watch and ward we keep over their luxuries, that they will respect our humbler property. Amid the blandishments of their Delilahs why should they envy us our ewe lamb? Our little patrimony—the vineyard which our forefathers bequeathed us, we will defend to the last against the mightiest Ahab. The liberties of England shall, as far as in us lies, be handed down, unimpaired, ("at the least," as our canny countryman said to his master,) to the latest posterity.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

To the Editor of Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

Sir,—To write in your magazine makes me feel as if I, at length, had the pleasure of being personally in Scotland, a gratification which I have not yet enjoyed in any other way. I dive into my channel of communication, like another Alpheus, and re-appear in the shop of Mr. Tait; not pursuing, I trust, any thing *fugitive*, but behaving very unlike a river-god, and helping to bring forth an Edinburgh periodical!

Nor will you, Sir, who enter so much into the interests of your fellow-creatures, and know so well of what their faculties are capable, look upon this kind of presence as a thing so purely unreal as it might be supposed. Our strongest proof of the existence of any thing amounts but to a proportionate belief to that effect; and it would puzzle a wise man, though not a fool, to prove to himself that I was not, in some spiritual measure, in any place where I chose to pitch my imagination; which metaphysical subtlety I notice merely, in the first place, to baulk your friend the Pechler, should he think it a settled thing that a man cannot be in two places at once (which would be a very green assumption of his;) and, secondly, the better to impress a conviction I have, that I know Scotland very well, and have been there many times.

Whether we go to another country on these occasions, in the manner of a thing spiritual, our souls being pitched out of ourselves like rockets or meteors; or whether the country comes to us, and our large souls are inhabited by it for the time being, upon the principle of the greater including the less, the mind of man being a far more capacious thing than any set of square miles, I shall leave to the curious to determine; but if I am not intimate with the very best parts of Scotland, and have seen them a thousand times, then do I know nothing of Burns, or Allan Ramsay, or Walter Scott, or Smollett, or Ossian, or James the First or Fifth, or snoods, or cockernonies, or gloamin, or birks and burnies, or plaids, bonnets, and philabegs, or John Knox, or Queen Mary, or the Canongate, or the Calton Hill, or Hume and Robertson, or Tweedside, or a haggis, or cakes, or heather, or reels and strathspeys, or Glengary, or

All the Clans, or Auld Robin Gray, or a mist, or rappee, or second-sight, or the kirk, or the cutty-stool, or golf and hurling, or the Border, or Bruce and Wallace, or bagpipes, or bonnie lasses.

"A lover's plaid, and a bed of heath," says the right-poetical Allan Cunningham, "are favourite topics with the Northern Muse: when the heather is in bloom, it is worthy of becoming the couch of beauty. *A sea of brown blossom, undulating as far as the eye can reach, and swarming with wild bees, is a fine sight.*" Sir, I have seen it a million times, though I never set eyes on it.

Who that has ever read it, is not put into visual possession of the following scene in the Gentle Shepherd?—

> A flowrie howm, between twa verdant braes,
> Where lasses use to wash and spread their claes;
> A trotting burnie, whimpling through the ground,
> Its channel pebbles shining smooth and round;
> Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear.

Or this?—

> The open field.—A cottage in a glen;
> An auld wife spinning at the sunny en'.

Or this other, a perfect domestic picture?

> While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
> Wi' a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair;
> Glaud by a morning ingle takes a beek,
> The rising sun shines motty through the reek;
> A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,
> And now and then a joke maun intervene.

The globe we inhabit is divisible into two worlds, one hardly less tangible, and far more known than the other,—the common geographical world, and the world of books. And the latter may be as geographically set forth. A man of letters, conversant with poetry and romance, might draw out a very curious map, in which this world of books should be delineated and filled up, to the delight of all genuine readers, as truly as that in Guthrie or Pinkerton. To give a specimen, and begin with Scotland; Scotland would not be the mere territory it is, with a scale of so many miles to a degree, and such and such a population. Who (except a patriot or a cosmopolite) cares for the miles or the men, or knows that they exist, in any degree of consciousness with which he cares for the never-dying population of books? How many generations of men have passed away, and will pass, in Ayrshire or Dumfries, and not all the myriads be as interesting to us as a single Burns? What have we known of them, or shall know, whether lairds, lords, or ladies, in comparison with the inspired ploughman? But we know of the bards and the lasses, and the places which *he* has recorded in song; we know the scene of Tam o' Shanter's exploit; we know the pastoral landscapes above quoted, and the scenes immortalized in Walter Scott and the old ballads; and therefore the book-map of Scotland would present us with the most prominent of these. We should have the Border with its banditti-towers and woods; Tweedside, Melrose, and Rosslyn; *Edina*, otherwise called Edinburgh and Auld Reekie, or the town of Hume, Robertson, and others; Woodhouselee, and other classical and haunted places; the bower built by Bessy Bell and Mary Gray; the farm-houses of Burns's friends, the scenes of his loves and sorrow; the land of Old Mortality, of the Gentle Shepherd, and of Ossian. The Highlands and the great blue billowy domains of heather would be distinctly marked out, in their most poetical regions; and we should have the tracks of Ben

Jonson to Hawthornden, of Rob Roy to his hiding-places, and of Jeanie Deans towards England. Abbotsford, to be sure, would not be left out; nor the house of the Antiquary, almost as real a man as his author. Nor is this all. For we should have older Scotland; the Scotland of James the First, and Peeblis at the Play, and Gawin Douglas, and Bruce, and Wallace; and we should have older Scotland still, the Scotland of Ariosto with his tale of Ginevra, and of the new Andromeda delivered from the sea-monster at the isle of Ebuda (the Hebrides;) and there would be the residence of the famous Launcelot of the Lake at Berwick, called the Joyeuse Garde, and other ancient sites of chivalry and romance; nor should the nightingale be left out in Ginevra's bower, for Ariosto has put it there, and there accordingly it is and has been heard; let ornithology say what it will; for what ornithologist knows so much of the nightingale as a poet? We would have an inscription put on the spot—"Here the nightingale sings, contrary to what has been affirmed by White and others."

This is the Scotland of Books,—and a beautiful place it is. I will venture to affirm, Sir, even to yourself, that it is a more beautiful place than the other Scotland, always excepting, to an exile or a lover; for the former is piqued to prefer what he must not touch; and, to the latter, no spot is so charming, as the ugliest place that contains his beauty. Not that Scotland has not many places, literally, as well as poetically, beautiful. I know that well enough. But, you see that young man there, turning down the corner of the dullest spot in Edinburgh, with a dead wall over against it, and delight in his eyes? He sees No. 4, the house where the girl lives he is in love with. Now, what that place is to him, all places are, in their proportion, to the lover of books, who has beheld them by the light of imagination and sympathy.

China, Sir, is a very unknown place to us—in one sense of the word unknown; but who is not intimate with it as the land of tea and *china*, and ko-tons, and pagodas, and mandarins, and Confucius, and conical caps, and people with little names, little eyes, and little feet, who sit in little bowers, drinking little cups of tea, and writing little odes? The Jesuits, and the tea-cups, and the novel of Iu-Kiao-Li, have made us well acquainted with it, better, a great deal, than millions of its inhabitants are acquainted,—fellows who think it in the middle of the world, and know nothing of themselves. With *one* China they are totally unacquainted, to wit, the great China of the poet and old travellers; Cathay, "seat of Cathain Can," the country of which Ariosto's Angelica was Princess-royal. Yes, she was a Chinese, the fairest of her sex, Angelica. It shows that the ladies in that country must have greatly degenerated, for it is impossible to conceive that Ariosto, and Orlando, and Rinaldo, and King Sacripant, who was a Circassian, could have been in love with her for having eyes and feet like a pig. I will deviate here into a critical remark, which is, that the Italian poets seem to have considered people the handsomer, the farther you went north. The old traveller, it is true, found a good deal of the beauty that depends on red and white, in Tartary and other western regions; and a fine complexion is highly esteemed in the swarthy south. But Astolfo, the Englishman, is celebrated for his beauty by the Italian poets; the unrivalled Angelica was a Chinese; and the handsomest of Ariosto's heroes, Zerbino, of whom he writes the famous passage, that "Nature made him, and then broke the mould," is a *Scotsman*. The poet had probably seen some very handsome Scotsmen in Romagna.—With this piece of "bribery and corruption" to your national readers, I return to my subject.

Book-England on the map, would shine as the Albion of the old giants, as the "Logres of Lyones," of the Knight of the Round Table; as the scene of Amadis de Gaul, with its *island* of Windsor; as the abode of the fairies, of the Druids, of the divine Countess of Coventry, of Guy, Earl of Warwick, of *Alfred* (whose reality was a romance,) of the Fair Rosamond, of the Arcades and "Comus," of Chaucer and Spenser, of the poets of the Globe and the Mermaid, the wits of Twickenham and Hampton Court; and Fleet Street should be Johnson's Fleet Street: albeit the Tower would belong to Julius Cæsar; and Blackfriars to Suckling, Vandyke, and the *Dunciad!* Chronology, and the mixture of truth and fiction, that is to say, of one sort of truth and another, would be nothing in a work of this kind; for, as it has been before observed, things are real in proportion as they are impressive; and who has not as "gross, open, and palpable," an idea of Falstaff in East Cheap, as of Captain Grose himself, beating up his quarters? A map of fictitious, literary, and historical, London, would, of itself, constitute a great curiosity. So would one of Edinburgh or of any other city in which there have been great men and romantic events, whether the latter were real or fictitious. Swift speaks of maps, in which they

"Place elephants for want of towns."

Here would be towns and elephants too, the popular and the prodigious.

How much would not Swift do for Ireland, in this geography of wit and talent! What a figure would not St. Patrick's cathedral make! The other day, mention was made of a "Dean of St. Patrick's" *now living!* as if there was, or ever could be again, more than one Dean of St. Patrick's. In the Irish maps we should have the Saint himself driving out all venomous creatures; (what a pity he could not have included the Orangemen!) and there would be the old Irish kings, and O'Donoghue with his white horse, and the lady of the "gold wand," who made the miraculous virgin pilgrimage, and all the other marvels of lakes and ladies, and the unique towers still remaining to perplex the antiquary, and Goldsmith's Deserted Village, and Goldsmith himself, and the birth-places of Steele and Sterne, and the brief bower of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Carolan with his harp, and the schools of the poor Latin boys under the hedges, and Castle-Rackrent, and Edgeworth's-town, and the Giant's Causeway, and Ginlea and other classical poverties, and Spenser's castle on the river Mulla, with the wood-gods whom his pipe drew round him. Ireland is wild ground still; and there are some that would fain keep it so, like a forest to hunt in.

The French map would present us with the woods and warriors of old Gaul, with Lucan's witch, with Charlemagne and his court at Tours, with the siege of Paris by the Saracens, and half the wonders of Italian poetry; with Angelica and Medora; with the Castles of Orlando and Rinaldo, and the traitor Gan, with part of the great forest of Ardenne (Rosalind being in it;) the gentle territory of the Troubadours, and Navarre, with Love's Labour Lost, and Vaucluse with Petrarch and Laura, and the pastoral scenes of D'Urfé's romance, and the men-wolves of Brittany, and the Fairy of Lusignan. Napoleon also, (for he too was a romance,) should be drawn as a giant, meeting the allied forces in the neighbourhood of Paris.

Italy would be covered with ancient and modern romance; with Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Dante, Boccaccio, &c., with classical villas, and scenes Elysian and infernal. There would be the region of Saturn during his Age of Gold, and the old Tuscan cities, and Phaeton in the north, and

the syrens and fairies at Naples, and Polyphemus in Sicily, with the abodes of Boiardo and Ariosto, and Horace's Mount Soracte, and the Cross of St. Peter, and the city in the sea, and the golden scenes of Titian and Raphael, and other names that make us hear the music of their owners; and Pythagoras with his philosophy, and Petrarch with his lute. A circle of stars would tell us where Galileo lived; and the palace of Doria would look more than royal towards the sea.

I dare not, in this hasty sketch, and with limited time before me, indulge myself in these luxuries of recollection, or do anything more than barely mention the names of Spain, Fontarabia, and Cervantes; of Greece; of Persia and the Arabian Nights; of Mount Caucasus, and Turkey, and the Gothic North; of El Dorado and Columbus; and the sea-snakes, floating islands, and other marvels of the ocean; not forgetting the Atalantis of Plato, and the regions of Gulliver and Peter Wilkins. Neither can I have the pleasure of being suffocated, with contemplating, at proper length, the burning deserts of Africa; or of hearing the ghostly sounds of its old satyrs and Ægipans in their woody hills at night time, described by Pomponius Mela; or of seeing the stormy Spirit of the Cape, stationed there for ever by Camoens, and whose stature on the map would be like a mountain. You will be good enough to take this paper as nothing but a hint of what such a map might contain.

One word, however, respecting a heresy in fictitious belief, which has been uttered by Rousseau, and repeated, I am sorry to say, by our excellent poet Wordsworth, the man of all men who ought not to reduce a matter of fact to what might be supposed to be its poverty. Rousseau, speaking of the banks of the Lignon, where the scene of the old French romance is laid, expresses his disappointment at finding there nothing like the beautiful things he fancied in his childhood; and Mr. Wordsworth, in his poems of Yarrow, visited and unvisited, utters a like regret, in speaking of the scene of the "bonny bride—the winsome marrow." I know there is such an opinion abroad, like many other errors; but it does not become men of imagination to give in to it; and I must protest against it, as a flat irreligion. I do not pretend to be as romantic in my conduct as the Genevese philosopher, or as poetical in my nature as the bard of Rydal-Mount; but I have, by nature, perhaps, greater animal spirits than either; and a bit of health is a fine prism to see fancies by. It may be granted, for the sake of argument, that the book Lignon, and the book Yarrow, are still finer things than the Lignon and Yarrow geographical; but to be actually on the spot, to look with one's own eyes upon the places in which our favourite heroes or heroines underwent the circumstances that have made us love them—this may surely make up for any advantage on the side of the description in the book; and, in addition to this, we have the pleasure of seeing how much has been done for the place by love and poetry. I have seen various places in Europe, which have been rendered interesting, by great men and their works; and I never found myself the worse for seeing them, but the better. I seem to have made friends with them in their own homes; to have walked, and talked, and suffered, and enjoyed with them; and if their books have made the places better, *the books themselves were there that made them so*, and that grew out of them. The poet's hand was on the place, blessing it. I can no more separate this idea from the spot, than I can take away from it any other beauty. Even in London, I find the principle hold good in me, though I have lived there many years, and, of course, associated it with every commonplace, the most

unpoetical. The greater still includes the less: and I can no more pass through Westminster, without thinking of Milton; or the Borough, without thinking of Chaucer and Shakspeare; or Gray's Inn, without calling Bacon to mind; or Bloomsbury Square, without Steele and Akenside,—than I can prefer brick and mortar to wit and poetry, or not see a beauty upon it beyond architecture, in the splendour of the recollection. I once had a duty to perform, which kept me out late at night, and severely taxed my health and spirits. My path lay through a neighbourhood, in which Dryden lived; and though nothing could be more commonplace, and I used to be tired to the heart and soul of me, I never hesitated to go a little out of my way, purely that I might pass through Gerard Street, and so give myself the shadow of a pleasant thought.

I am, Sir, your cordial well-wisher,

A Lover of Books.

SONG OF THE RHENISH PROVINCES.

The Rhine is born in the winter storm
Upon a bed of snow;
He's suckled by the avalanche,
Dissolved in summer's glow;
He's cradled on the iron ledge
Of Constance' craggy wall,
And rocked to sleep on the roaring steep
Of wild Schaufhausen's fall.
With such a Sire!—what wonder then
Our maids are fair, our sons are men!

Like a proud conqueror advancing,
Triumphantly he rolls,
The flood his chariot, and the waves,
His steeds of foam, controls.
Before his brow the forests bow:
Attendant on his state,
On either hand, a giant band,
The chained mountains wait,
Like captive kings—their sentinels
A thousand crested citadels.

Johannisberg and Rudesheim,
With grape-besmeared hand,
All reeking from their fragrant toil,
His proud cupbearers stand;
The tribute of a thousand keels
He takes with high disdain,
And, borne before his rushing wheels,
He sweeps it to the main.
Such are thy triumphs, Father Rhine!
Who dare to boast such glorious line?

The Switzer on thy native mountains,
Thine eldest born is he;
He drinks thy first free-bubbling fountains,
He drinks, and he is free.
Would that thine after ampler waters,
Descending to the plain,
If such their first ennobling spirit,
Like virtue could retain;
'Tis pity sure thy bondless waves
Should e'er be soiled by lips of slaves.

Slaves! who are slaves? Bring me my sword!
Have we not fought and bled?
Yes: triumphed too 'gainst Freedom's foes—
Behold our wounds are red!—

This blade—what dims it to the hilt?
Life blood—'tis of the Frank—
We rose and burst their yoke accurst,
And gained——that sullen clank—
Could it be chains?—Say hath our aid
In Freedom's cause been thus repaid!

Rhine, I would pledge thee in a cup
Of thine own native growth;
But my hand trembles as I raise
The goblet to my mouth;
It seems as if by fetter'd limbs
The wine-press had been trod;
To me, at least, it has the taste
Of friends', of brothers' blood,
And broken faith.—In such curst wine,
I may not, dare not, pledge thee, Rhine!

Sweep on, thou dark majestic river!
Ten thousand years thy roar
Has swelled as now; and shall for ever,
Till Time shall be no more.
If then the hand that first designed,
And sent thee on thy course,
In depth of thy sublimity,
Recall thee to thy source,
Thine earthly race of glory run,—
Tell not the deeds thy Kings have done.

THE IRISH PEASANTRY.*

The character and social condition of the Irish people, is one of the most intricate moral problems that has ever been proposed to the civilized world. They are a mass of jarring elements, an assemblage of incongruities and palpable contradictions. How a people of warm affections, a joyous temperament, good natural capacity, quick, lively, frank-hearted, and generous, should, at the same time, be subtle, vindictive, cruel, impatient of all social restraint, disorderly, reckless, and but too often deeply criminal, is a riddle which superficial thinkers generally solve by confounding man's original nature with the vices of mens' wicked institutions, and taking for granted, that the Irishman, unlike every other human being, comes into the world restless and riotous, and with an innate abhorrence of tithes, proctors, excisemen, Orange yeomanry, and Courts of Quarter Sessions,—and not merely with that inherent love of whatever is believed to contribute to his happiness, and hatred of what is painful, insulting, and injurious, which characterizes every race of men, from "Indus to the Pole." A writer, in this Magazine for last month, has given us that satisfactory clew to the anomalous national character of the Irish, which has long been sought elsewhere, and always in vain; in the Irishman's race, in his blood, in his passions,—everywhere but in the evils of his condition.

"It is," he says, "usual to exclaim against the ferocity of the lower orders, and charge as an ineradicable stain on the national character, the frightful crimes committed in those periodical paroxysms. God forbid we should not feel as deep a horror at those sanguinary deeds, as any other individual in the empire; but if we wish to understand the real feelings and motives of the Irish peasant, we must always bear in mind, that he considers himself engaged in a war with the law and all its adhe-

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* Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.—Curry & Co. Dublin. Legends and Stories of Ireland.—By Samuel Lover. Wakeman, Dublin.

rents, civil and military, where he is perfectly justified in using every sort of stratagem. All his conduct must be estimated in that light. It is a state of open hostility between two parties, whose business it is to deceive and kill as many as they can. If he shoots a man from behind a fence, it is not an assassination, it is merely an ambush,—if he intercepts a proctor, it is a party of the enemy cut off,—if six or seven policemen are killed, it is 'a brilliant infantry affair,'—if a house be burned down, the peasant would think himself more justifiable than Sir G. Cockburn, when, in the last American war, he reduced so many private houses to ruins,—for he perils more than that gallant officer; he is exposed to two chances, the sword and the halter."

Here then is the maze unravelled, the mystery cleared. With this solution, the correct title of the volumes mentioned in the note, should be "*Stories and Tales, illustrative of the Condition of the Peasantry, during the Civil and Religious Wars of Ireland;*" and keeping this in view, instead of denouncing the lawlessness and ferocity of the people, our admiration would be kindled, and our sympathies engaged by the many traits of devoted patriotism, generosity, and fidelity, which have marked the fierce and protracted struggles of that ill-used country. Ireland, for centuries past, can only be regarded as one vast arena of mortal combat, having the organized force of the Conqueror lodged in barrack and *bawn*, and the native Guerilla troops scattered through every cabin, farm-house, and village in the island. There have been intervals of the sullen tranquillity of exhaustion, and others of hollow truce; but the elements of strife have then been merely neutralized, or, at most, dormant. The fuel, though not always in a state of ignition, has been constantly accumulating, ready to catch fire at the slightest spark, or burst into spontaneous combustion. Ireland, in brief, has been, ever since its conquest, in nearly the same condition as this kingdom, during the worst of the remote periods of civil convulsion, and as the Highland and Southern Border remained till a period comparatively recent. The modern foraying Michael Colliers, and Captain Rocks of Ireland, are the exact counterparts of our own gallant Johnny Armstrong, and brave Rob Roy. The principle of this perpetual conflict is also nearly the same,—"War on the castle, but peace to the cottage"—spoil the rich man's herds, but spare the poor man's cow. The strife has, however, often been tenfold embittered by the rapacity and insolence of the dominant faction; and by religious differences, artfully inflamed, and kept rancorous from the vilest of political motives, till the deep-rooted principle of resistance to that authority, and those laws, which, to the Irishman's imagination, and too often to his experience, appear only framed to plunder and insult, has made many of the British people believe that it is impossible for him to live under the regulated institutions of society. They forget that nature has given him quick, strong passions; and long misgovernment bequeathed the gathered inheritance of national degradation and individual suffering—misery and desolation to his hearth, and persecution and contempt to his altar—which it concerns his manhood to revenge, and his dearest interests to redress. From time to time, the gnawings and promptings of these feelings have urged him on to wild, headlong resistance—the sallies of despair goaded to frenzy—the struggles of the infuriated maniac, who either will not or cannot perceive that his furious efforts only subject him to stricter watching and heavier chains. Within these last two years, these periodical frenzy-fits have been subdued into that "passive resistance," of which the concentrated energies indicate more serious, and, we hope, happier consequences. No one acquainted with Irish history will wonder that Irishmen have so often burst into open rebellion; one only laments that

their efforts to better their condition, and redeem their disgrace, have been so ill-concerted as only to recoil upon their own heads.—But our business is with the domestic condition of the Irish people, and with the singular and striking fact, that, though the soil of Ireland has been, for generations, little different from an extended encampment, the social virtues have still flourished under the shadow of the altar, and within the genial influence of the cottage hearth. The true secret, which reconciles the monstrous moral incongruity of the Irish character, is, that those successive generations of Guerillas, under their many fanciful designations, have always been billeted *at home*—among their wives, and children, and chapels; and that the ties of kindred, and the charities of neighbourhood—whatever is most humanizing, in "all the priest and all "the nurse have taught" to poor men, have been extended over them, and tempered their violence, and sweetened their fierce blood. To the hereditary oppressor, and all leagued with him, the Irishman is ferocious and vindictive enough; and these dark passions often borrow strength from the affections he carries into his own circle, while, without much discrimination, he wreaks on others the misery it tortures him to see endured in his home.

The point of honour among the Irish people, that on which an Irishman of the lower class concentrates all his public virtue, is strongly indicative of the social condition of his country. It is *fidelity*, at all hazards, to that tacit or covenanted league formed by the oppressed against the oppressor. Every shade and hue of guilt may be forgiven, save failure in good faith to the common cause, or the meanness of betrayal. The law is the common foe, and all are combined against it; resistance is the highest heroism—submission the meanest cowardice; and to deny shelter and succour to the most guilty criminal, or to denounce the blood-dyed murderer to its just penalties, is deemed the basest villainy—the only offence never to be pardoned—a stain on family and personal honour never to be wiped out—a Cain-brand, never to be eradicated.

Those homely and familiar stories, which unlatch the door of the cabin, and shew us the turbulent, lawless Irishman in the midst of his family-circle—pigs, poultry, tramping priest, the beggar, and the beggar's dog, the very cricket* chirrupping in chorus as all joyously share his open hospitality and surround the potato basket are valuable, as they help to explain those contradictions and anomalies, which, at a superficial glance, perplex the moralist in contemplating the Irish character. They teach us, also, that he who cherishes the kindly affections revealed here requires only, in his frank and loving nature, to be treated with justice and kindness, to become as good a subject as he is a husband, father, and neighbour. These stories, which shew us the Irish in all the goings-on of ordinary life, at the fair, the wake, the chapel, the bridal, the burial, and in the *skrimmage*, exhibit another affecting and important feature in the condition of Ireland which ought to be more dwelt upon, one which completely makes out the proposition of the writer, whose theory of the social state of Ireland we have adopted. This is the condition and character of the

* We do not remember to have seen any of their national writers notice the superstition of the Irish peasantry, in favour of this lively creature, which they may be said to domesticate. They love and protect it; they fancy it lucky, and delight to hear its merry chirrup, and see it come out at night to the warmth and blaze of the turf-fire, when its little portion of the blessed potatoes is always thrown down. Goldsmith, who kept an Irish heart in his breast, and carried it into English literature, undoubtedly bore from some Irish fireside his gay and beautiful image,—

The cricket chirrups on the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

women; who after ages of crime and suffering have rolled over and polluted their native land, remain as pure, gentle, and affectionate, as "when Malachi wore the collar of gold." The wives and daughters of those violent and lawless men are seldom heard of in their brawls, save as peace-makers, and never in their midnight atrocities. The character of their sex appears too well understood, and too deeply respected by their turbulent, reckless companions, to admit of their being made participators in the outrage and crime in which it is considered manly and gallant for the men to engage. The mildness and gentleness of the female character in Ireland, as contrasted with the dispositions to which injustice has trained the men, was the circumstance which struck us most forcibly on first visiting that country. It is at once a redeeming point, and a thing of bright promise. The women must sympathize deeply in the feelings of their friends and countrymen, for this is human nature; but the character of their sex remains entire, and their share of the common wrong is felt and resented only as women feel, with submission, gentleness, and patient endurance. They are often, in the hands of the parish priests, the instruments of restraining violence, and preventing crime and anarchy. Thus employed in the service of humanity, philosophy may, for once, admire priestcraft.

To the silent influence of the women, and the active and most beneficial interference of the priests, may be attributed whatever degree of moral restraint and forbearance the oppressed and infuriate peasantry have exhibited. But for the chapel and the fireside, these maddened hordes must, long ere now, have converted their country into one wide-spread scene of desolation and carnage; and have either expelled their conquerors or been extirpated themselves. Yet it is common for bigoted ignorance and political cant to clamour against the Irish Catholic priesthood, as the source of all the discontents of Ireland. A priesthood is at the bottom of much of this; but, assuredly, it is not the Roman Catholic. If it be politically powerful, it is so only for good. The faith may be erring; but, in Ireland, many of its works, as taught by those obnoxious priests, are of the most beautiful fruits of pure and elevating Christianity; they are peace, long-suffering, forgiveness, charity. The Catholic Church of Ireland is too poor to be corrupt in its practices; and if there be jealousy of the influence of its priesthood, and if the Presbyter or Episcopal would attain like sway, let him use the same means. The Catholic priest neither works by miracles nor magic. His instruments of power are his zeal, piety, patience, sympathy, charity, renunciation of self, and a devotion of the whole man to those duties which find neither their support nor reward on earth, save in the grateful affection of his flock. To the direction which the parish priests of Ireland have often given to the maddened passions and feelings, which they were unable wholly to eradicate, Britain has owed the peace and preservation* of this her right arm. To them Ireland will probably soon owe that peaceful political and moral regeneration, of which the organized plan of quiet but determined resistance, co-extensive with the island, gives at last so consolatory a promise. We are tempted to say this much by certain slips in these "*Irish Traits*," the spirit of which, though not bad, is not always one of wisdom and healing.

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* A member of the present Cabinet, and a good Protestant—who, to our knowledge, made his legs his compasses, and his own eyes and ears his informers on what it is so important to every British statesman to know—the actual condition of Ireland—has often declared that the Catholic priests are the most important and useful auxiliaries Government have in Ireland.

WHEESHT!

Genius of Silence! whose step, as thou walkest over the earth, falls as lightly as the descending snow-flake, invest me with thy mantle of down, and provide me with a quill of softest plume, while I attempt to recount all the properties and associations of thy shibboleth—Wheesht!

Every body must have more or less acquaintance with a provokingly quiet set of people, who constantly look and move as if they were saying wheesht!—a velvet-footed race, with smooth, goodly faces, who eat, drink, walk, and sleep—perhaps snore too—below their breath, and would not for the world be guilty of what they call making a fuss. This set of people are always very anxious that things should be managed in a prudent, quiet, unostentatious way. If they were going to have a ride in a coach—supposing they could bear the rattle of such a thing—they would have it drawn up six doors off,

> "_____ lest folk
> Should say that they were proud."

They keep the doors within their house always well oiled, and the pulleys of their windows in the best state of repair, so that none of them may ever be guilty of a single creak or rattle. Their clothes are always very trim about their persons,—or, to use a Scotch phrase, *clappit;* no superfluous skirts—no majestic train—not so much as an useless lappel, if it can be avoided; because such things tend to make a fuss—might even happen to pull down something that would make a crash, or a clash, or a dash, or a splash, or something else in *ash*. When they rise to leave a room, it is perceptible that they are sedulous to glide away as smoothly, and noiselessly, and unobservedly, as possible: they are evidently much put about, that they cannot devolve through the key-hole, so as to save the fluster of opening the door. "We must learn to walk circumspectly. We must make no stir. Let us take things coolly. Let us do every thing with decency and propriety. Allow no room for evil tongues. As well not give people occasion to *speak*. We'll do very well in our own quiet way. Wheesht!" As these people move along, they keep a clear look-out on all hands, afraid to come in contact with any thing; and they evidently would feel much convenienced, if Providence would see fit to furnish them with antennæ like the spider, or whiskers like the cat, so that they might be admonished beforehand of the chance of being disturbed by any little object. If they saw a nut-shell in the way, they would go about to avoid treading upon it. "Bad boys, to throw their nut-shells down in the way!" If you were to come up behind one of them in the street, and, conceiving him to be one of your own hearty hail-fellow-well-met kind of acquaintances, give him a sound slap on the shoulder, and ask him how he did, you would see him start like a Laputan philosopher under the influence of the flapper, and perhaps next moment faint, sink, and die away upon the street, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown, unless an address card happened to be found in his pocket. But see one *trysted* with an obstreperous bottle of small ale, with which he is going to regale you as you drop in, some warm, thirsty forenoon, at his country box. He brings in the bottle in his arms, nursing it all the way as carefully as he would a new-born babe. He sets about the business of driving in the screw, with all the solemnity, and silence, and

decorum, with which a Druid could have set about the sacrifice of a human being. The stopper is recusant; it requires more exertion than he can at any time think of making—for violent gesture is equivalent to noise. It has to be transferred to your own less scrupulous care. You make the cork fly in a moment, and see what a water-spout of foam! The quietist is paralysed with the loudness of the report, and the fizzing, cheeping, squeaking, spirting, and squirting which the liquor makes, as you vainly endeavour to repress it with your hand. The echoes of the house, that have slumbered for months, are roused by your calls for relays of tumblers, wherein to receive the seemingly endless effusion of froth. And after puzzling and noozling your way to the bottom of half-a-dozen of these tumblers, in the vain quest of a mouthful, you leave the unhappy quietist in agony for the evening—his ears rent with your jocund remarks on the small ale, and all the rest of his senses shattered, and torn, and disgusted with the scene of ravage which you have been the innocent means of introducing into his parlour. It must be remarked that these velvet people scarcely detest any thing so much as a hearty laugh. They mark a cachinnator as a man to be avoided. Of men whom they have every other reason to regard with esteem, they will remark,—"Yes, he is very good—a very estimable man; but don't you think he has a rather boisterous way of laughing?" Your quietist never laughs, even at the most amusing incident or witticism: he only treats you to a soft noiseless smile. In their conversation, they appear as if they were at some pains to avoid using the harsh consonants, such as *r* and *s:* they indulge chiefly in liquids and vowels, and do a great deal with such monosyllabic interjections, as ah, eh, ay, oh, &c. They often speak upon a respiration, instead of an aspiration, as if their words made less noise when bound inwards than outwards: they seem as if they wished to swallow their very language, upon the same principle as a manufactory consuming its own smoke, so that it might never more give any trouble, or create any fuss, in the world. Sometimes, in company, they escape the horror of making a noise with their tongues altogether. They sit in a composed manner, perhaps looking into the fire, and only signify their appreciation of what you are saying to them, by occasional inarticulate sounds within their closed lips, or by a motion of the head to one side, or by a mere transient glance of the eye. This is what they call having a little quiet conversation; and when the parties rise, it is always observable that they display an appearance of vast edification.

These men of aspirate existence are often found in possession of small public dignities, such as that of provost, bailie, or town-clerk in some country burgh. Nothing can be done by such people—no step can be taken, till they have thoroughly ascertained that it is to have a perfectly good appearance, and that there is no back-come or negative influence which may derange it. "Wheesht! just let us keep a *calm sough*. We must proceed decently. We must walk with circumspection. That business about the Port-brae—I'll just take occasion some night to ca' in by John Ritchie's, and hear what *he* says about it, and if he doesna seem to hae any objection, we'll see what may be done. In the mean time, ye may throw yoursell in Mr. ——'s way, and hear *his* breath. We canna be ower cautious. Dinna gang anes eerand. That would look ower *set-like* on the business. We'll see about it a', by and by; ay, we'll see about it; just be canny for awhile: wheesht!"

Or perhaps it is,—"That business about the clerkship to the buird: my son John, he's a weel-doing lad. Mr. Jamieson, his late master,

joost looked upon him as the apple o' his ee. He used to say he could take a voyage to Cheena, and hae an easy mind a' the time, for he was sure that John wad hae every thing richt when he cam back. Served a regular apprenticeship to a double-you-ess. Though it's mysel that says't, there canna be a candidate better qualifeed. For my ain part, I'm an auld servant o' the toon. In that business, ye ken, o' the brig, I was never aff my feet—lost a gude deal o' my ain business by negleck—and ye ken as weel as ony body hoo muckle fyke I've ha'en wi' the Puir's House. I've just been considering whether John has ony chance. We're anxious to soond our way afore we gang ony farther; for we wadna like to pit in for't and no get it after a'. *Ye*'ll hae a vote? [Here the person addressed intimates many friendly wishes, but is not inclined to give a distinct pledge.] Ou na—we canna expeck that, ye ken. It wad neither be richt o' me to ask it, nor for you to gie 't. The toon's interest, abune *a*' things! But I just ca'd to let ye ken hoo things stude. I'm by nae means anxious for the place to John. But some o' oor freends wad hae us to come forrit, and we did na like that they should ha' been at sae muckle trouble on oor account, and we fa' back after a'. In the mean time, ye'll say naething till ye hear frae me. We're gaun to be very cautious. We'll *feel* our way—Wheesht!"

Even to the humblest individuals connected with corporations, this system of quietness extends. There is always a kind of valet or *man* of the corporation's body, who hands about the circulars which call the members together, attends to the decoring, as Caleb Balderstone would call it, of the hall of assembly, and lives in a den hard by, where he "keeps the keys." This man is always found to be a most decided votary of the idea of *wheesht!* He goes noiseless about the place, like a puff of Old Town smoke, and seems absolutely oppressed with a sense of the decency with which it is necessary to conduct "corporation business." Yea, he cannot pronounce the very word, "corporation," without that sinking of the voice and interjectional reverence of manner, with which certain words of a really sacred nature are properly uttered in ordinary discourse. He looks upon "the corporation" as the greatest of all public bodies; if the government itself be greater, it is only greater in another way. And the deacon, in his opinion—oh, no man can equal the deacon. "The corporation is very rich. *We* support twenty-three dekeyed members and eleven widows, and *we* ha'e a richt to put five callants into the Orphan Hospital. We've our chairter frae James the Sixth; and our record—we've a grand record. It has the Catholic oath at the beginning,—'By my pairt of Paradise'—that ilk member swears to, when he enters. If you wad be very quiet about it, ye micht gang up stairs and see't. Mak' nae noise, now. Wheesht!"

There is a kindred set of men, who act in something like the same capacity to places of worship—old decent men—squires of the church's body, who come in, as avant-couriers of the minister, to lay down his Bible on the desk, and who evidently are at a great deal of trouble in keeping up a tremendously grave and important aspect, appropriate to their duties. These old men appear in large entailed black coats, which have been in the family for ages, and the skirts of which sweep solemnly by, almost like the mainsheet of a seventy-four. Such persons might be the very door-keepers of the Court of Silence—the high priests of the idea of *wheesht*. They are immensely impressed with a sense of the greatness of the minister, though, perhaps, he is, in reality, no conflagrator of the Thames; and their whole form and impression breathes of the

solemnity of "the vestry." Anything that an elder says is to them law; and if the minister were to address himself to them, they would feel the honour so deeply, that they would not know what they were about all the rest of the day. When they appear within the body of the church, they do not, of course, say anything; but it is evident that they mean a great deal by their anti-disturbance aspect. "Children, be all quiet; public worship is just about to commence; it behoves all people to show an outward decency in the house of God. I could give ye a word mysel'; but I leave it to the minister. All I shall say is---*Wheesht!*"*

Then there is a set of equally peaceable old men, who, in the country, act as elders, and stand, every Sunday, with a peculiarly mortified and speechless aspect, beside the plate which receives the oblations of the congregation---'grave and reverend seignors,' fixed as statues, with their hands thrust into the opposite cuffs of their spencers, and downcast faces that would not smile for untold gold. The boys, and even older people, are almost afraid to pass them, they are so awfully solemn. In one respect they are a kind of fuglemen. The countenances of the worshippers in passing catch from them the contagion of decorum, and instead of the easy, this-world expression which they sported a few minutes ago, while talking in the church-yard upon such terrene subjects as crops and markets, display, in their pews, a gravity appropriate to the place, but which could scarcely have been otherwise assumed. In fact, these old grave men, if planted in the entrance to the cave of Trophonius, would have been sufficient to account for the miracle. During the first prayer they are seen to enter the body of the church, and plant themselves in a seat under the pulpit, with a quietness and solemnity that would not be amiss among the special jurors of Rhadamanthus. If you visit one in his own residence, some evening during the week, you find him sitting in a small lonely room, with a large Bible open before him, into which, as you enter, he quietly thrusts his spectacles for a mark. You almost tremble to disturb so fine a picture of religious contemplation. When he speaks, you find that he has a deep, guttural voice, broken and softened into something inexpressibly smooth and gentle; a constant *susurrŭs* of wheesht! If you converse regarding books, you find that, of all secular compositions, he likes Hervey's Meditations, and (what he calls) *Strum's* Reflections. The subdued tone of these works harmonizes finely with the tranquil pulsations of his soul and heart. On a Sunday afternoon, when the slight bustle which the dismissal of the congregation has made upon the street is all hushed down into the soft and melancholy calm which ever rests that day upon the rural towns of Scotland, if you drop quietly in upon him, you find him sitting in his back room, in the midst of his family, with a stream of rich

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* Personages of this kind abound in the streets of Edinburgh, during the hour between ten and eleven on Sunday forenoons, when they are all going to their respective places of worship. One of them was observed gliding gently along Prince's Street one forenoon, in company with some other "decent people," to whom he was evidently making a few quiet, solemn remarks upon the subject of things in general, with, perhaps a particular reference to the gaudy show of fine new houses and elegantly dressed people, whom he saw around him. He was just overheard to make one observation; but it was most characteristic of the quiet tribe to which he belonged: "Sirs," said he, with a philosophical glance from side to side, "*there's nae reality in naething now!*"

This world is but a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given.

light from the setting sun, falling upon his quiet grey head, and a large Bible displaying its brighter treasures before him. He is reading a chapter to his children, in the low, murmuring voice peculiar to him. The whole scene is one of piquant noiselessness and repose; for the children, admirably trained, are all as quiet as doves, and, besides his own voice, there is no sound to be heard, excepting, perhaps, the soft occasional wail of the wind, or the equivocal lull of the distant waterfall. Should one of the young people betray but the slightest mark of restlessness, a glance from the old man, *over the top of the spectacles*, stills it in an instant. There is something in the scene that seems to say,—"Children let us all be meek and gentle of spirit—let us all be reverent, and lowly, and quiet; let us sit amidst the stillness of the evening hour, and offer up the silent vespers of a grateful and devout spirit—be every worldly and profane thought banished—be ye holy and calm—wheesht!"

There is a set of the generation of quietists, who are ever and anon coming up to you in the street with a curious *entre-nous* expression of phiz, as if, like a grief-laden ghost, they were possessed of some secret which they could not bring themselves to divulge. Now, for my part, I have no curiosity after secrets. I would rather want the best of them than be at the trouble of recollecting to keep them to myself. Yet, these people do often seize me by the button, and attempt to work off "a great secret" upon me, in their quiet way, dribble by dribble, notwithstanding all I can do to the contrary. "Have you heard of any thing within the last few days? Anything about ———? I heard it whispered last night, but I could not believe it. It was talked of to-day, however, I know, in the Parliament House. And Guthry, I'm told, knows all about it. For God's sake, however, speak loundly about it; and don't say I told you. It's a very delicate business. Wheesht!" And so, after a thousand insinuations, by whisper, wink, shrug, and smile, they quit button, and leave you weltering in astonishment, unable to make out, for the life of you, what all this means; nay, perhaps, so completely do you feel bamboozled by the tide of new and imperfect ideas which has been let loose upon you, that you scarcely know that you are walking on the earth for five minutes after. You feel ravished away, as it were, into middle air, *caput ferit alta sidera*—not with elation, but with botheration of spirit. Your imagination toils and pants after their meaning through the great abyss of space; and you hardly feel the pressure of the real world around you for the afternoon.

Then there is a set of people, of the quieter sex—good neighbours, mothers of families—who, when there is any sickness in your own house, and the mistress of the house herself is not very well able to take care of it, rush in unbidden, apparently upon the same instinct which brings birds of prey to fields of battle, and immediately begin to assume a strange kind of unauthorized directorate, as if they had been all their lives as familiar with the scene as yourself. These kind persons leave their own houses to Providence, all selfish considerations being abandoned for the time at the call of what they term distress. On coming home to dinner, totally unwitting of the trouble which has befallen the family in your absence, you are surprised *in limine*, at the very door-step, by meeting a quiet-looking oldish woman in her stocking-soles, who comes forward, holding up her hand, after the manner of a judge administering an oath, and only pronounces the single emphatic word—wheesht! You are beckoned in a most mysterious manner into a side-room, and told to be very quiet, for ——— has just fallen into a sleep, which the Doctor

expects to do a great deal of good, and there must, upon no account, be any disturbance. Though the bed-room of the patient is so far away, that no voice, however loud, could reach it, this high priestess of silence, still speaks thirty degrees below the zero of articulation, the sense of the necessity of quiet being so weighty upon her mind, that she totally forgets the state of the case in this particular instance, and even perhaps if she were removed to the distance of several miles, would still fear to give her words full utterance. You soon find this discreet old lady in full possession of your house; invested with the management of the keys; arbitress of all matters connected with the childrens' frocks; and sole autocrat of the bread and butter. If you live in any of the streets of the New Town, where hardly a cart or carriage is to be heard from morning till night, you immediately find the street in front of the door, strewed with tanners' bark, to deafen the sound of those rarely occurring annoyances. Of course, if you live in the Old Town, where carts and carriages are incessant, the patient is understood to have nerves accordingly, and no bark is required. Suppose the case to be one where the mistress of the house herself is indisposed: for some time you find your consequence as master entirely absorbed; you are a mere subordinate where once you were principal; the attentions of all the servants, and also of the discreet lady, are all engrossed by the patient; and you come into, and go out of the house, without ever being heeded or regarded; unless, perhaps, when you happen to make a very *leetle* noise, and then a troop of harpies, with the discreet lady at their head, fly upon you, with open mouth and uplifted hands, and all the gesticulation and expression which might properly accompany an outburst of indignant remonstrance, but which, in this case, is a kind of dumb thunder, ending all in the awful monosyllable—wheesht! Then, there is an oiling of doors, and a throng of women going through the house in their stockings, or at most in what are called *carpet*-shoes, and a whispering and breathing of wheesht! for many days, till at last, through very contagion, you yourself become as timid as a tit-mouse, and almost forget the sound of your own voice. Then the mysterious old woman, how beautifully she manages everything! Her out-goings and her in-comings are all most becoming and composed. The flame which you see her occasionally sending over a plateful of brandy for the sick-room, is not more gently lambent than her own pace. You see her a few yards off addressing herself to some underling, and, although you hear not a whisper nor a breath, except, perhaps, the ever-interjected *wheesht*, to your surprise her language appears to be comprehended by the person spoken to, and lo and behold it is immediately acted upon. The very children, albeit unaccustomed to the reign of silence, are overborne and dashed down by the awful influence of the everlasting *wheesht*, and are observed crawling, like so many kittens, through a suite of apartments, where they erst performed gallopades of the most outrageous description. If you happen to take a peep into the sick-chamber, you see the mysterious woman standing over the bed, with the air and gestures of an inspired Pythoness, pointing to distant bottles and boxes, and doing every thing (speech excepted) to make herself understood. If the wrong bottle or box be touched by the servant, she writhes her whole body and countenance in an agony of dumb negation; but, when the right one is pounced upon at last, she suddenly relaxes into approval, and her agonies cease. Suppose that the patient at last "departs," the stillness of the household is not remitted, in consideration of there being no longer any one to be disturbed. It

rather becomes more deep and solemn than ever. There is still the same carpet-shoeing as before—the same ejaculating of *wheesht*. The house begins to look like an absolute sepulchre, and the mysterious woman like some marble and unspeaking cherub planted to guard it. She takes a leading hand in the melancholy duties paid to the dead, and is always able to recommend a person who makes grave-clothes—Mrs. So-and-so—living in some close in the Old Town, first stair, fifth door up. She can even do something in the way of mournings for the survivors; the children will require this, and the servants that; so much crape for this one's hat; so much black ribbon for that one's bonnet. Even after all these matters have been arranged by her friendly intervention, she does not yet depart. She must see after the wine and cake at the funeral, and take care that every thing is managed with decency, and, above all things, *quietly*. At last, when all is over, she soofs out at the door, with a strange rustle of silk, as if she were saying, and saying for the last farewell time, the oft-repeated shibboleth of her kind—WHEESHT!

THE DYING SUB-LIEUTENANT, IN ITALY—TO THE TRI-COLOR.

Wounded on the battle-field,
  The silent dead around me lying,
My brain awhile in stupor seal'd,
  Now wakens to the sense of dying:
The bloody coil of fight is o'er,
  The twilight dew falls chilly round;
I hear the far-off drum no more,
  Nor the retreating bugle's sound.
All is silent, all are gone;
  Near me in this hour are none
Save the speechless; none to tell
  How the falt'ring battle fell:
No help to bind this shatter'd breast,
  No help to stanch this streaming brow:
Thou alone of all the rest,
  Only Thou, only Thou,
On the bloody herbage cast,
  Each bright hue bedrench'd in gore,
Faithful comrade to the last,
  Abidest by me, Tri-color!

  Midmost of the battle's roar,
Stunn'd by sudden sabre blow
Of the onward-dashing foe,
  And fallen on the plain;
Still my grasping fingers knew thee,
  Still clung hard in dizzy pain,
Now this blood has seal'd them to thee,
  Ye shall never part again,
    Tri-color! till life is o'er.

Since from Seine's blue waves we parted,
  Sworn companions unto death,
Young, and strong, and fiery-hearted,
  Breathing scorn of life's sweet breath,

Proud of strength, and proud of beauty,
I a bridegroom—thou a bride,
Scarce the call and curb of duty
Check'd our wayward, wanton pride.
From that morn of blissful union
To this hour of anguish drear,
(Cherish'd well and sweet communion,
Fair and bright, tho' brief career!)
What quick scenes have changed around us!
What fierce ills our passion tried!
Danger still together found us
Hand in hand, and side by side.

In the thickest throng of battle,
Where the drum's alarum rattle
Sinks, drown'd amid the roar of fight,—
The charge—th' encounter—and the flight:
Where the fiery masses run
Forward to the flashing gun;
Where, by broken rampart wall,
A foremost few fight but to fall,—
There have we together been,
There, thro' rifted smoke-cloud seen,
The glazing eyes of dying men
Have open'd on the light again,
With one last gaze to worship thee,
Bright Token-Flag of Liberty!

Ah, me! vain this thrill of pride,
Vain these thoughts of glory won,
To struggle with the quenchless tide
Of pangs that thro' my body run;
Thro' blinding blood mine eyesight swims:
Yon bright blue arch I scarce behold;
And feel these faint unsinew'd limbs
Fast stiff'ning in the twilight cold.
Great God! that art the Cause of all,
What frenzy of remorseless ire
Hast thou accurs'd mankind withal!
What hunger, what insane desire,
What passion to destroy or die,
What rav'ning after prey or food,
That man should on his brother fly,
Like savage of the unshorn wood,
And riot in his out-pour'd blood!

One moment have I done thee wrong?
Ah! Liberty, forgive, forgive
The sins of this blaspheming tongue,
Murmurs by mortal anguish wrung:
Some men must die, that more may live
In freedom. Until men throw down
The tow'ring fane themselves have built,
That mightier Babel upward grown,
Stronghold of power leagu'd with guilt;
'Till priest, till tyrant, hated names,
That brand the brow of earth with shames,
Are ras'd under thy feet divine,
Men must pour forth their blood like wine,
Their breath, as incense, at thy shrine.
Hear me, divinest Spirit, let
The holy kiss my lips now set
Upon thy bloody banner, wet

With my heart's blood, a token be,
A parting sign, a pledge in death,
That dying I hold fast my faith,
And give thee worship, Liberty!

* * * *

Even yet I am not dead! These hours
Will never pass! How softly now
Yon moonlight down the valley pours
Itself, and o'er the mountain's brow!
How beautiful this scene to those
Whose hearts and limbs in lightness move!
Ah! why did I the calm repose,
The happiness, the peace, the love,
That grew around me in my home,
Abandon after blood to roam?
Happy there, as morning found me,
Evening rock'd my heart to rest;
There each pleasure circled round me,
Each fond tie my feelings blest.
Where be now the lips that form'd me
To those thoughts which freemen know;
Where the happy looks that warm'd me
With affection's fondest glow?
Ah! me, never more shall I
Meet those eyes which bless'd me then;
Speaking glance of sparkling eye
Never shall behold again!
Far away, oh! far away,
Amid the pleasant fields of France,
Children of sweet folly, they
Strike the lute, and lead the dance:
Even now, perchance, they speak of me,
With no sad fears or fond regret,
But proudly and exultingly,
As fighting for sweet Freedom yet,
And pledge my name in rosy wine:
While I am dying here alone,
With none to hear my dying moan,
With none whose hand to clasp in mine,
And give the last faint farewell token,
That love, while other passions fly
The heart's expiring agony,
Abides, till it's last string is broken.

Only Thou of all that's dear,
TRI-COLOR, art with me here.
On thy bosom, gentle friend,
Soon these throes of death shall end.
Even now faint these breathings swell,
Even now slow these blood-drops pour;
Farewell, pleasant world; farewell, TRI-COLOR!

P. W.

USE AND ABUSE OF POLITICAL TERMS.*

Mr. Lewis is known in society as the son of the Right Hon. T. Frankland Lewis, and in literature, as the translator, jointly with Mr. Henry Tufnell, of two erudite and interesting works on classical antiquity, Muller's Dorians, and Bockh's Public Economy of Athens. Mr. Lewis is also the author of a little work on logic; to which subject, stimulated like many others of the Oxford youth, by the precepts and example of Dr. Whately, he has devoted more than common attention, and was so far peculiarly qualified for writing such a work as the volume before us professes to be. This alone should entitle him to no slight praise; for such is the present state of the human mind, in some important departments, that it is often highly meritorious to have written a book, in itself of no extraordinary merit, if the work afford proof that any one of the requisites for writing a good book on the same subject is possessed in an eminent degree.

Certain it is, that there scarcely ever was a period when logic was so little studied, systematically, and in a scientific manner, as of late years; while, perhaps, no generation ever had less to plead in extenuation of neglecting it. For if, in order to reason well, it were only necessary to be destitute of every spark of fancy and poetic imagination, the world of letters and thought might boast, just now, of containing few besides good reasoners; people to whom, one would imagine, that logic must be all in all, if we did not, to our astonishment, find that they despise it. But the most prosaic matter-of-fact person in the world must not flatter himself that he is able to reason because he is fit for nothing else. Reasoning, like all other mental excellencies, comes by appropriate culture; not by exterminating the opposite good quality, the other half of a perfect character. Perhaps the mere reasoners, with whom the world abounds, would be considerably less numerous, if men really took the pains to learn to reason. It is a sign of a weak judgment, as of a weak virtue, to take to flight at the approach of every thing which can, by any remote possibility, lead it astray. Men who, for want of cultivation, have the intellects of dwarfs, are of course the slaves of their imagination, if they have any, as they are the slaves of their sensations, if they have not; and it is partly, perhaps, because the systematic culture of the thinking faculty is in little repute, that imagination also is in such bad odour; there being no solidity and vigour of intellect to resist it where it tends to mislead. The sublimest of English poets composed an elementary book of logic for the schools; but our puny rhymsters think logic, forsooth, too dry for them; † and our logicians, from that and other causes, very commonly say with M. Casimir Perier, *A quoi un poëte est-il bon?*

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* Use and Abuse of Political Terms. By George Cornwall Lewis, Esq. Student of Christ Church, Oxford.—London: Fellowes, 1832.

† The greatest English poet of our own times lays no claim to this glorious independence of any obligation to pay regard to the laws of thought. Those whom Mr. Wordsworth honours with his acquaintance, know it to be one of his favourite opinions, that want of proper intellectual culture, much more than the rarity of genius, is the cause why there are so few true poets; the foundation of poetry, as of all other

In undertaking to treat of the use and abuse of the leading terms of political philosophy, Mr. Lewis has set before himself a task to which no one but a logician could be competent, and one of the most important to which logic could be applied. If, however, we were disposed for minute criticism, we might find some scope for it in the very title-page. We might ask, what is meant by an abuse of terms; and whether a man is not at liberty to employ terms in any way which enables him to deliver himself of his own ideas the most intelligibly; to bring home to the minds of others, in the greatest completeness, the impression which exists in his own? This question, though it has a considerable bearing upon many parts of Mr. Lewis's book, throws, however, no doubt upon the importance of the object he aims at. His end is, to prevent *things* essentially different, from being confounded, because they happen to be called by the same *name*. It is past doubt that this, like all other modes of false and slovenly thinking, might be copiously exemplified from the field of politics; and Mr. Lewis has not been unhappy in his choice of examples. The instances, in which the confusion of language is the consequence, and not the cause, of the erroneous train of thought (which we believe to be generally the more common case,) are equally worthy of Mr. Lewis's attention, and will, no doubt, in time receive an equal share of it.

Some notion of the extent of ground over which our author travels may be gathered from his table of contents; which, with that view, we transcribe:—

"1. Government. 2. Constitution—Constitutional. 3. Right—Duty—Wrong—Rightful—Wrongful—Justice. 4. Law—Lawful—Unlawful. 5. Sovereign—Sovereignty—Division of Forms of Government. 6. Monarchy—Royalty—King—7. Commonwealth—Republic—Republican. 8. Aristocracy—Oligarchy—Nobility. 9. Democracy. 10. Mixed Government—Balance of Powers. 11. People—Community. 12. Representation—Representative—Representative Government. 13. Rich—Middle Class—Poor. 14. Nature—Natural—Unnatural—State of Nature. 15. Liberty—Freedom—Free. 16. Free Government—Arbitrary Government—Tyranny—Despotism—Anarchy. 17. Power—Authority—Force. 18. Public—Private—Political—Civil—Municipal. 19. Property—Possession—Estate—Estates of Parliament. 20. Community of Goods."

To explain thoroughly the various senses of any one of these terms, would require, possibly, as much space, as Mr. Lewis has devoted to them all. His observations, however, are those of an instructed and intelligent mind. They contain, perhaps, not much that is absolutely new; except that ideas, which the mind has made completely its own, always come out in a form more or less different from that in which they went in, and are, in that sense, always original. Moreover, any one who can look straight into a thing itself, and not merely at its image mirrored in another man's mind, can also look at things, upon occasion, when there is no other man to point them out.*

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productions of man's reason, being logic. By logic, he does not mean syllogisms in mode and figure, but justness of thought and precision of language; and, above all, knowing accurately your own meaning.

While we are on this subject, we must be permitted to express our regret, that a poet who has meditated as profoundly on the theory of his art, as he has laboured assiduously in its practice, should have put forth nothing which can convey any adequate notion to posterity of his merits in this department; and that philosophical speculations on the subject of poetry, with which it would be folly to compare any others existing in our language, have profited only to a few private friends.

* Mr. Lewis has very properly, in our opinion, spared himself the ostentatious candour of mentioning the authors to whom he was indebted, they being mostly wri-

Yet, highly as we think of this work, and still more highly of the author's capabilities, we will not pretend that he has realized all our conceptions of what such a work ought to be. We do not think he is fully conscious of what his subject requires of him. The most that he ever seems to accomplish, is to make out that something is wrong, but not how that which is wrong may be made right. He may say, that this is all he aimed at; and so, indeed, it is. But it may always be questioned, whether one has indeed cut down to the very root of an error, who leaves no truth planted in its stead. Mr Lewis, at least, continually leaves the mind under the unsatisfactory impression, that the matter has not been probed to the bottom, and that underneath almost every thing which he sees, there lies something deeper which he does not see. If in this we should be deemed hypercritical, we would say in our defence, that we should never think of ranging Mr. Lewis in the class of those, from whom we take thankfully and without asking questions, any trifling matter, which is all they have to bestow. The author of such a work as the present, is entitled to be tried by the same standard as the highest order of intellect; to be compared not with the small productions of small minds, but with ideal perfection.

Mankind have many ideas, and but few words. This truth should never be absent from the mind of one who takes upon him to decide if another man's language is philosophical or the reverse. Two consequences follow from it; one, that a certain laxity in the use of language must be borne with, if a writer makes himself understood; the other, that, to understand a writer who is obliged to use the same words as a vehicle for different ideas, requires a vigorous effort of co-operation on the part of the reader. These unavoidable ambiguities render it easier, we admit, for confusion of ideas to pass undetected: but they also render it more difficult for any man's ideas to be so expressed that they shall not appear confused; particularly when viewed with that habitual contempt with which men of clear ideas generally regard those, any of whose ideas are not clear, and with that disposition which contempt, like every other passion, commonly carries with it, to presume the existence of its object. It should be recollected, too, that many a man has a mind teeming with important thoughts, who is quite incapable of putting them into words which shall not be liable to any metaphysical objection; that when this is the case, the logical incoherence or incongruity of the expression, is commonly the very first thing which strikes the mind, and that which there is least merit in perceiving. The man of superior intellect, in that case, is not he who can only see that the proposition precisely as stated, is not true; but he who, not overlooking the incorrectness at the surface, does, nevertheless, discern that there is truth at the bottom. The logical defect, on the other hand, is the only thing which strikes the eye of the mere logician. The proper office, we should have conceived, of a clear thinker, would be to make other men's thoughts

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ters of established reputation. Such studious honesty in disclaiming any private right to truths which are the common property of mankind, generally implies either that the author cares, and expects the reader to care, more about the ownership of an idea than about its value; or else that he designs to pass himself off as the first promulgator of every thought which he does not expressly assign to the true discoverer. This is one of the thousand forms of that commonest of egotisms, egotism under a shew of modesty. The only obligations which Mr. Lewis with a just discrimination stops to acknowledge, are to a philosopher who is not yet so well known as he deserves to be, Mr. Austin, Professor of Jurisprudence in the University of London.

clear for them, if they cannot do it for themselves, and to give words to the man of genius, fitted to express his ideas with philosophical accuracy. Socrates, in the beautiful dialogue called the Phædrus, describes his own vocation as that of a mental midwife: not so Mr. A. or B., who, perhaps, owes the advantage of clear ideas to the fact of his having no ideas which it is at all difficult to make clear. The use of logic, it would seem, to such a person, is not to help others, but to privilege himself against being required to listen to them. He will not think it worth his while to examine what a man has to say, unless it is put to him in such a manner that it shall cost him no trouble at all to make it out. If you come to him needing help, you may learn from him that you are a fool; but you certainly will not be made wise.

It would be grossly unjust to Mr. Lewis to accuse him of any thing approaching to this; but we could have wished that his work could have been more decidedly cited as an example of the opposite quality. We desiderate in it somewhat more of what becomes all men, but, most of all, a young man, to whom the struggles of life are only in their commencement, and whose spirit cannot yet have been wounded, or his temper embittered by hostile collision with the world, but which, in young men more especially, is apt to be wanting—a slowness to condemn. A man must now learn, by experience, what once came almost by nature to those who had any faculty of seeing; to look upon all things with a benevolent, but upon great men and their works with a reverential spirit; rather to seek in them for what *he* may learn from *them*, than for opportunities of shewing what they might have learned from him; to give such men the benefit of every possibility of their having spoken with a rational meaning; not easily or hastily to persuade himself that men like Plato, and Locke, and Rousseau, and Bentham, gave themselves a world of trouble in running after something which they thought was a reality, but which he Mr. A. B. can clearly see to be an unsubstantial phantom; to exhaust every other hypothesis, before supposing himself wiser than they; and even then to examine, with good will and without prejudice, if their error do not contain some germ of truth; and if any conclusion, such as a philosopher can adopt, may even yet be built upon the foundation on which they, it may be, have reared nothing but an edifice of sand.

Such men are not refuted because they are convicted of using words occasionally with no very definite meaning, or even of founding an argument upon an ambiguity. The substance of correct reasoning may still be there, although there be a deficiency in the forms. A vague term, which they may never have given themselves the trouble to define, may yet, on each particular occasion, have excited in their minds precisely the ideas it should excite. The leading word in an argument may be ambiguous; but between its two meanings there is often a secret link of connexion, unobserved by the critic but felt by the author, though perhaps he may not have given himself a strictly logical account of it; and the conclusion may turn not upon what is different in the two meanings, but upon what they have in common, or at least analogous.

Until logicians know these things, and act as if they knew them, they must not expect that a logician and a captious man will cease to be, in common apprehension, nearly synonymous. How, in fact, can it be otherwise in the mind of a person, who knows not very clearly what logic is, but who finds that he can in no way give utterance to his conviction without infringing logical rules, while he is conscious all the

time that the real grounds of the conviction have not been touched in the slightest degree?

It is only in a very qualified sense that these admonitions can be applied to Mr. Lewis; but there are so few persons of our time to whom they do not apply more or less, (and perhaps there have been but few at any time,) that we are not surprised to find them even in his case far from superfluous. It remains for us to establish this by particular instances.

Mr. Lewis, under the word *right*, gives a definition of legal rights, and then lays it down that all rights are the creatures of law, that is, of the will of the sovereign; that the sovereign himself has no rights, nor can any one have rights as against the sovereign; because, being sovereign, he is by that supposition exempt from legal obligation, or legal responsibility. So far, so good. Mr. Lewis then says, that to call any thing a right which cannot be enforced by law, is an abuse of language. We answer,—Not until mankind have consented to be bound by Mr. Lewis's definition. For example, when Dr. Johnson says that a man has not a *moral right* to think as he pleases, "because he ought to inform himself, and think justly," Mr. Lewis says he must mean *legal* right; and adds other observations, proving that he has not even caught a glimpse of Johnson's drift. Again, according to him, whoever asserts that no man can have a *right* to do that which is *wrong*, founds an argument upon a mere ambiguity, confounding *a* right with the adjective *right*: and this ambiguity is "mischievous, because it serves as an inducement to error, and confounds things as well as words."

Now, we contend that Mr. Lewis is here censuring what he does not thoroughly understand, and that the use of the word *right*, in both these cases, is as good logic and as good English as his own. *Right* is the correlative of *duty*, or *obligation*; and (with some limitations) is co-extensive with those terms. Whatever any man is under an obligation to give you, or to do for you, to that you have a right. There are legal obligations, and there are consequently legal rights. There are also *moral* obligations; and no one, that we know of considers this phrase an abuse of language, or proposes that it should be dispensed with. It seems, therefore, but an adherence to the established usage of our language, to speak of moral rights; which stand in the same relation to moral obligations as legal rights do to legal obligations. All that is necessary is to settle distinctly with ourselves, and make it intelligible to those whom we are addressing, which kind of rights it is that we mean; if we fail in which, we become justly liable to Mr. Lewis's censure. It has not totally escaped Mr. Lewis that there may be some meaning in the phrase, moral rights; but he has, by no means, correctly hit that meaning. He expounds it thus,—"claims recommended by views of justice or public policy;" the sort of claim a man may be said to have to anything which you think it *desirable* that he should possess. No such thing. No man in his sound senses considers himself to be *wronged* every time he does not get what he *desires;* every man distinguishes between what he thinks another man *morally bound* to do, and what he merely *would like* to see him do; between what is morally criminal, a fit subject for complaint or reproach, and what excites only regrets, and a wish that the act had been abstained from. No system of moral philosophy or metaphysics that we ever heard of, denies this distinction; though several have undertaken to account for it, and to place it upon the right footing.

If you may say that it is the moral duty of subjects to obey their government, you may also express this by saying that government has a moral *right* to their obedience. If you may say that it is the moral duty of sovereigns to govern well, or else to abdicate, you may say that subjects have a right to be well governed. If you may say, that it is morally culpable in a government to attempt to retain its authority, contrary to the inclinations of its subjects; you may say, that the people have a right to change their government. All this, without any logical inaccuracy, or "abuse of language." We are not defending this phraseology as the best that can be employed; the language of *right* and the language of *duty*, are logically equivalent, and the latter has, in many respects, the advantage. We are only contending, that, whoever uses the word *right* shall not be adjudged guilty of nonsense, until it has been tried whether this mode of interpreting his meaning will make it sense. And this we complain that Mr. Lewis has not done.

To explain what we meant by saying that almost everything which Mr. Lewis sees has something lying under it which he does not see, we have now to shew, that, in catching at an imaginary ambiguity near the surface, he has missed the deeper and less obvious ambiguities by which men are really misled. Two of these we shall briefly set forth.

Speaking morally, you are said to have a right to do a thing, if all persons are morally bound not to hinder you from doing it. But, in another sense, to have a right to do a thing, is the opposite of having *no* right to do it,—viz. of being under a moral obligation to forbear from doing it. In this sense, to say that you have a right to do a thing, means that you may do it without any breach of duty on your part; that other persons not only ought not to hinder you, but have no cause to think the worse of you for doing it. This is a perfectly distinct proposition from the preceding. The *right* which you have by virtue of a duty incumbent upon other persons, is obviously quite a different thing from a right consisting in the absence of any duty incumbent upon yourself. Yet the two things are perpetually confounded. Thus a man will say he has a right to publish his opinions; which may be true in this sense, that it would be a breach of duty in any other person to interfere and prevent the publication:—but he assumes thereupon, that in publishing his opinions, he himself violates no duty; which may either be true or false, depending, as it does, upon his having taken due pains to satisfy himself, first, that the opinions are true, and next, that their publication in this manner, and at this particular juncture, will probably be beneficial to the interests of truth, on the whole. In this sense of the word, a man has no *right* to do that which is *wrong*, though it may often happen that nobody has a right to *prevent* him from doing it.

The second ambiguity is that of confounding a right, of any kind, with a right to enforce that right by resisting or punishing a violation of it. Men will say, for example, that they have a right to a good government; which is undeniably true, it being the moral duty of their governors to govern them well. But in granting this, you are supposed to have admitted their right or liberty to turn out their governors, and perhaps to punish them, for having failed in the performance of this duty; which, far from being the same thing, is by no means universally true, but depends upon an immense number of varying circumstances, and is, perhaps, altogether the knottiest question in practical ethics. This example involves *both* the ambiguities which we have mentioned.

We have dwelt longer on this one topic than the reader perhaps will approve. We shall pass more slightly over the remainder.

Our author treats with unqualified contempt all that has been written by Locke and others, concerning a state of nature and the social compact. In this we cannot altogether agree with him. The state of society contemplated by Rousseau, in which mankind lived together without government, may never have existed, and it is of no consequence whether it did so or not. The question is not whether it ever existed, but whether there is any advantage in supposing it hypothetically; as we assume in argument all kinds of cases which never occur, in order to illustrate those which do. All discussions respecting a state of nature are inquiries what morality would be if there were no law. This is the real scope of Locke's Essay on Government, rightly understood: whatever is objectionable in the details did not arise from the nature of the inquiry, but from a certain wavering and obscurity in his notion of the grounds of morality itself. Nor is this mode of viewing the subject, we conceive, without its advantages, in an enlarged view, either of morality or law. Not to mention that, as is observed by Locke himself, all independent *governments*, in relation to one another, are actually in a state of nature, subject to moral duties but obeying no common superior; so that the speculations which Mr. Lewis despises, tend, in international morality at least, to a direct practical application.

Even the social compact, (though a pure fiction, upon which no valid argument can consequently be founded,) and the doctrine connected with it, of the inalienable and imprescriptible rights of man, had this good in them, that they were suggested by a sense, that the power of the sovereign, although, of course, incapable of any legal limitation, has a moral limit, since a government ought not to take from any of its subjects more than it gives. Whatever obligation any man would lie under in a state of nature, not to inflict evil upon another for the sake of good to himself, that same obligation lies upon society towards every one of its members. If he injure or molest any of his fellow-citizens, the consequences of whatever they may be obliged to do in self-defence, must fall upon himself; but otherwise, the government fails of its duty, if on any plea of doing good to the community in the aggregate, it reduces him to such a state, that he is on the whole a loser by living in a state of government, and would have been better off if it did not exist. This is the truth which was dimly shadowed forth, in howsoever rude and unskilful a manner, in the theories of the social compact and of the rights of man. It was felt, that a man's voluntary consent to live under a government, was the surest proof he could give of his feeling it to be beneficial to him; and so great was the importance attached to this sort of assurance, that where an express consent was out of the question, some circumstance was fixed upon, from which, by stretching a few points, a consent might be presumed. But the test is real, where, as in imperfectly settled countries, the forest is open to the man who is not contented with his lot.

Notwithstanding the length to which our remarks have extended, we cannot overlook one or two passages, less remarkable for their importance, than as proofs of the haste with which Mr. Lewis must have examined the authors and even the passages he has criticised.

Thus, where Mr. Bentham recommends *natural* procedure in the administration of justice, in opposition to *technical*, Mr. Lewis observes, that as it is impossible to suppose that any mode of judicial procedure

should be left to the discretion of the judge guided by no rules, the word *natural*, in this case, "seems to be a vague term of praise, signifying that system which, to the writer, seems most expedient." It shews but little knowledge of Mr. Bentham's habits of mind, to account in *this* way, of all others, for any phraseology he may think proper to adopt. The fact is, as has been explained a hundred times by Mr. Bentham himself,—that by *natural* procedure, he means what he also calls *domestic* procedure; viz. the simple and direct mode of getting at the truth which suggests itself *naturally*,—that is, readily and invariably, to all men who are inquiring in good earnest into any matter which, happening to concern *themselves*, they are really desirous to ascertain. That the technical methods of our own, and all other systems of law, are bad in proportion as they deviate from this, is what Mr. Bentham affirms, and, we will add, proves.

Again, when Mr. Mill speaks of the *corruptive operation* of what are called the advantages of fortune, Mr. Lewis comments upon the strangeness of this sentiment from the writer of a treatise on Political Economy; that is, on the production and accumulation of wealth; and hints, that the work in question must have been composed with an object similar to that of a treatise on poisons. Did it never occur to Mr. Lewis, that Mr. Mill's meaning might be, not that a people are corrupted by the amount of the wealth which they possess in the aggregate, but that the inequalities in the distribution of it have a tendency to corrupt those who obtain the large masses, especially when these come to them by descent, and not by merit, or any kind of exertion employed in earning them?

To add one instance more, Mr. Lewis falls foul of the often quoted sentence of Tacitus, "that the most degenerate states have the greatest number of laws; *in corruptissimâ republicâ plurimæ leges*; a position not only not true, but the very reverse of the truth, as the effect of the progress of civilization is to multiply enactments, in order to suit the extended relations, and the more refined and diversified forms of property, introduced by the improvement of society." Mr. Lewis is a scholar, and understands the *words* of Tacitus, but, in this case, it is clear, he has not understood the ideas. He has committed what he himself would call an *ignoratio elenchi*. By a corrupt society, Tacitus (we will take upon ourselves to assert) did not mean a *rude* society. The author was speaking of the decline of a nation's morality, and the critic talks to you of the improvement of its industry. Tacitus meant, that, in the most *immoral* society, there is the most frequent occasion for the interposition of the legislator; and we venture to agree with him, thinking it very clear, that the less you are able to rely upon conscience and opinion, the more you are obliged to do by means of the law—a truth which is not only not the opposite of Mr. Lewis's position, but stands in no logical relation to it at all, more than to the binomial theorem.

These are the blemishes of Mr. Lewis's work. Yet they do not induce us to qualify our high opinion, both of the book and of its author. It is an able, and a useful publication; only, it is not a sufficient dissertation on the use and abuse of the leading political terms.

We have often thought, that a really philosophical Treatise on the Ambiguities of the Moral Sciences would be one of the most valuable scientific contributions which a man of first-rate intellectual ability could confer upon his age, and upon posterity. But it would not be so much

a book of criticism as of inquiry. Its main end would be, not to set people right in their use of words, which you never can be qualified to do, so long as their *thoughts*, on the subject treated of, are in any way different from yours; but to get at their thoughts through their words, and to see what sort of a view of truth can be got, by looking at it in their way. It would then be seen, how multifarious are the properties and distinctions to be marked, and how few the words to mark them with, so that one word is sometimes all we have to denote a dozen different ideas, and that men go wrong less often than Mr. Lewis supposes, from using a word in many senses, but more frequently from using it only in one, the distinctions which it serves to mark in its other acceptations not being adverted to at all. Such a book would enable all kinds of thinkers, who are now at daggers-drawn, because they are speaking different dialects and know it not, to understand one another, and to perceive that, with the proper explanations, their doctrines are reconcilable; and would unite all the exclusive and one-sided systems, so long the bane of true philosophy, by placing before each man a more comprehensive view, in which the whole of what is affirmative in his own view would be included.

This is the larger and nobler design which Mr. Lewis should set before himself, and which, we believe, his abilities to be equal to, did he but feel that this is the only task worthy of them. He might thus contribute a large part to what is probably destined to be the great philosophical achievement of the era, of which many signs already announce the commencement; viz. to unite all half-truths, which have been fighting against one another ever since the creation, and blend them in one harmonious whole.

SLAVONIAN POETRY.*

The Slavonian race has played an important part in the history of eastern Europe, and the Slavonian tongue is still the prevailing language throughout the extensive region, extending from the head of the Adriatic to the Gulf of Finland, and from the Elbe to the Euxine and the Ural Mountains. Little, we fear, is yet known of this people, or its simple and touching literature, notwithstanding the attention which has, from time to time, been excited by some of its tribes,—by the wrongs and sufferings of Poland, by the unwieldy and ill-cemented power of Russia. That spirit of universal philanthropy which has driven Dr. Bowring through the greater part of Europe, every where discovering, with a pe-

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* Cheskian Anthology; being a History of the Poetical Literature of Bohemia, with Translated Specimens. By John Bowring. London: 1832.

Servian Popular Poetry; translated by John Bowring. London: 1827.

Specimens of the Polish Poets; with Notes and Observations on the Literature of Poland. By John Bowring. London: 1827.

Specimens of the Russian Poets. Translated by John Bowring; with Preliminary Remarks and Biographical Notices. Second Edition. London: 1821.

Poetry of the Magyars; preceded by a Sketch of the Language and Literature of Hungary. By John Bowring. London: 1830.

culiar and delicate tact, what is truly noble and beautiful in human nature, under however rude an exterior it might be concealed, joined to his unwearied industry, have enabled us to indicate this rich vein of poetry and romance to the English reader.

It is difficult "to delve the Slavonians to the root;" a fact, indeed, which may be predicated of every nation under the sun. The names by which their larger re-unions are at present known are,—Russians, Lithuanians, Poles, Silesians, Bohemians, Moravians, Croats, Servians, and Wallachians. Each of these nations seem to have been formed by the coalition, voluntary or by conquest, of certain tribes of the same race. The names of the primeval septs throw little light upon their early history, and the varieties of dialect still less The Servian dialect approaches more nearly to the Russian, than to the Bohemian or Polish, although the two nations speaking the latter are, in fact, situated betwixt the other two.

The portion of Europe inhabited by Slavonians was formerly much more extensive than at present. Towards the north-west, their territory spread along the shores of the Baltic, occupying the whole of Pomerania. In the south, they were, at one time, masters of Roumelia and the Morea. Their ascendancy is yet to be traced in the Greek dialect of Constantinople; the accentuation of which is Slavonian, although the words (perhaps even the vowel-sounds and consonants) are Hellenic. The names of many places in the Morea are the same that we find at this day around Moscow, and in Pomerania. In the eighth century, the line of country extending from the frontiers of Arcadia to Cape Taenarus was known by the appellation Σκλαβικα. The popular songs of the Morea are, upon the whole, more deeply tinged with Slavonian than with Grecian superstitions.

Nor was it for extent of territory alone that the nations of the Slavonic race were distinguished. Their courage and endurance were well tried against the Saxon, in the mountain defiles between Bohemia and Lusatia. When we explored, in 1825, the wild and beautiful tract of mountain scenery, lying on both sides of the Elbe, between Dresden and Toplitz, we found every glen swarming with legends of old Bohemian warriors. And well did the gloomy, narrow, labyrinthine valleys, at times interspersed with some spot of rare and sunny beauty; and well did their yet gloomier designations, harmonize with the traditions of a nation slowly and sullenly retiring from the fields cultivated by their forefathers —ever and anon galled by anger and shame, to turn round and dash once more into the enemy's ranks. The resistance offered to the Osmanlee on the pine-clad Balkan was equally resolute and chivalrous.

This instinctive bravery is, however, common to all the human race. There are no cowards but what are such from want of practice. The Slavonians had nobler virtues to distinguish them. Few are ignorant of the long contest for ascendancy between the Russian and Polish nations. The character evinced by each during the struggle, deeply tarnished though it be with the errors and vices of humanity, has much that commands our respect. The tameless freedom of the Polish spirit, although it did at times degenerate into oppression of the weak, compensates to the feelings, if not to the understanding, the turbulent and anarchical tendency of the nation's institutions and temper. The susceptibility shewn by the Russians of being drilled into any thing, is a happy predisposition of yet slumbering faculties, which await but the animation of a free spirit to start up into a mighty nation. The limbs are arranged in seemly order

and fair proportion; and whenever God pleases to breathe his breath into its nostrils, His image will start into existence, mirroring its Creator in deportment as well as form.

The name of Moravia is indissolubly united with one of the gentlest and purest emanations of the Christian spirit that has been witnessed in these latter times. The Moravian brothers have eminently distinguished themselves by simplicity and gentleness. They have squared their lives to that rule of surpassing love, which, shrinking from the infliction of pain upon a worm, is yet capable of braving every danger in the discharge of duty. On the snowy wastes of Greenland, on the far and frozen Labrador, do we find these men unremittingly busied in disseminating the true religion; opposing to the most savage adversaries no other defence than that deep brotherly love which suffers uncomplainingly, and at times unnerves even ferocity by its contagious influence.

But the proudest page of Slavonian history is that which speaks of Bohemia. The voice which Wycliffe raised amid the silence and solitude of benighted Europe, was first echoed back in Prague. The martyr Huss shook the papal ascendancy to its centre in his native country. It was the exiles from Prague who, a full century later, first brought the doctrines of the Reformation to Leipzig; for even Luther, who had already commenced his labours, was, at that time, so little awakened to a full sense of the importance of his mission, that he entered a formal protest against his being supposed to partake of the heretical doctrines of the Bohemians. It was in Prague, next after Switzerland and Holland, that the world was shewn in what spirit the attempt of a tyrant to trample on a nation's laws and immunities, ought to be encountered. Towards the close of the 16th century, the Emperor Rudolph was obliged to affix his signature to a justification of the armed opposition of the Bohemians to his unconstitutional decrees. In 1618 his successor endeavoured to trample down this charter. The provincial delegates assembled at Prague, irritated by the rude insolence of the imperial messengers, coolly tossed them out of the castle window. The rest of Europe expressed astonishment at such a bold step. The Bohemians replied, that the only thing astonishing in the matter was the escape of the messengers with their necks unbroken, after falling from such a height. Nor was it in the council hall alone that the Bohemians acted thus boldly; for two hundred years did they keep the field, in defence of their civil and religious liberties, until, deserted and betrayed both by leaders and allies, they were overpowered by superior numbers.

At the present time a dimness seems to have come over the star of Slavonia. Russia has abandoned her energies to the control and direction of a despot, and has thus been enabled, not to achieve happiness for herself, but to destroy that of others. Poland and Lithuania have been, again and again, overthrown in their struggles to attain national independence. Bohemia and Moravia have become the born thralls and heritage of the stranger. Servia, Croatia, and the other Slavonian provinces extending along the Turkish, Austrian, and Russian frontiers, the scenes of incessant wars, have been left in a state of nature, and abandoned to the demoralising habitudes of plunder and bloodshed. But to the believer in the imperishable nature of the human mind, this mass of seeming corruption presents but the aspect of a fermentation into new and purer life. The Creator has left nations as well as men to acquire experience by the sufferings their own errors bring upon them. Mutual calamity teaches in time mutual forbearance; and the unavailing pomp and parade of military despotism works its own overthrow. Literature

is working its way silently but rapidly amongst these distant nations. Dr. Bowring's versions of their modern poets evince fine taste and a generous spirit; and we know, from personal observation, that the other departments of human knowledge are sedulously cultivated in many a little Goshen scattered over the benighted expanse of Slavonia. It is to the working of this vital principle that we look ultimately for the liberation of Bohemia and Poland; nay, of Russia, (for a mere conquering nation is always itself the veriest slave.) It is to this that we look for the elevation of the ruder tribes in the scale of humanity; and from our hearts do we thank Dr. Bowring for bringing home to us, in so pleasing a shape, so pleasing a truth.

From these considerations we turn with a feeling of pleasure to the snatches of popular and traditional poetry sprinkled through the volumes now before us. One character pervades them all, speaking as forcibly to the common origin of the different nations as even their kindred dialects. The district of Servia, to which European civilization can, even at this day, scarcely be said to have extended, yields the richest harvest of aboriginal song. The Bohemian language, including the subordinate dialect spoken in Moravia and along the Carpathian range, is next in fertility. The Poles and Russians seem to have preserved fewest of those cradle songs of infant civilization. Is this owing to their state revolutions, or the want of a zealous antiquary? In Lithuania we know there yet exists a large body of traditionary song, and we invite our translator's attention to it.

Dr. Bowring's beautiful description of Servian poetry will apply to that of all the kindred nations. "How so much of beautiful anonymous poetry should have been created in so perfect a form, is a subject well worthy of inquiry. Among a people who look to music and song as a source of enjoyment, the habit of improvisation grows up imperceptibly, and engages all the fertilities of imagination in its exercise. The thought which first finds vent in a poetical form, if worth preservation, is polished and perfected as it passes from lip to lip, till it receives the stamp of popular approval, and becomes, as it were, a national possession. There is no text-book, no authentic record, to which it can be referred, whose authority should interfere with its improvement. The poetry of a people is common inheritance, which one generation transfers, sanctioned and amended, to another." Songs, in short, are thought, over which the national mind has brooded, as,

> "Over her own sweet voice the wood-dove broods."

They will be more monotonous, or in greater diversity, in proportion to the simplicity or complexity of the national institutions; and, according to the progress of the national refinement, they will exhibit delicate sentiment, or rude heartiness, or that vulgarity which creeps like a thick scurf over a portion of every half-enlightened community. To these influences are attributable the diversity of tone in Bohemian and Servian song,—the original materials are the same; even the form is the same. One figure of speech pervades them all, to which we do not well know how to give a name. In the Servian anthology we find it in the commencement of the "Step-Sisters:"

> Near each other grew two verdant larches,
> And, between, a high and slender fir-tree:
> Not two larches were they—not two larches;
> They were brothers' children of one mother.

Again, in the "Farewell:"

> Full of wine, white branches of the vine-trees,
> To white Buda's fortress white had clung them.
> No! it was no vine-tree white and pregnant;
> No! it was a pair of faithful lovers
> From their early youth betrothed together.

In like manner in a Bohemian legend:

> A youth speeds o'er the mountain's top—
> Alas that youth no mountain cross'd:
> A foe—a fierce and savage foe—
> His frown of darkness round him cast, &c.

Thus, even in the body of poetry, which, next after the Greenland songs is the simplest that has come under our observation, we find an artificial arrangement of ideas, frequently recurring, calculated to startle, to awaken, and keep alive the attention. It belongs to the same class of literary resources with the epigrammatic conceit, and the hurrying "in medias res" of the epic. The paucity of such forms, and their frequent repetition, is always a guarantee of antiquity in a poem.

In Bohemia the early establishment of the Christian religion, and a permanent form of government, has so completely obliterated the early national superstition, that only the most shadowy and evanescent traces remain. The Servian, who, betwixt Mahommedanism and Christianity,

> Hangs as even
> As doth Medina's tomb 'twixt Earth and Heaven,

has retained a deeper impression of the belief of his fathers. We adopt here the words of Bowring. "Over all is spread the influence of a remarkable and no doubt antique mythology. An omnipresent spirit, airy and fanciful, making its dwelling in solitudes—ruling over mountains and forests—a being called the Vila is heard to issue its irresistible mandates, and pour forth its prophetic inspiration: sometimes in a form of female beauty, sometimes a wilder Diana—now a goddess gathering and dispersing the clouds, and now an owl among ruins and ivy. The Vila, always capricious and often malevolent, is a most important actor in all the popular poetry of Servia. The *Trica Polonica* is sacred to her. She is equally renowned for the beauty of her person and the swiftness of her step:—'Fair as the mountain Vila,' is the highest compliment to a Servian lady. 'Swift as the Vila,' is the most eloquent eulogium on a Servian steed." All memory of this wayward being, "sparkling at once in beauty and destruction," seems to have ceased to haunt the Bohemians, Russians, and Poles, although some careful enquirer may yet discover her lingering among the Carpathian steeps, or skimming across the deserts of the Ukraine.

Faint traces of some superstition connected with fountains and rivers are visible in the poetry of all the Slavonian nations, but so disjointed, that its real character cannot even be guessed at. One of the most beautiful of these traces is in the Servian

SMILIA.

> Sweet Smilia flowers did Smilia pull,
> Her sleevelets and her bosom full;
> By the cool stream she gather'd them,
> And twined her many a diadem—

A diadem of flowery wreaths :—
One round her brows its fragrance breathes,
One to her bosom friend she throws ;
The other where the streamlet flows
She flings, and says in gentlest tone—
" Swim on, thou odorous wreath ! swim on,
Swim to my Juris' home, and there
O whisper in his mother's ear :
Say, wilt thou not thy Juris wed ?
Then give him not a widow's bed,
But some sweet maiden young and fair."

A Bohemian song of the sixteenth century touches the same string.

The light breeze is blowing
Around the King's forest :
The maiden is hasting,
She hastes to the stream ;
She scoops with her bucket
The fresh flowing waters :
But look to the maiden—
The stream bears a nosegay,
A nosegay of fragrance,
Of violets and roses :
The maiden outstretches
Her hand to obtain it—
She falls—Ah ! she falls in
The cold running water.
O ! had I but known it,
Thou beautiful nosegay !
But known on the borders
Who planted thy beauties,
In faith I would give him
A ring of pure gold.

The following, also Bohemian, is more explicit :

O'erpower'd with weariness, I slept
Within the oaken grove—
And near me grew, as morning woke,
A rosemary tree above.

I gathered many a rosemary branch,
And twined them in a wreath,
And threw it in the flowing stream,
The fresh cool stream beneath ;

And said, whoe'er this wreath shall see,
And save it from the tide,
That maiden shall my mistress be,
That maiden be my bride.

And morning came—and many a maid
Her pitcher went to fill ;
They watch'd the verdant rosemary wreath
That floated on the rill.

Ludmilla saw the flowers, and stretch'd
Her hand to grasp the wreath,—
Poor dove she fell—the stream roll'd on,
'Twas silence all and death.

* * * *

Then let me mourn and let me weep,
And to her grave I'll go,
And there eternal watches keep
Communing with my woe.

And then my eyes shall shed dark tears,
Till they are closed in death,
And time shall hang upon my bier
That fatal rosemary wreath.

The same idea occurs in a very old song, which exists only in the Slavonico-Polish as spoken in Volhynia.

THE THREE FOUNTAINS.

There are three stars in the heaven's blue deep,
And brightly they shine though silently;
On the plain three silver fountains leap,
And there stood beside them ladies three,—
A wife, a widow, a virgin maid;
And thus to the rippling streams they said.

The wife hung over the fount, and there
Pour'd from her hand its waters clear.

"Wave of the fountain counsel me:
Do I a husband's love possess?
Will fondness and fidelity
Bring me the flower of happiness?"

"O yes! while in Virtue's path thou art,
Bliss shall thine and thy husband's be:
Should thy faith wax cold, and be false thy heart,
Thine shall be shame and misery."

Lonely and gloomy the widow stood,
And mingled her tears with the gushing flood.

"Sorrow is mine! for what dark deed
Am I forced to wander alone below;
Has God, to punish my sins, decreed
That mine should be helpless, hopeless woe?"

"Rise, widow, rise with dawn of day,
Dry up thy tears and thy woes forget,
And pray to the River-God,*—humbly pray,
And he shall give thee a husband yet."

At the neighbouring fountain sighed the maid,
And she took a wreath of flowers from her head.

"The streams flow on, and the wild-winds sweep,—
River-God! give me a husband soon;
Clung to his bosom let me sleep,
And mine be the bright and blessed boon."

"Fling not thy wreath in the stream, fair maid!
A noble youth shall be given to thee;
Soon thou shalt marriage garlands braid,
And many the days of thy joy shall be."

Of all the modes of divination recorded in history or tradition, this is the most pure and beautiful—the fresh flowers floating down the unsullied stream, forming a possible link between two young hearts, each overflowing with love and yearning for an object. The interest becomes deepened, where the object has already been selected, and the mystic chaplet is followed with tearful eyes and a throbbing bosom, lest the stream should bear it to an unwelcome destination. The danger that lies in being over-bold, and daring to question futurity, seems to

* The original word is Bog, which means at the same time god and river. The river Bog was worshipped by the ancient Slavonians, and still retains its sacred name.

be hinted at in the fatal consequences of attempting to grasp at the wreath. This pretty superstition seems to have been the fairest, as it has proved the longest-lived child of the Slavonian river worship.

A superstition among the Servians respecting the cuckoo has made that "wandering voice," as Wordsworth beautifully and truly terms her, a prominent feature in Servian poetry. "The cuckoo, (kukavitza,) according to Servian tradition, was a maiden who mourned so unceasingly for a dead brother, that she was changed into a bird, and thence continues, without ceasing, her melancholy note." A Servian girl who has lost a brother, never hears the cuckoo without shedding tears.—"I, a poor cuckoo," is equivalent to "woe is me!" The cuckoo retains its place in Bohemian poetry, but the sentiment seems to have evaporated.

One legend of witchcraft we have met among the snatches of Servian song; but the witches are rather those of classical antiquity than our Christo-Teutonic crones who have sold themselves to Satan—a being, we may remark, unknown to the popular Servian mythology. The witches mentioned in the lines we are about to quote, more resemble the witches of modern Italy and of Horace, than our island broom-stick riders.

The sky is cover'd with stars again:
The plains are cover'd with flocks of sheep:
But where is the shepherd? On the plain
The Shepherd is lost in careless sleep:
The youthful *Rădoje* sleeps:—Arise!
Awake! his sister Jania cries.

"Jania! my sister! nay! depart!
My body is to witches plighted:
My mother has torn away my heart,
And my aunt my mother lighted."

We have now ranged through pretty nearly the whole of the Slavonian metaphysical world. A Russian song shall "shut the scene." It seems to hover between the allegorical and the supernatural. There is a savage wildness in the imagination heightened by its fragmentary nature. From our ignorance of the tradition referred to, it affects us after the manner of a horrible dream, in which our fancies, assuming no definite shape, are the more awful on that account.

Thou field of my own, thou field so fair!
So wide, extensive, fertile there!
Adorned with gems so gay and bright,
With flowers and butterflies and bees,
And plants and shrubs and leafy trees,
Thou hast but one ungrateful sight.

See there upon the broom-tree's bough,
The young grey eagle flapping now,
O'er the raven black that he tears asunder,
Whose warm red blood is dropping under,
And sprinkles the moisten'd ground below:
The raven black—a wild one he!
And the eagle grey—his enemy!

No swallow, gliding round and round
His homely happy nest, is found;—
But a mother is seen in the darksome vale,
Or sad by the raging ocean's tide;
A sister sighs on the fountain's side,
A lover weeps in the night dews pale—
The sun shines forth—the dews are dried.

Turn we now from the world of shadows back to the green earth, its loves, hatreds, and follies, its clouds and its sunshine. The relations of life among the Servians are most simple and primitive, and the emotions which their poetry seeks to awaken have a corresponding narrowness of range. The love of a mother for her children, of a sister for her brother; the innocent longing of the ripening maiden for a lover; the rage of rejected love; the loathing occasioned by being forced into the arms of another; family dissensions; and the universal theme of war and plunder, almost exhaust the topics of the Servian poets. The most beautiful and most rooted affection seems to have been that between sisters and a brother. In a primitive state of society this is so natural. The sister is accustomed to watch like a more juvenile parent over her baby brother, or she looks up for protection to the young warrior. The brother views with pride the budding beauty of his sister. Their feelings are those of the strongest friendship, hallowed by the tie of consanguinity, rendered tenderer by the difference of sex. Theirs is the warmest, purest, and holiest of human attachments. In one of the most poetical of Servian traditions "the Step Sisters," the story hinges upon the jealousy which a brother's fondness for his sister awakened in his wife's bosom. The intensity and duration of a sister's love is powerfully expressed in these lines:——

The sun sunk down behind the gold-flower'd hill;
The warriors from the fight approach the shore;
There stood young George's wife serene and still:
She counted all the heroes o'er and o'er,
And found not those she loved—though they were three:—
Her husband George; her marriage friend, another,
Who late had led the marriage revelry;
The third, her best beloved, her only brother.

Her husband he was dead; she rent her hair
For him.—Her friend was gone—for him she tore
Her cheeks. Her only brother was not there;
For him she plucked her eyeballs from their bed.
Her hair grew forth as lovely as before;
Upon her cheeks her former beauties spread;
But nothing could her perish'd sight restore:
Nought heals the heart that weeps a brother dead.

Equally intense is the expression of love: and characterized by all the frankness of a simple age. The maiden honestly avows her wishes. Thus:—

The maiden sat upon the hill,
Upon the hill and far away,
Her fingers wove a silken cord,
And thus I heard the maiden say:
O with what joy, what ready will,
If some fond youth, some youth adored,
Might wear thee, should I weave thee now!
The finest gold I'd interblend,
The richest pearls as white as snow.
But if I knew, my silken friend,
That an old man should wear thee, I
The coarsest worsted would inweave,
My finest silk for dog-grass leave,
And all thy knots with nettles tie.

The danger of being sold to some old rich churl must in these times have been a sufficient bugbear to maidens: at least if we may judge by

the frequency with which poets insist upon it. "Ajkuna's marriage," and "Youth and Age," in Dr. Bowring's collection of Servian poetry are instances of the most graceful management of this subject. But when "the course of true love did run smoothly," it prompted, as in all countries, the most delicate fancies. This little madrigal breathes the very voluptuousness of

LOVE.

The youth he struck on the tambourine,*
And nought was so bright as its golden sheen;
Of the hair of maidens twined together
Its strings, which he struck with a falcon's feather.
The maid look'd down from the balcony,
And thus to her inner self said she:—
"O heaven! what a noble youth is he!
Wouldst thou but give this youth to me,
I would make of the garden pinks his bed,
I would lay fair roses under his head;
And waked by perfume, with what delight
Would he kiss the maiden's forehead white."

A more delicate sentiment, we will be bold to say, is not to be found in the whole range of poetry, than the following:—

ANXIETY.

I fain would sing—but will be silent now,
For pain is sitting on my lover's brow;
And he would hear me—and, though silent, deem
I pleased myself, but little thought of him,
While of nought else I think; to him I give
My spirit—and for him alone I live:
Bear him within my heart, as mothers bear
The last and youngest object of their care.

A fine sparkling antithesis to this devoted maiden, is found in a short Bohemian song. The girlish fluttering triumph is beautifully expressed.

Mother! look round thee,
Round thee and see
All the youths struggling,
Struggling for me.
Fierce is the struggle,
Eager and wild;
Does thy heart gladden?
I am thy child.

The passions of this untutored race speak out devoid of hypocrisy. A jilted youth does not assume a gay air, and pretend to laugh at his misfortune: he honestly confesses his annoyance, by imprecating misery on the cause of it.

What! shall I be a marriage guest?
And shall I bid the maid be blest?
Hear then my marriage blessing, hear
No son her barren womb shall bear;

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* The Doctor has here been contented to commit a blunder in order to find a rhyme. Where did he learn that a *tambourine* has strings. The *gusle* of the Servians is a stringed instrument.

May every bit of bread she breaks
Bring with it wretchedness and woe,—
For every drop her thirst that slakes
May tears of bitter anguish flow!

The efficacy of such curses was an article of belief.

"Wake! O wake! thou lovely maiden,
Why art slumbering now,
All the rosy wreaths are fading,
Fading on thy brow.
He thy heart's own love will marry,
He will break his vow!"

"Let him marry, let him marry,
I shall not complain,
But the thunderbolt of Heaven
Shall destroy him then."

Nay, they reached beyond the grave.

"Doth the earth, sweet son, lie heavy on thee?
Heavy are the planks of maple round thee?"

From his grave the voice of Konda answers:—
"Lightly presses the green earth upon me,
Lightly press the planks of maple round me,
Heavy is the virgins' malediction;
When they sigh, their sighs reach God's high presence;
When they curse, the world begins to tremble;
When they weep, even God is touch'd with pity.

Their hatreds and jealousies are expressed in the same straight-forward manner. They partake, too, of the simple character of the social relations among which they have originated. The jealousy of a mother or sister at seeing a new mistress introduced into her house, and many others, which in our civilized time vent themselves in petty spite, affording subjects for the comic muse, led, in these days of ignorance, to terrible tragedies. But from this side of the picture we gladly turn away.

What has been said of the Servian, holds also true of the Bohemian songs; and, indeed, our examples have been selected indifferently from those of either nation. But in the latter, we find a more liberal admixture of playfulness and humour. Thus in

CONFESSION.

But for my father's angry talking,
I'd frankly own that I was walking
With one—whom he could not discover—
Frown he or not—it was my lover.

And if my father would not scold me,
I'd tell him what my lover told me;
And what he gave—a secret this is—
Scold he or not—'twas love's sweet kisses.

And if my father would not wonder,
I'd tear the secret's veil asunder;
Wonder or not—my lover made me
A sweet and solemn vow to wed me.

He vowed—sincere and eager-hearted—
E'en while he kiss'd me as we parted,
With thee he would not leave me longer,
But claim me when the wheat is stronger.

We cannot better wind up these specimens of the Slavonian muse, than by a description of a "Slavonian danceress" from the pen of a Magyar,—one of a race which, with all deference to Dr. Bowring, we hold to be utterly alien to the Slavonians.

With maiden of Slavonian race,
Clad in light robes of flowing grace,
I danced—and got me in her dress
Entangled, by her flauntiness.

I tried, but scarce could set me free,
And blushed at my perplexity;
Involved within the folds far more,
And in the fringes than before.

And then I made a vow, and said
I'll have no fringed Slavonian maid;
Hungaria's plain-dressed girls for me,
Hungaria's chaste simplicity.

The charge is a serious one, ladies of Slavonia; and we fear the prominent figure which red boots and similar glaring articles of apparel cut in your poetry bears it out. But why rest upon such evidence? Who that has neared the Turkish frontier, but must remember the rich and variegated colours in which both sexes take delight, and their fringes which "in number many be!"

We have laid before our readers some of the most characteristic, and we believe also some of the sweetest fragments of Slavonian minstrelsy. The old literature, of which they form a part, is not one in which poetry as an art has been carried far. These snatches of poetic thought stand to an epic or dramatic poem, in the same relation that the dash of a wave, or the tinkling ripple of the rising tide along the beach does to a piece of music, in which not only is each note sweet in itself—the harmony of the whole enhances the charm of each. They are not poems, but the materials out of which some master mind might one day have constructed a poem, had not foreign violence dashed to earth the rising structure of national genius. What has been thus rudely torn asunder, may not again be united; yet is it a pleasing task to gather together these Sibylline leaves, to arrange them, and admire their beauty.

Age cannot wither them, nor custom stale
Their infinite variety.

They will endure as memorials of a people, for whom their descendants, to whatever pitch of greatness they may arrive, shall have no cause to blush.

I'VE WANDERED EAST, I'VE WANDERED WEST.

A Scottish Ballad.

BY W. MOTHERWELL, ESQ.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Thro' mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day.
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear, Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears.
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at schule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remembered ever mair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock't in loof,
What our wee heids could think?
When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

O mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi shame,
Whene'er the schule weans, laughin', said,
We cleek't thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The schule then skail't at noon),
When we ran aff to speel the braes—
The broomy braes o' June?

My heid rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' schule time, and o' thee.
Oh mornin' life! Oh mornin' luve!
Oh lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like Simmer blossoms sprang!

O, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon.
The Simmer leaves hung ower our heids,
The flowers burst round our feet;
And in the gloamin o' the wud,
The throssil whusslit sweet.

The throssil whusslit in the wud,
The burn sung to the trees,
And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi very gladness grat.

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinklit doun your cheek
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak.
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I ha'e been to thee.
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye ha'e been to me?
Oh! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine;
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' Langsyne?

I've wander'd east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper, as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sinder'd young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue.
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dream't
O' by-gane days and me.

A SOLDIER'S TALE.

BY JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.

I SHALL never forget the scene. The evening parade was over, and our officers assembled in groups, were sauntering over the ground, discussing the news of the day, and planning schemes of amusement for the morrow. A short way in front were a body of pioneers, raising redoubts and forming intrenchments; and immediately in rear of our camp-ground were our German auxiliaries sitting before their tents,—some with long pipes, deeply engaged in the silent solemnity of smoking; and others raising a choral stave, and, in the wild and beautiful strains of their country, singing themselves home. The wood and watering parties had

just returned from their labours, and the general bustle of the camp was beginning to settle down into the low hum, preparatory to repose. Our band of music, however, still lingered on the ground, playing some old national airs, and delighting the lovers of Scottish song by whom it was attended. The last sunset gleam, warm and gorgeous, was sleeping on the hills, in glorious contrast with their sombre shadows, lengthening over the land, like outposts of the night.

"One air more before we go," cried an officer to the band, which was preparing to depart; and immediately it struck up the beautiful strain of Durandarte and Balerma, breathing of love in death, in the fight of Roncesvalles, from whose field of fame we were then not far distant. The effect of the music was heightened to a thrilling degree by the time, place, and circumstances in which it was performed; the plaintive and flute-like tones sighing like a death-wail, and chording with the deep bass of trumpet and trombone, which pealed forth, deepened, and rolled away in dying thunder through the calm.

The performance had just ceased, when we were suddenly roused from the reverie in which it had entranced us, by the trampling of a steed bearing an aid-de-camp, at full gallop. Suddenly he reined in his charger before the tent of our commanding-officer, to whom he delivered certain despatches; and, observing that he had a long ride before him, immediately resumed his journey, and setting spurs to his horse, was soon lost in the gathering gloom of night.

It is with a strange and thrilling sensation—when an enemy is immediately in front—that the order for an advance before daybreak is heard in camp, accompanied, as it always is, with the ominous serving out of three days' provisions, and sixty rounds of ball-cartridge to each man; together with the bustle of packing up the heavy baggage—the noise and hubbub in the camp—the deep and hollow roll of the great guns, dragging up from the rear—and the congregating together of the officers in their tents, preparing for the movement; some speculating upon the results of the coming battle; some smoking cigars and jesting with death; some musing upon absent friends, ruminating on the past or peering into the future; and, perchance, a few—a very few thinking beings, pondering on the final destiny of man, the mystery of death, and the searchless secret beyond the grave. Having made our brief arrangements for approaching events, and feeling the chill of night beginning to be severe, I quitted the tent along with my two messmates, Wade and Fitzmaurice, and we seated ourselves by a blazing wood fire, a few yards in front of our canvass habitation. Our conversation, as might be supposed, turned upon the expected events which to-morrow's dawn would usher in, when, observing that Fitzmaurice remained silent and thoughtful, "I'll lay a bet," said Wade, "that our friend here has a love-affair on hand; and that there is some fair lady in England of whom he is thinking; for I'm sure nothing less could make a soldier, and one of the *Lights* too, look so melancholy upon the evening of a battle, with the stirring prospect of a glorious affair with the enemies of his country so near at hand."

"You have guessed rightly," answered Fitzmaurice, with a faint smile; "the thought of a fair girl is indeed busy at my heart. My passion, though not unknown to her, nor, as I believe, unreturned, was yet,—owing to a sense of my dependent situation, and the uncertainty of a soldier's life,—never formally declared; and though this seems all the better under present circumstances, yet, strange to say, I cannot help

regretting not having spoken out, and made a confession of my attachment."

"Nonsense," rejoined the other; "if you live to return home you will find her waiting you, and it will then be time enough. I have greater cause than you to be thoughtful, being already betrothed to the woman I love most upon earth, and of whom to-morrow may deprive me for ever. But of the fortune, of which you regret the want, I almost regret the possession,—for a poor man is at least pretty sure of the affection of his mistress; but it was so long before I obtained from mine, something like even a reluctant consent, that I have since had some painful misgivings, lest she may have been wrought upon by the remonstrances of her friends, to accept what, in point of fortune, they might consider an advantageous offer, and thus have been induced to give her hand, where she could not bestow her heart. I own, however, that this was a mere suspicion, perhaps unjust to her, and which I have endeavoured to dismiss from my mind. I have merely mentioned it at present, to shew that life is never free from annoyances; and that the wealth, of which you regret the want, has not conferred happiness on me. And now, since we have been thus far each other's confidants in these matters,—should we all live to return to England, you two shall be present at my marriage, and give me your opinion of the bride."

To this prospective arrangement we readily agreed; and in order to prepare for the approaching conflict, at an early hour we retired to rest.

To be awakened from a sound sleep, even to the ordinary labour of life, is felt for the moment to be unpleasant,—what then must it be to be startled from the deep repose of the weary soldier, to the work—not of life, but of death—from the dreams of happiness and home, to the horrors of the bloody trade,—from refreshing rest into murderous turmoil!

At the beat of the warning drum, we got under arms, and marched in the shadow of night to the advanced posts, where we remained under cover of a stunted wood until daybreak.

At the first gleam of dawn, a signal-gun was fired, and we rushed on to the attack. The fight was long and bloody,—but British valour, ardent as enthusiasm, confident as faith, and obstinate as the instinct of the bull-dog, was at length crowned with success; and the day which had been lowering and tempestuous, was closed with victory and a golden calm. The sound of the trumpet was succeeded by the song of birds, and the roar of the battle by the vague and mystic lullaby of the coming night. The remnant of our regiment had assembled on the slope of a green hill, to which the stragglers of the Light Company were returning, singly, and in pairs; and I came up to the ground just as the last of the survivors seemed to have arrived.

He who has been a sojourner for long years in distant lands, knows with what tremors and misgivings the home of his youth is approached; but these are faint compared to the feelings with which the survivor of the battle's bloody day rejoins the remnant of his regiment, which returns at night. With a palpitating heart I heard the calling of the muster-roll, and marked with breathless suspense, the pauses that succeeded each familiar name—to which there was no reply. At length, those of my two friends were called, and, with lightened heart, I heard the response of their well-known voices. Our meeting was one of delight and congratulation; and, as the tents did not come up, we bivouacked beneath an old tree during the night.

The succeeding events of the campaign I pass over, as not being in any way connected with my story. Suffice it therefore to say, that the conclusion of the war took place a few months after this affair; and having passed unscathed through its various vicissitudes, by a more than usual good fortune, we all three met in London, that great rendezvous of military men upon their return from abroad.

We adjourned to the Old Slaughters Coffee-House in St. Martin's Lane, where we passed the evening; in the course of which Wade adverted to his marriage, which, he informed us, was to take place in a few days, and claimed the fulfilment of our promise of being present at the ceremony; at which we renewed our engagement to attend. Accordingly, at the time and place appointed, we arrived together; there were few persons present, and they were but indistinctly seen, in the dim light of a curtained apartment. The bride was led into the room, deeply veiled, so that we could not distinguish her features. Her head was bent downwards, and she seemed much affected during the ceremony, but began to regain her composure towards its close. As soon as it was concluded, she lifted her veil, and looking timidly upwards, disclosed a face of exquisite beauty, beaming through tears. At that moment I was suddenly startled by a deep, convulsive sob; and, turning round, beheld Fitzmaurice, pale as ashes, and staggering towards the door, through which he instantly glided away. My first impression was, that he felt sick, owing to the warmth and closeness of the room; but, upon observing the simultaneous agitation of the bride, who seemed about to faint, a suspicion flashed across my mind, that, in the new-married lady, he had recognised the object of his own attachment; while her violent emotion seemed to indicate some secret intelligence between them, and to render it probable that the fears which Wade had expressed to us, respecting the state of his wife's heart towards himself, were but too well founded. However this might be, he did not seem to have observed Fitzmaurice's agitation and sudden departure, and probably ascribed the momentary indisposition of the bride to the feelings natural to a young woman on such an occasion. Meanwhile, the company having partaken of some refreshments, the new-married pair set off upon their jaunt, and the party separated.

Pondering upon the scene I had just witnessed, I returned to my lodgings; but, feeling the time tedious, I passed the evening at the theatre. I retired to rest, rather fatigued, but could not sleep, so much were my thoughts haunted by the events of the day. As Fitzmaurice had promised to call upon me on the following morning, I waited with impatience till the appointed hour; but it came, and passed, and he did not arrive. A second and a third elapsed, and still he came not. I then feared he might be unwell; and, feeling certain misgivings respecting him, I forthwith sallied into the street, and proceeded towards his lodgings.

Upon arriving there, and inquiring for my friend, I was informed, that, on the afternoon of the preceding day, he had come home in a state of great excitement; and, having hastily packed up his baggage, and discharged his bill, had ordered a hackney coach, in which he drove away—no one knew whither. There was something in all this ill-calculated to ease my apprehensions, and I forthwith set on foot an inquiry after him, but I could obtain no clue to a discovery; and, after trying to trace out his movements in vain, I gave up the pursuit, hoping that

time or chance would throw some light upon his sudden and mysterious disappearance.

After the perils and privations of war, the news of peace had been hailed in the camp as tidings of great joy; and, in common with others, the return to my country, and the comforts of home, were pleasant things to me. But, as soon as the novelty was over, the old instinct of the soldier, the hankering after excitement and the love of change, again began to return; I became "restless and wearisome," and sought relief in the vicissitudes of travel.

After wandering over the continent for about a year, I was recalled, by matters of a domestic nature, which required my presence in England. Where upon landing, I proceeded towards London, and was overtaken by darkness at an inn but one stage from the metropolis, at which I took up my abode for the night. In passing up stairs, I was accosted by a voice familiar to my ear, and, looking up, recognised in the speaker my old messmate, Wade. Upon my inquiring after his lady, he informed me that she was then along with him at the inn, where they had just arrived from a jaunt in the country, which he had been giving her, in consequence of ill-health and lowness of spirits; and that they were to proceed next day to call on a medical friend of his, who had been very successful in the treatment of nervous complaints, and mental dejection, and who then superintended a private asylum a few miles from town, where many patients labouring under seemingly incurable melancholy, had obtained great benefit, and frequently complete recovery. He said he wished to consult the doctor respecting his wife, whose health had not been improved by the means usually employed; and, as the residence of his friend lay only a little way out of the direct road to London, he took my promise that I would accompany them on their visit on the following day. Upon entering the breakfast parlour next morning, I was introduced to Mrs. Wade, as a friend of her husband, who had been present on the occasion of her marriage. At that word a hectic flush fevered her cheek for a "burning moment," but speedily passed away, leaving her paler than before. After a few common-place topics had been discussed, Wade asked me, if I had lately heard from Fitzmaurice, where he was, and what he was about? A deeper tinge than before again overspread the face of Mrs. Wade, and confirmed my suspicions. I answered briefly, that I had not heard of my friend for some time, and was not acquainted with his movements. The subject then dropped, and the conversation turned upon generalities, until we arrived at the doctor's residence, which was within a short walk of the asylum he superintended.

He received us with a quiet kindness rather to be felt than expressed. He was apparently about fifty years of age, of a grave but gentle demeanour, with an eye which rested upon its object with a fixedness not the less searching for the want of quickness and brilliancy. His voice was soft and low, and there was altogether about him an air of repose, as if the emotions of troubled minds, which he had so long witnessed, had chastened down in him all human passion into quiet endurance and unchanging calm.

After dinner was over Wade made allusion to the state of his wife's health, and the doctor, after putting some questions and giving her some general directions, stole a look at her unobserved, and then rallied her upon the unreasonableness of low spirits in a young married woman; and took occasion to advert to the bad consequences of indulging in any

secret and unavailing grief, which, he observed, had often led to the most deplorable of human maladies, even mental derangement—of which he stated many melancholy cases in the asylum under his care; and having thus excited our curiosity, in accordance with our wishes, he agreed to gratify us with a sight of some of his patients. We approached the asylum through spacious and beautiful grounds, and having passed its gates, were conducted by its superintendent to its secret cells. The first which we entered was tenanted by a raging maniac, who stood before us with fettered hands and visage fierce and fiend-like, screaming curses upon nature, and shrieking out that there was no God:—his eyes glared like balls of fire, and the hell that raged within him had scathed, a once sanguine and athletic frame, into a gaunt spectre—a ghastly and thunderstricken ruin. Though but in the summer of his years, his hair was silver grey and streamed around his brow, in wild and wintry wreaths. His bold and reckless spirit, in the pride of intellectual power, had dared to search the unsearchable—to question—to doubt—to disbelieve, till at length he sunk into the abyss of atheism, and nature seemed such a fearful and inscrutable mystery to his bewildered mind, that he became horrorstruck at his own thoughts, and went raving mad. His fits of blaspheming fury were succeeded by sudden dejection, and trembling terror, and sore dismay, when he would sink down on his knees and weep like a child. We gladly retired from this awful spectacle of a ruined spirit, and proceeded to the next apartment, in which we beheld a victim of the gaming table.

Heir to a handsome fortune and naturally ambitious, he had associated with the magnates of the land, and "vied in vanities" with the wealthiest and the worst of its sons. But his means though great were not equal to his demands, and, ashamed to retrench, he took to the gaming table, where, with hopes deferred, health impaired, and fortune wasted, his days and nights fevered away in agonizing dreams, till at length he was cast out from the haunts of St. James's a beggar and a maniac. Upon entering the cell we found him seated on the floor, where, in imagination, he pursued a phantom game, and raising his head at our approach, he regarded us with a gaze of horror, and crying, with the voice of despair, "Lost, all lost, and now for hell!"—struck his head with his clenched hands; and fell back upon the floor exhausted with agony.

These frightful cases of excited insanity were too much for the nerves of Mrs. Wade, and we were about to quit the asylum, when our conductor proposed that we should see some cases of a less agitating description among the victims of melancholy.

"My patients (observed he) who labour under mental dejection are most numerous; and sad to say, the cureless sorrow is chiefly incident to the most amiable and highly-gifted of human beings,—for the glowing fancy and the warm and susceptible heart are ever the first to fall under affliction. Too keenly alive to the joys and sorrows of life, they are easily raised to rapture, or sunk into despair." Saying this he ushered us into a neighbouring cell, whose inmate was standing with his back towards us, and his arms folded across his breast; he appeared to be in the deep abstraction of a distant dream, but at length pressing his forehead with his hand as if trying to recollect something, "It cannot be (he exclaimed) that she is married! her heart was mine, and how could she give her hand to another!—but I have been unwell of late, and have had delirious slumbers; methought she was wedded to my friend, and that I—oh! horrible!—was invited to witness the marriage." At these

words, the speaker suddenly turning round, revealed, in the wan, grief-worn visage before us, the wreck of my lost friend Fitzmaurice!—Scarce pausing in his soliloquy, his gaze fixing and dilating upon the face of his first love, "It was—it was a dream, (he continued) I knew it was—and here she is herself come to convince me of her truth.—Angel of my life, let me thank thee!" and he sprang towards Mrs. Wade just as she was swooning away into the arms of her husband. The doctor rushed in betwixt them and Fitzmaurice, and hurrying us out of the cell, secured the door upon the unhappy man, whose cries came after us, as we hastened back from the asylum. Upon reaching the doctor's residence, the carriage being in waiting, Mrs. Wade was helped into it by her husband, who bidding us a hasty and incoherent adieu, leapt in after her and instantly drove away.

The sudden meeting with the object of her first affection in such appalling circumstances gave a fatal shock to a frame already wasted by secret care; a rapid decline succeeded, and in a few weeks she was released from all earthly sorrows.

A short time previous to her death, she made a full confession to her husband of her previous attachment to Fitzmaurice, and of the overpowering remonstrances of her friends, begging his forgiveness; and whatever the nature of his feelings might have been, he behaved to her with unremitting attention till her death.

After the last duties were paid to her remains he set off for the Continent, to seek, and haply to find, in foreign scenes, excitement to life and alleviation of its sorrows.

PRESENT STATE OF SCOTTISH LAIRDS AND THEIR TENANTS.

No class of men were ever placed in a more favourable situation than the proprietors of land in Scotland, in the period between 1775 and 1815. Without any exertion on their own parts, their rentals were increased fourfold, and the value of their properties in many instances rose in a much greater proportion. The burdens on their lands, on the other hand, were not augmented in any considerable degree. The land tax has remained the same in amount since the Union—£48,000 per annum, a sum which is now equalled by the rental of the tolls in some counties. Poor rates are all but unknown in the rural parishes. Tithes were generally commuted for a small payment in money early in the last century. The land proprietor of England was not nearly so favourably situated. His rental did not increase so much, and the tithes always carried off the tenth of the amount, while the poor's rates rose from £1,531,000 in 1776 to £6,292,000 in 1813.

When the change of value in agricultural produce took place, at the end of the war, it was many years before the proprietors were affected by it. The tenantry were deceived by the Corn Law of 1815. They thought that that measure would keep up the prices of their produce; and they continued for several years to take lands at rents which the high war prices alone could enable them to pay. In Scotland, almost all leases of farms are for the term of nineteen years; and the tenantry

had, therefore, not the remedy of quitting their farms when they found their rents were too high. They were thus placed at the mercy of their landlords; and the latter generally did not scruple to draw from the tenantry, in the form of rents, the profits the latter had made during the war. The farmers were in general in opulent circumstances in 1815. So little attention has been paid to statistics in this country, that any estimate of the capital engaged in any employment must necessarily be vague; but after examining such data as can be procured, we think the farming capital of Scotland in 1815 may be moderately taken at £60,000,000. Now, after much inquiry in various parts of the country, we are convinced that at least two-thirds of this capital has disappeared.

To those who have not paid much attention to such subjects, so great a loss may seem incredible. But when it is considered that upwards of eleven years ago it was proved, by the numerous witnesses examined before the committee of the House of Commons, that a great part of the agricultural capital had *then* been lost; that the soil was rapidly deteriorating, from the diminution of the stock of cattle kept on the farms, and of agricultural capital; that, after that period, the value of produce fell very considerably, and that there has hardly been a single year since in which any profit could have been made,—it will appear that we have not exaggerated the extent of the loss. Of this large sum of money a great proportion must have passed into the pockets of the landholders; for we have known instances in which the landlord has received for many years more than double the rent that the farm was found to be worth when the ruin of the tenant forced it into the market. It is only of late years, therefore, that the land proprietors of Scotland have begun to feel that change in the value of agricultural produce which has pressed so heavily on their tenantry for the last seventeen years.

But, notwithstanding all these favourable circumstances, it is doubtful if the present race of Scottish land proprietors are in more enviable or generally in easier circumstances than their forefathers. Their rent-rolls are, no doubt, greatly augmented; they possess finer houses and grounds; and many estates, which formerly yielded but a scanty pasture, now produce luxuriant crops; but, in many instances, their debts have increased in a proportion at least equal to the rise in their rentals. With the increase of their rent-rolls expensive habits were contracted; and he who, at the beginning of the war, considered himself in a rank of society little higher than that of his tenant, at the end of it, attempted to cope with the nobility of the country. Land had been so long increasing in value, that many thought there were no bounds to the increase. Hence, in making contracts of marriage, and of family settlements, the estate was valued much higher than it was worth; the provisions left to the widow and younger children were therefore exorbitant. Many instances have occurred, in which the eldest son and heir had not a share equal to the younger children, after paying their provisions; although his father thought, when making his settlement, that he was leaving him an ample fortune. It is a rare thing to find a small proprietor, who, by saving from his increased rents, has purchased lands during the war. On the contrary, estates under £3000 per annum, when not entailed, have very frequently changed hands; the sales having generally been occasioned by the embarrassments of the proprietor. Few of those retained are free from debt, and many of them are so

much encumbered, as to render a sale, in the course of a few years, inevitable. Lands of the value of upwards of £300,000, in the single county of Berwick, have been exposed to sale in the year 1831; and it is understood, that, in several other counties, lands in each, to a similar amount, now are, or lately were, in the market. The rents of farms have fallen in many instances already, and in all cases must soon fall upwards of thirty per cent., as compared with those formerly paid. To persons whose sole income is derived from a small estate, and who have been in the practice of spending their whole income within the year,—such a diminution of their resources, when it comes fairly into operation, will, in a few years, prove ruinous. The expense of living has not been reduced in any thing like an equal degree; and it is very difficult for a person to live on two-thirds of the income he has been accustomed to expend.

Where small estates are entailed, the proprietors are in a still worse condition. Provisions to younger children can, in most cases, be made, at least to any considerable extent, only by saving from the rental. Money can be borrowed on such estates, only by way of annuity on the life of the proprietor; so that a much higher rate of interest than usual must be paid. Thus, at present, money can be borrowed on lands at three and a half per cent.; but an entailed proprietor cannot borrow under six per cent. In addition, he must pay the premium of insurance on his life for a sum equal to that borrowed, that the lender may be secure in receiving payment of the sum lent, when the annuity ceases by the borrower's death. The amount of the premium varies, according to the borrower's age. At forty he may insure for three per cent., at fifty for four, at sixty for six, making the whole annual expense at these ages respectively nine, ten, and twelve per cent.

Nor is it in the value of agricultural produce alone that a great fall has taken place. The rents of salmon fisheries, and the price of timber, have decreased still more. The thinnings of plantations, which, during the war, brought a considerable return, are now hardly saleable, and will not pay the expense of cutting, unless the size be considerable. In the north and west parts of the country a large revenue was derived from kelp. Upwards of eighty thousand people were engaged in its manufacture, and the total quantity produced amounted to about sixteen thousand tons. By much the most considerable part of the rental of many Highland proprietors arose from kelp shores. The price during the war was often as high as £20 per ton: but since the peace it has fallen to £3, £4, and £5, in consequence of the importation of barilla. Mr. Campbell of Islay, stated in his place in the House of Commons, in March, 1831, that kelp was at that time perfectly unsaleable, and the proprietors were induced to continue its manufacture only through compassion to the poor people engaged in it, who must otherwise have starved. Since that period, however, there has been more demand for kelp, though the price is still very low. In some parts of the country the manufacture has altogether been discontinued.

It has often been asserted, that proprietors of land, notwithstanding the decrease in their rental, are in as favourable a situation at present as they were during the war, as it is said that the fall in the rate of interest, and in the expense of living, is equal to the decrease of rent. But in the first place, it is not true, that the expense of living has diminished one-third, and it is only of late years, that the rate of interest has fallen. Up to 1820 or 1821, it rose very considerably, and we have

known cases of redeemable annuities of twelve or fourteen per cent. granted in 1817 or 1818, being paid by land proprietors to a very recent period. A very short calculation will shew, that even at the present rate of interest, a land proprietor is in a much worse situation than he was twenty years ago. Suppose an estate in fee simple, yielding at that time £2000 a-year, and, (what is a very common case,) that it is burdened to the extent of one-third of the value, or £20,000. Then the following was the situation of the proprietor during the war:—

Rental,	£2000
Interest of debt at 5 per cent.,	1000
Free income,	£1000
Value of estate at 30 years' purchase,	£60,000
Deduct debt,	20,000
Clear reversion,	40,000

At present, we assume the rental is diminished one-third.

Gross income,	£1333
Interest of debt at 3½ per cent.	700
Free income,	£633
Value of the estate at 30 years' purchase,	£40,000
Deduct debt,	20,000
Clear reversion, only	£20,000

So that the half of his fortune has been lost, while the expense of living has certainly not decreased one-third. Suppose, again, that the estate is sold. The reversion of £40,000 during the war would bring an income of £2000 per annum at 5 per cent., but the reversion of £20,000 at present will only produce £700, the rate of interest being 3½ per cent.

The distress of the tenantry, both in agricultural and stock farms, is greater than it has been at any former period since the commencement of this century. Their capital has in general been exhausted by paying the high rents contracted for when prices of produce were much higher than at present. Their credit is much lower than at any period since the war; and gloom, anxiety, and discontent pervade the whole body of the agricultural population. On all estates of considerable extent the arrears are great. The number of children of the tenantry attending the higher seminaries of education has diminished; and, in some districts, the consumption of exciseable commodities among the tenantry is falling off. The stock of cattle kept upon the farms has much diminished, a sure sign of the diminution of capital; and the soil is in consequence rapidly deteriorating. Reductions of rent have not in general been given till too late: for in the period which is allowed to elapse between the demand for reduction and the complying with it on the part of the landlord, the farm has decreased greatly in value by the deterioration of the soil; and the exhausted circumstances of the tenant do not enable him to bring his farm to its former state of fertility.

In Scotland the pastoral districts are of much importance. The total

extent of the kingdom is nineteen millions of English acres; of which little more than five are under cultivation: so that three-fourths of the kingdom are occupied principally in the rearing of sheep. The distress in the pastoral districts can easily be explained. On sheep farms it is expected that the wool should pay the rent, leaving the carcase to discharge the other expences, and for profit on the capital employed. Now between the years 1813 and 1827, wool fell one half in value, and sheep and lambs to the same extent. Lord Napier has extensive sheep farms in Ettrick Forest, which he managed himself for many years; and he stated before the Committee on the Wool Trade in 1828, that the produce of a farm, which on the average, from 1806 to 1817, yielded £490 per annum, only brought £240 in 1827. He was asked "Are the Committee to understand from your lordship, that the produce of at least half of Scotland, and from which half of the rent is paid, has fallen fifty per cent. in value?" "Certainly." The value of black cattle fell also considerably, but never reached so great a depression as the produce of sheep-farms. The average prices of the last fifteen years compared with the war prices, shew a fall of about thirty per cent. Since 1827 or 1828, the value of sheep and wool has risen considerably, and now approaches within thirty per cent. of the war prices.

We have been favoured with communications from the most important agricultural districts in Scotland, by persons well qualified to furnish information to be relied on. But our limits only permit us to advert to that from East Lothian, which has long stood at the head of the agricultural counties. From a detailed statement made out by an intelligent practical farmer, in order to shew the value of land in this county from 1822 to 1832, compared with the period from 1805 to 1815, we have derived some curious results. The statement applies to a farm of three hundred and sixty acres of good land cultivated on the most improved system. The quantity of produce is assumed to have been equal at both periods, and the following are the results:—

	War.	Peace.
Value of produce, deducting seed .	£3133	£2128
Expence of cultivation . . .	1439	1052
Rent one boll three firlots of wheat .	1311	910
Interest and profit on tenant's capital (L.3600) and for superintending farm	383	165

It thus appears, that even where the rent is paid in grain, and the produce has in every respect been the same at the two periods, the profits of the tenant have diminished no less than fifty-seven per cent., while the rent has only fallen thirty per cent. It is evident that the cultivation of grain cannot long be carried on with such profits, for they do not amount to the ordinary interest of the capital required. No allowance for the expense of living of the tenant and his family is made in the statement, at either of the periods. But, unfavourable as this view is, the real state of matters is much worse. The rents were not stipulated for in grain during the war, but in money; and no material abatements were given till 1820, or 1822; so that during the period which elapsed from 1814, when the value of agricultural produce fell, till 1820, the tenant was paying the high rent, while receiving the diminished price of produce. After rents were generally reduced, another evil of a most serious

nature affected this county, as well as Fife and the Carse of Gowrie, though in these districts not to so great an extent. Ever since 1826 the wheat crop has been attacked by a fly, which occasioned a decrease to the extent of thirty-three per cent.; and the loss from this cause in a farm of the above description, exceeds £250 per annum. *Thus there has not only been a total loss of the capital expended on the soil amounting to* £3000, *but also an annual loss of* £85. In these circumstances, it is not wonderful that the most gloomy despondency has seized the tenantry. Many have lost all hope of living by their profession,—several have emigrated to the Continent and to America,—and many are preparing to follow them. We believe the emigration would be very general, if the tenantry could get quit of their leases, and recover the capital they have expended on the soil. Improvements by the tenantry are, in a great measure, at an end. The quantity of lime manufactured in the county, is only one-third of what it was twelve years ago. A great number of bankruptcies have taken place, some of them of tenants who were possessed of many thousand pounds at the end of the war. On an estate purchased twelve or fifteen years ago, only one tenant, out of eleven who were on it at the time of the purchase, now remain. All the rest have become bankrupt. The soil is deteriorating from severe cropping and want of capital; and in many districts of the county, the high-farming for which the county was formerly distinguished, is no longer to be seen. We are well aware that the distress in this part of Scotland, but more especially in this county, has been attributed, in some measure, to what has been called the expensive mode of living of the tenantry; and, since the high rents formerly given could not be obtained from the farmers of East Lothian, those from other parts of Scotland have been induced to pay high rents for lands in this county, on the representation or assumption, that, by their more economical style of living, they could afford to pay higher rents. But we believe the expectations formed on this ground have been completely disappointed. There is no class of the community who, in proportion to their capital, live at so small an expense as the tenantry; and the farmers of East Lothian, Berwickshire, and Roxburghshire, are not an exception to this remark. When a person, acquainted only with the inferior districts of Scotland, first goes into these counties, he is, no doubt, surprised at the appearance of the houses of the tenantry, as well as to observe that they do not themselves personally engage in the labours of the field. But such persons do not consider the very different state of agriculture in these counties from what they have been accustomed to. We have before us the rent-roll of an estate in the North of £25,000 a-year; and there are upwards of six hundred tenants, thus averaging a rent, payable by each, of only £40. In East Lothian, the land rental of which, in 1811, was £180,000, there are, certainly, not four hundred tenants; and we have heard them estimated at a much smaller number. Then, as to capital, it is held that an arable farm cannot be well cultivated unless the tenant has capital to the amount of £10 an acre; and, as the farms in East Lothian, as well as in Berwickshire and Roxburghshire, consist of from three hundred to five hundred acres each, the tenantry ought to possess, and indeed at the end of the war did possess, very large capitals. On farms of such extent it would be absurd for the tenant to engage in labour himself. His time is much more profitably employed in superintending the labour of others. Men, with capitals of from £2 000 to £10,000 are entitled to live in a decent style, more especially as all of them have received libe-

ral educations; and many of them have been educated as well as the greater number of those who practise the learned professions. In the above counties we could point out many tenants paying £2000 a-year of rent, and a few who pay as much as £5000. According to the data on which the property tax was levied, these mens' profits *ought to amount to* from £1000 to £2500 a-year. Yet we believe that the tenantry in these counties do not generally expend in living, in addition to the pigs, poultry, &c. produced on their farms, more than a sum equal to the interest of the capital employed in their cultivation.

The most serious consequences may be apprehended if the agricultural distress continues much longer without alleviation. It must speedily affect all classes in the community. "In the increasing wealth and progressive skill of the agricultural capitalist, the farmer, the steady progress of the landed body is dependent. Not a step can be made in agriculture, not an improvement, not a single operation of new power introduced into the art of cultivation, which does not, if generally adopted, by its unequal effects over the surface of the country, raise the mass of rents. The property, the energy, the mental skill of the farmer, are thus the mainstay, the sole permanent reliance of the landlords. Every circumstance which diminishes the means, the security, and the hopefulness and energy of these agents of cultivation must be proportionally detrimental to the best interests of the proprietors."*

Nor is it the landed proprietor alone who is interested in the welfare of the agriculturists. All other classes of the community, however far removed from agricultural pursuits, are quickly and deeply affected by the prosperity or depression of agriculture. One third of the population of the United Kingdom is employed in the cultivation of the soil, or in the management of herds and flocks; the highest and richest part of the community derive their revenues from their labours; and the annual produce of the soil exceeds in value the productions of all other occupations.

The whole property created in Great Britain and Ireland, in the year 1812, was estimated, by Dr. Colquhoun, at £430,000,000, of which more than one-half (£217,000,000) was the produce of agriculture in all its branches. The whole property created by our manufactories in 1812 is estimated at £114,000,000, and by foreign commerce and shipping, at £46,000,000.

The branch of industry, which, next to the cultivation of the soil, is the most important to the country, is the cotton manufacture, the annual value of which may amount to £50,000,000; but the value of the grain consumed by man and animals in the United Kingdom, must approach £100,000,000 per annum. It may easily be shewn that upwards of eight millions of people are engaged in agriculture in the United Kingdom. To these must be added the proprietors of the soil, whose number, including their families, may be estimated at three hundred thousand. Now, suppose, each of them to spend £20 per annum, then £166,000,000 are annually spent by the agricultural and landed interest, while only £46,000,000 are received from our foreign customers.†

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* Jones on Distribution of Wealth.

† The declared value of British and Irish produce and manufactures, exported in 1828, was £36,812,756.

FEMALE LETTER-WRITERS.

THERE is but one species of composition of which it may be safely affirmed that many finer specimens have been lost to the world than any that are preserved: it is that in which women reign supreme,—domestic and familiar letters. After centuries of scholarly regret, it is consolatory to believe that very few Iliads, and not one Macbeth, have ever perished; but what an infinite series of the records of noble and tender feeling, the brightest effusions of mind, and the finest impulses of heart, have the flames devoured, in the shape of letters! The world does not possess a single letter of Shakspeare; but how many, for which it would barter rubies, must have singed geese at Stratford-on-Avon, or given crispness to the love-locks of Anne Hathway; for, notwithstanding Mr. Moore's gratuitous assumption, we deny, point-blank, that Shakspeare is any proof that great geniuses make bad husbands. What a treasure were the epistles despatched by the nameless adventurer during his vigorous early struggles, in London, and in Elizabeth's reign—when Sydney and Spenser were to be met in the theatres, Bacon and Burleigh in the courts, and Jonson and Marlowe in the taverns—when Leicester and Essex trode the land, and Drake and Howard swept the seas! What a precious record were that which might form the first series of lost letters that we regret—the only one for which our grief is unappeasable! Let us hope that the edition of the plays promised James Boswell in heaven may have an appendix containing the lost letters.

How often have we sympathized with the admirers of the new Heloise for the destruction of Jean Jacques's real love-letters, those written to Madame d'Houdetot. Still we hope for their joyful resurrection. The lady has not been many years dead, and French letters appear written on asbestos—fire will not consume them. Even we, though somewhat faded from primal admiration of the Citizen of Geneva, would rejoice in the epistles of which their enamoured author exclaims,—"If those of Heloise have been found ardent—Heavens! what would have been said of these! Such letters as mine to her were never thrown into the fire. If they are ever made public, the world will see in what manner I have loved." It is perhaps much better the world cannot see. It is a cold-hearted, restless, swiftly-changing world. If introduced but now to

> Clarens, sweet Clarens, birth-place of deep love,

we rather suspect it would be with prodigiously diminished effect. But it is our own female letter-writers—would we had more of them—that form our text, if we can contrive to stick to it. One who knew a few things has told us, that "the letters of great men are the most precious part of their writings." Now, we rather think the "Principia," or "Paradise Lost," fully more precious than the letters of the respective writers; but had Bacon said this of the letters of clever and amiable women, seldom dissenting from him on any point of human wisdom, we had at once respectfully concurred. Of the letters of men, even great men, we have scarce enow to compensate for the volumes of dull, trite, trifling epistles, or clap-traps for posterity, deposited before-hand in cabinets, and brought to light by the vanity and cupidity of friends. The female letter-writers are totally exempt from these charges; with a few deep *blue*, and principally modern exceptions;—Miss Seward, of Lichfield, who inflicted on her friends what the public rejected; or the learned

Mrs. Montague, sedulously building up a literary reputation. These ladies we hardly allow to be, in our sense, letter-writers at all. They are authors who cultivate a particular branch of the profession, and delay publishing till their executors assume the obloquy of the task. The female letters in which we delight are such as have slipped as undesignedly from the heart as if the art of printing had still been undiscovered—the off-hand effusions of warm affection, undoubting confidence, sweetness, gaiety, fancy, wit, pleasantry, playfulness—genuine records of the daily business, interests, and pleasures of domestic life; no matter how trifling the details, so that they flow from the heart. Genuine letters of this kind—and it is impossible to counterfeit their semblance—form the most delightful kind of reading. Their highest perfection makes us more envy France her Sevigné and De Staal, than her Racine. Such collections are more improving than the most faithful autobiographies, for they must be truer; and if they do not apparently go farther, they yet allow deeper insight into the character of the writer; unconsciously revealing the varied tints and delicate shadings of individual mind, exhibiting nature, in her free and graceful undress, the refreshing breeze as well as the halcyon serene. Autobiographies, though the nearest approach to familiar letters, want their charm as much as their truth. They deceive without intending it; for the visual orb of the artist, the most candid and clear-sighted that ever lived, will either glance oblique from harsh features, or soften and varnish deformities. Autobiographies are full-length portraits, generally intended for effect; letters, such as we mean, are part and parcel of a man's mind, and no writing has so lively a power of realization. They place us in the midst of past generations, as if we lived among them; they lift the curtain which separates the illusive from the true; place us by the parlour fireside, or in the dressing-room of the beauty of lost ages; unlock the most secret repositories, and give us a key to the most hidden thoughts. To the constitutional reserve, and exterior coldness of the English national character, whether in men or women, the medium of correspondence, even among near relatives, is indispensable, were it but to enable friends to understand those sentiments and motives of action which proud modesty never could otherwise reveal.

With the complete writings of Swift, Cowper, Gray, and Burns, before us, how little should we know of the hidden man, of the inner life, especially of the first two, save for those precious relics of their correspondence, which more than supply the place of memoirs. But for his careless letters, the Dean of St. Patrick's might have been believed to deserve those harsh and cruel censures, which have been poured forth upon parts of his life, faulty, indeed, yet expiated, as far as possible, by purifying repentance. How much of the inner character of this shrewd, ambitious, morose cynic, is revealed, not in his studied correspondence with Oxford, Pope, and Atterbury, but in his slip-shod journal to Stella, and careless epistles to Dr. Sheridan!—How much of the agonizing depths of his feelings is made visible by this one flash struck from his proud, flinty spirit, on hearing of the last fatal illness of the person he loved so dearly, and used with such strange unkindness, "What have I to do in this world! I never was in such agonies as when I read your letter, (Dr. Sheridan's) and had it in my pocket. *I am able to hold up my sorry head no longer!*" This one heart-wrung sentence might have made his late reviewers temper the vials of unmitigated wrath, which generous and manly feeling has led them to pour forth on the memory of the Tory

political parson. A woman might almost forgive him the injuries of her sex, on seeing the proud man thus overwhelmed and humiliated. But this is wandering from our subject.

Among the first pure specimens of female letters, are those of the ambitious and unfortunate favourite of Henry VIII., Anna Boleyn. Her coquettish love-letters to her royal wedded wooer, display art and finesse, of which so young a woman must have been incapable without prompting, though she had the advantage of early schooling in the French Court. But her celebrated letter, written from the Tower, remains a very extraordinary literary production, apart from the trying circumstances in which it was composed. It is one of the finest specimens of mental self-possession and dignified propriety that we possess. Could it, indeed, have been the unaided production of the calumniated and persecuted victim? This, though questioned, is more probable, than that any one could have counterfeited so skilfully. Like the letters of Swift, to which we have referred, it goes far to atone for many sins and heartlessnesses in the former life of the beautiful and coquettish queen. It breathes the passive courage of woman in her hour of fiery trial, with the sublime composure and elevation, which the approach of another state imparts, in some degree, to the meanest creature. It opens like a strain of solemn music.

The epistles of the illustrious daughter of this victim of a royal brute, who, to that character, added no small portion of the vulgar, sensual ruffian,—are full of individuality and instruction. In the character of Elizabeth were strangely commingled, the fierce, headlong, impetuous blood of her father, with the coolness, finesse, and trickery of her other parent. She was as coquettish and artful as Anna Boleyn, though on a bolder scale; and as headstrong and domineering as bluff King Hal. Her memorable letter to the Bishop of Ely, is a sample of the paternal stock. It also shews clearly how reformed protestant princes originally regarded the union of State and Church, and the uses of a hierarchy. A more laconic and complete view of this mystic alliance need not be sought for. This prelate had offended Elizabeth, by refusing to cede to her the garden and orchard of Ely-House, after it had been iniquitously wrested from him by a suit in the Chancellor's Court, in which no suitor had any chance with the Crown. "Proud prelate!" says the royal virago; "I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement; but I would have you to know, that I who made you what you are, can unmake you;" [Here is a lesson for the State-Church!]—"and if you do not forthwith fulfil your agreement, by God! I will immediately unfrock you. Your's, as you demean yourself, Elizabeth Regina." So much for the nursing-mother of the reformed faith. This is a pure specimen of the style of King Harry. The crafty, politic, and hypocritical letters of this Princess, in which the pride and cruelty of her father are blended with the subtilty of her mother, (as in her correspondence with Sir Amias Paulet, the custodier of her unhappy rival, Queen Mary,) are only disgusting. But Elizabeth had many styles. In some of her epistles, there are the freshness, and frankness of womanly cordiality, mingled with the romance and high-spirit which made heroes of her courtiers, and herself their inspiration. Take her epistle to her favourite, Dudley Earl of Warwick, while maintaining the town of Havre against the French. The Virgin Queen had some worthless, but never any despicable favourites. In this point she excelled all her royal successors.—"My dear Warwick: If your honour and my desire could accord with the loss of the needfulest

finger I keep, God so help me in my utmost need, as I would gladly lose that one joint for your safe abode with me; but since I cannot do that I would, I will do that I may, and will drink in an ashen-cup, than that you and yours should not be succoured, both by sea and land; yea, and with all speed possible; and let this my scribbling hand witness them all."

Some of the letters of the ladies of the Protector's family, are interesting, but mainly from the juxta-position of the fair writers, and the rank and political consequence of their correspondents. In the noblest strain of the Norman aristocracy, is the well-known letter of the high-spirited Countess of Pembroke and Derby to Joseph Williamson, the subservient minister of Charles II. The indignant epistle of the Countess of Nottingham to the unmanly and slanderous Danish ambassador, is another noble instance of a roused and injured lady, chastising a craven spirit with her crow-quill, as effectually as ever did knight with his gauntletted hand. But all these fall short of the mark of familiar female epistles: even those of Rachel Lady Russell, which long have, and, we hope, long will form part of an Englishwoman's select library—are not of the captivating female toys we mean. The collected letters of this illustrious matron, are of greater excellence than attraction. They are either didactic and religious epistles to her learned and reverend correspondents; or they treat of those matters of weighty interest, regarding her family, which the murder of Lord Russell had devolved upon his lady. Of the terrible scenes which developed her noble character, when she shared the prison, and almost the scaffold, of her husband, there remains no record in her voluminous correspondence. Affection has preserved a few homely letters, belonging to the earlier and happier part of her married life; and kind hearts will love, and pure ones revere them. They have, besides, in some degree, the charm of which we are in pursuit,—they are domestic, familiar letters.

"*Lady Russell to Lord Russell; written from Tunbridge, and addressed to London, in the year* 1678.

"After a toilsome day, there is some refreshment to be telling our story to our best friends. I have seen your girl well laid in bed, and ourselves have made our suppers upon biscuits, a bottle of white wine, and another of beer, mingled my uncle's way, with nutmeg and sugar. None are disposing to bed,—not so much as complaining of weariness. Beds and things are all very well here; our want is yourself and good weather. But, now I have told you our present condition—to say a little of the past.—I do really think, if I could have imagined the illness of the journey, it would have discouraged me: it is not to be expressed how bad the way is from Seven Oaks; but our horses did exceedingly well, and Spencer very diligent, often off his horse to lay hold of the coach. I have not much more to say this night: I hope the quilt is remembered; and Francis must remember to send more biscuits, either when you come, or soon after. I long to hear from you, my dearest soul, and truly think your absence already an age. I have no mind to my gold plate: here is no table to set it on; but if that does not come, I desire that you would bid Betty Foster (a house-maid) send the silver glass I use every day. In discretion I haste to bed, longing for Monday, I assure you.

From yours,

Past ten o'clock. R. Russell.

Lady Margaret says we are not glutted with company yet: you will let Northumberland know we are well; and Allie——.†

† These ladies, the Countess of Northumberland and Lady Allington, were half-sisters of Rachel, Lady Russell.

It was thus flowed the domestic hours of the affectionate wife, who, in deep affliction, was soon to prove herself the fitting partner of a patriot martyr. Such were the hearts which tyranny wrenched asunder.

But the most brilliant of our female letter-writers belonged to a succeeding age. Lady Mary Wortley had no prototype in this country, so far as the world knows; nor has she had any worthy successor. The literary reputation of Lady Mary rests exclusively on her letters; though she versified largely, and scribbled on many subjects; and, as a satirist and lampooner, entitled herself to the "bad eminence" of the pillory, and of having her ear-rings cropt, were equal justice ever dealt to the ennobled and the mean offender. As it is, she is fully qualified, by her satires and private letters, to take the place of honour between Mrs. Centlivre and Aphra Behn. Laying altogether aside Lady Mary's letters descriptive of her travels, which are lively, delightful, and, as all subsequent experience has established, perfectly accurate; her domestic familiar series, though steeped in the worst vices of her character, are full of attraction. They indeed want the best charm of a woman's correspondence; for her ladyship could not impart what she did not possess, but they still rank highly as epistolary compositions. There is nothing overstrained or affected,—nothing of the *blue* about them. All shews facility precision, and good taste in composition; with great moral depravity, no doubt, and utter and avowed heartlessness. The private letters of Lady Mary Wortley to her sister and other ladies, and those of the Earl of Chesterfield to his son, are the deepest satires that ever were penned against the English aristocracy: add to these the Memoirs of Doddington and a few other volumes, and the picture is complete. Lady Mary Wortley is an instance of that anomaly every where, save in the highest circles of aristocracy, or among people of the lowest rank, hacknied by living in the eye of the world,—of a head far too crafty and mature for the shoulders which carried it, and of a heart lustrums older than the bosom in which it was presumed to exist. It is, however, doubtful if, in a moral sense, a heart, often the most useless and troublesome commodity in the world to a young lady of rank, ever formed any part of the anatomy of Lady Mary Pierrepoint. The letters of her extreme girlhood are quite as shrewd, penetrating, and worldly as those of her grey hairs. The story of her marriage is well known. She ran away, when very young, with Mr. Wortley, fully more to spite her father than please herself. The same governing motive influenced many of her actions, and in some instances counterbalanced her calculations. She was too vivacious and self-willed to be always prudently selfish. Her first letter after her love-match is a curiosity— * * * *

"I don't know very well how to begin: I am perfectly unacquainted with a matrimonial style. After all, I think it better to write as if we were not married at all." And so she does, ending her brief first epistle matrimonial by saying, gaily, "'Tis dark, or I should not conclude so soon. Pray, my love, begin at the top, and read till you come to the bottom;" a degree of conjugal attention she hardly expected. A succeeding letter gives matrimonial counsel, by which Mr. Wortley did not fail to profit. "I am glad you think of serving your friends," (by allowing himself to be elected for Newark,) "I hope it will put you in mind of serving yourself. I need not enlarge upon the advantages of *money*:—every thing we see, and every thing we hear, puts us in remembrance of it. If it were possible to restore liberty to your country,' (her ladyship and her husband were violent Whigs,) "or limit the

encroachments of the prerogative by reducing yourself to a garret, I should be pleased to share so glorious a poverty with you; but as the world is, and will be, *it is a sort of duty to be rich*, that it may be in one's power to do good—riches being another name for power; towards the obtaining of which, the first necessary quality is impudence; and, as Demosthenes said of pronunciation in oratory, the second is impudence, and the third still impudence. No modest man ever did, or ever will, make his fortune. Your friend Lord Halifax, Robert Walpole, and all other remarkable instances of sudden advancement, have been remarkably impudent. The Ministry is like a play at Court; there is a little door to get in, and a great crowd without, shoving and thrusting who shall be foremost. People who knock others with their elbows, disregard a little kick of the shins, and, still thrusting heartily, are sure of a good place. Your modest man stands behind in the crowd—is shoved about by every body—his clothes torn—almost squeezed to death, and sees a thousand get in before him that don't make so good a figure as himself. I don't say it is impossible for an impudent man not to rise in the world; but a moderate merit, with a large share of impudence, is more probable to be advanced than the greatest qualifications without it. If this letter is impertinent, it is founded upon an opinion of your merit, which, if it is a mistaken one, I would not be undeceived. It is my interest to believe, as I do, that you deserve every thing, and are capable of every thing; but nobody else will believe it if they see you get nothing." How many statesmen have since acted upon her ladyship's maxims besides the old Dragon of Wantley, who, if he did not obtain great political power, at least put money enough in his purse!

It is not easy to say whether Lady Mary's private letters, those which she durst not publish during her husband's life, but which she took effectual care should appear, are more instructive on her own character, or as pictures of high life. Take her coronation of George II.:—Walpole's of George III., or Sir Walter Scott's of George IV., are not to be compared with it. It is written to her sister the Countess of Mar, as are many of her best and worst letters; not that she even affects to care a pin for her relative; she merely takes her up as a person to whom she might vent her spleen and her wit, where both had a chance of obtaining eclat; The Countess of Mar was then living in Jacobite exile in the brilliant circles of Paris. "I cannot deny that I was very well diverted on the coronation-day. I saw the procession much at my ease, and then got into Westminster Hall without trouble, where it was very entertaining to observe the variety of airs which all meant the same thing. The business of every walker there was to conceal vanity, and gain admiration. For these purposes some languished, and others strutted, but a visible satisfaction was diffused over every countenance as soon as the coronet was clapped on the head. But she that drew the greatest number of eyes was, indisputably, Lady Orkney. She exposed behind a mixture of fat and wrinkles, and before, a very considerable protuberance which preceded her. Add to this, the inimitable roll of her eyes, and her grey hairs, which, by good fortune, stood directly upright, and it is impossible to imagine a more delightful spectacle. She had embellished all this with considerable magnificence, which made her look as big again as usual; and I should have thought her one of the largest things of God's making, if my Lady St. John had not displayed all her charms in honour of the day. The poor Duchess of Montrose crept along with a dozen black snakes playing round her face; and my

Lady Portland, who is fallen away since her dismission from Court, represented finely an Egyptian mummy, embroidered over with hieroglyphics." Such are the language and sentiments of a lady of the highest birth and fashion; and her letters might have been written yesterday. There is nothing antiquated about them, or her. Were she alive now, she might, to-morrow, be a patroness of Almack's, and send paragraphs to the Morning Post. In talent and manners she would find herself very like, only vastly superior, to the fair J.'s and L.'s she might meet there. As a favourable specimen of her talents, a real picture of fashionable manners, and what besides might furnish a comic dramatist with excellent hints, we give a few more passages from the most brilliant writer among the female nobility. Her ladyship never thinks of using her pen to her sister but on some piquant topic. "I own," she says, "I enjoy vast delight in the folly of mankind; and, God be praised, there is an inexhaustible source of entertainment. I will mention to you some suspicions of my own in relation to Lord B***t, which I really never mentioned to any one; but as there is never fire without some smoke, these smothered flames, though admirably covered with whole heaps of politics, were at length seen, felt, and understood." Her ladyship relates the noble courtier's dismission, and maliciously adds, "You know we cannot help laughing when one sees him next; and I own I long for the pleasurable moment. I am sorry for another of our acquaintance, whose follies—for it is impossible to avoid that word—are not of a kind to give mirth to those who wish her well. The discreet and sober Lady L****** has lost such furious sums at Bath, that it may be questioned whether all the sweetness the waters can put into my Lord's blood, will induce him to forgive her; particularly £700 at one sitting, which is aggravated by many astonishing circumstances. This is as odd to me, as Lord T———m's shooting himself; and another demonstration of the latent fire that lies under cold countenances— * * * * * I find it is impossible to forbear telling you the metamorphoses of some of our acquaintances, which appear as odd to me as any in Ovid. Would any one believe that Lady H*******ss is a beauty, and in love? and that Mrs. Anastasia Robinson is, at the same time, a prude and a kept mistress?* and those things in spite of nature and fortune. The first of these ladies is tenderly attached to the polite Mr. M———, and such are all the joys of happy love, notwithstanding she wants the use of her two hands by a rheumatism, and he has an arm that he cannot move. I wish I could tell you the particulars of this amour, which seems to me as curious as that between two oysters, and as well worth the attention of naturalists. The second heroine has engaged half the town in arms from the nicety of her virtue, which has not been able to bear the too near approach of Senesino in the opera, and her condescension in accepting Lord Peterborough for her champion, who has signalized his love and courage on this occasion in as many ways as Don Quixote did for Dulcinea. Poor Senesino, like a vanquished giant, was forced to confess, upon his knees, that Anastasia was a paragon of virtue and beauty. Lord Stanhope, a dwarf to the said giant, joked on his side, and was challenged for his pains. Lord Delawar was Lord Peterborough's second: my

* This lady was a celebrated singer. Lord Peterborough married her, after that eccentric hero was far advanced in life.

Lady miscarried: the whole town divided into parties on that important point. Innumerable have been the disorders between the two sexes on so great an account, besides half the House of Peers being put under arrest. By the providence of Heaven, and the wise cares of his Majesty, no bloodshed ensued; however, things are now tolerably accommodated; and the fair lady rides through the town in the shining berlin of her hero, not to reckon the more solid advantage of £100 a-month; which, it is said, he allows her." By way of close to this sisterly epistle, her Ladyship says, "I suppose you know our uncle Fielding is dead. I regret him prodigiously." For vivacity and grace of style, this letter might have been written by the brightest *bel esprit* of 1832. It is a clever portraiture of fashionable life, by one thoroughly skilled in its ways, and who was, moreover, the most able delineator of its manners that has ever appeared in its Exclusive ranks. Like all her letters, it shews an intimate knowledge of human nature, as it is displayed among the most profligate and frivolous members of the aristocracy, great power of clever satire, and poignancy of ill-natured remark. Here stop the equivocal merits of Lady Mary Wortley's letters: and the odious qualities with which her correspondence is replete, the malice, calumny, impudence, social treachery, and shameless grossness, are poorly redeemed by considerable wit, and great brilliancy of style: and what we have given of her Ladyship's remains, are delicate specimens. There are parts of her letters to the Countess of Mar, and other ladies of like rank, with which we durst not venture to enrich these humble pages. The picture they exhibit of the individual, and of the Exclusive Caste, is any thing but alluring. When English purity declares itself revolted by the grossness of manners displayed in foreign literature, let us remember our own national blemishes. Our Lady Mary will go far to counterbalance the old letter-scribbling Duchess of Orleans, the mother of the Regent. If the noble Englishwoman lacked something of the disgusting grossness, which finds its true home at the extremes of social life, in courts, or in the lowest haunts of vice, she had tenfold the malignity of the princely dame.

The voluminous correspondence of a woman of good fashion and talents, Mrs. Montague—the Shakspeare Montague, who commented on the Bard of St. George, not quite like William Hazlitt, but yet in a good and reverential, if not an o'er-informed spirit,—occupies a distinguished place among ambitious female letters. The early effusions of this lady, while Miss Robinson, are often smart and lively, though deformed by a perpetual hard-straining after effect; yet they never once attain the ease, grace, rapidity and clearness of the Lady Mary, who, with her many dreadful faults, had no affectations. She breathed in a region above, as a nymph of Billingsgate does in one below them: affectation is the weakness of middle life. Still less is there in the set epistles of Mrs. Montague any thing to persuade us, that a single one of them slipped from the writer's heart, unstudied and unheeded—unthinking of effect, and then impressing the deepest. They are clever sketchy essays, with an address and subscription, elaborated on the rule of Johnson's epistolary canons, who, in letter-writing, lays downs the law,—that trifles require exuberance of ornament,—that the building which has no strength, must be valued for the grace of its decorations,—that the pebble must be polished with care, which hopes to be valued as a diamond. His conclusion is better, "Words must be laboured, when they are intended to stand for things." This is the true secret of most of the ambitious and ornate writing with which ladies favour their corre-

spondents, and of the construction, among others, of those letters, which his Lichfield acquaintance, Miss Seward, inflicted first on her friends, that the public might afterwards be struck through their sides. But, even in the most tiresome and afflicting of these letters, there is an attraction wanting to other kinds of writing. They all give some anecdotes of remarkable persons, some half pictures of manners, and transient glimpses into character. A volume of letters, in which proper names appear with any frequency, can never be wholly uninteresting; and one may extract pleasure and instruction, even from Miss Seward's weighty legacy to Mr. Constable the bookseller. In letter-writing, as in every thing else, commend us, however, to *words* which are *things;* to the exuberance which throws up from the deep mines of native feeling the rough diamond, together with the imbedding soil, and leaves conceit leisurely to polish its pebbles. Of the letters which women could write, and which, on our theory of the best letters never being published, they often do write, we may obtain some notion from the letters occasionally introduced by the female novelists into their narratives, and by their novels in letters. Those introduced are often fine specimens: pathetic and touching as the stories of Mrs. Opie; the one particularly from a ruined girl, written under sentence of death for child-murder, to her heartless seducer, which it is not possible to peruse without heart-wringing pity. No letters can be more beautiful in their affectionate and graceful simplicity than those thrown into the tales of the Miss Lees; or more shrewd, humourous and characteristic, if not perfectly natural, than those in Miss Ferrier's stories. Yet, though wonderfully true to life, these are not *real* letters. Flesh and blood, the breathing substance, and the immortal spirit, are not their endowment. And the faded characters of an old, blotted, and tattered sheet, traced by some fair hand over which the grave has long closed, shall speak with more pleading eloquence.

It was once our chance to peruse—most delectable reading—a bundle of old love-letters, by a French lady, probably a pupil of Jean Jacques, written in all the abandonment of despair, and the ardour of romantic passion, to a man esteemed a hero in his own day—'*le brave Corsair,*' Paul Jones, from whom fortune was for ever tearing her. Those vehement exclamations—those endless repetitions—articulate groans—for her raving words were little else—and cries scarcely intelligible, yet felt to arise from the agonized depths of the heart, were affecting enough in their way; but the tear-blots that half effaced the faint characters were irresistible. What a picture of real passion and suffering did those blotted scrawls exhibit, following each other by every post, while the lost lover remained at Brest! what a multitude of thoughts summon up to contemplation—the least of them the forlorn French maiden locked up in her closet, sleepless, hopeless, on her knees pouring forth those passionate vows, and heart-breaking cries of bereavement and despair, and shedding those burning, blistering tears, whose traces remain when death has so long sealed their bright fountains.* Had the gods blessed us with "the faculty divine," as with the vision, we had certainly indited very tender verses "To an old tear-stained love-letter."

* In the memoirs of Paul Jones, it is said that the author of these letters, which the mingled vanity and affection of Jones preserved, was a young lady of the Court. This might or might not have been. At any rate, one thinks of the woman, and not of the rank. Faust's Margaret is as powerful over our sympathies as Romeo's lady-love.

Among the best female letters we possess, are a few of those of poor Mary Wolstonecraft. Her descriptive letters from Norway and Sweden are beautiful indeed. But, unfortunately, it happens of women always, as of his Majesty's Ministers at present—faults in them are worse than crimes. This is somewhat unreasonable, and not very moral—but so the world wills it; and, till something better is devised, we submit. Friends "of social order," we will rather have a low and imperfect standard than none. We have, in English literature, other charming female letters, of which the writers are wholly unexceptionable; a few by the too early lost Miss Smith, the young translator of Klopstock; and a very pleasing and natural series by Mrs. Grant of Laggan; those especially written in the earlier part of her life, and to her early and real friends,—delightful records of a life spent in virtuous retirement, and rich in life's best blessings, those which flow from its purifying griefs as certainly as from its enjoyments. This lady's studied letters of congratulation and condolence, though they are likely those that were most admired by her friends, most handed about, and lent as a favour to copy, are, to our feeling, only a little better, as female letters, than specimens of the same class composed by many other ladies. Heavy and sermonizing, and, if sincere, not quite natural, are all such elaborations of ceremonious intermeddlement with the sorrows which the heart best knoweth.

We have one or two very pretty, and entirely natural letters of Mrs. Mary Brunton, enough to make us long for more of such pleasing transcripts of an amiable and intelligent woman's true mind.

Female love-letters are rare and choice productions. Sappho wrote in verse; and the Heloise of Abelard, in Latin. These passion-breathing epistles come to female readers in this dark veil, yet they can see that the world has no such love-letters:

> They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
> Warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires.

The halting prose of the simple translation has more power than the polished verse of Pope, which seems an impertinence interposed between the writer and the reader; and, in love-letters, man is seen to yield the palm to woman, the impassioned ardent to the ardent tender. The national character of the Germans is most interestingly developed in sundry little fragments of familiar domestic correspondence of the German women; they are the antipodes of French female letters, and yet the most charming, gentle, tender, and natural, that is imaginable. In "Richardson's Correspondence," there is a letter from the first wife of Klopstock, the poet, which realizes nearly all we would be understood to mean by a true feminine letter. The very imperfection of the language gives it additional captivation. Her affectionate feelings and innocent happiness, make German idioms and broken English, like Lady Mortimer's Welsh—

> Sweet as ditties, highly penned,
> Sung by a fair Queen in a summer's bower,
> With ravishing division to her lute.

We cannot do better than conclude with this extract of a woman's love-letter, of the best kind.

"After having seen him two hours, I was obliged to pass the evening in a company, which never had been so wearisome to me. I could not speak, I could not play; I hought I saw nothing but Klopstock. I saw him the next day, and the

following; and we were very seriously friends. But the fourth day he departed. It was an strong hour the hour of his departure! He wrote soon after, and from that time our correspondence began to be a very diligent one. I sincerely believed my love to be friendship. I spoke with my friends of nothing but Klopstock, and shewed his letters. They raillied at me, and said I was in love. I raillied them again, and said that they must have a very friendshipless heart, if they had no idea of friendship to a man as well as to a woman. Thus it continued eight months, in which time my friends found as much love in Klopstock's letters as in me. I perceived it likewise, but I would not believe it. At the last Klopstock said plainly that he loved; and I startled as for a wrong thing. I answered, that it was no love, but friendship, as it was what I felt for him; we had not seen one another enough to love, (as if love must have more time than friendship!) This was sincerely my meaning, and I had this meaning till Klopstock came again to Hamburgh. This he did a year after we had seen one another the first time. We saw,—we were friends,—we loved; and we believed that we loved; and a short time after, I could even tell Klopstock that I loved. But we were obliged to part again, and wait two years for our wedding. My mother would not let me marry a stranger. I could marry then without her consentment, as by the death of my father my fortune depended not on her; but this was an horrible idea for me; and thank heaven that I have prevailed by prayers! At this time knowing Klopstock, she loves him as her lifely son, and thanks God that she has not persisted. We married—and I am the happiest wife in the world. In some few months it will be four years that I am so happy, and still I dote upon Klopstock, as if he was my bridegroom.

"If you knew my husband, you would not wonder. If you knew his poem, I could describe him very briefly, in saying he is in all respects what he is as a poet. This I can say with all wifely modesty . . . . But I dare not to speak of my husband; I am all raptures when I do it. And as happy as I am in love, so happy am I in friendship, in my mother, two elder sisters, and five other women. How rich I am!"

ΕΙΚΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΗ:

OR, THE POURTRAICTURE OF HIS LATE SACRED MAJESTY.

Written on the Erection of the Bronze Statue of George IV. in George Street, Edinburgh, a few months ago.

COME—let us raise an effigy on high
To our dead Sovereign, lest his name should die.
The murderous cannon, in our mould, shall run—
Fit metal for The Lord's Anointed One!
Set in his grasp the sceptre, which, of yore,
In iron days the perjured Stuarts bore:
With wreath of Upas be the temples crowned,
And masker's garb the motley limbs surround!
Now rear colossal Dagon to his place—
And one vast bloodstone be the mighty base!
'Tis done. Erect the brazen monster stands—
And now the base the artist's aid demands.
Th' inscriptive legend we may then commit
To Southey's muse, or classic Croker's wit.

Around that mighty base, in bold relief,
Set forth the ensigns of a nation's grief.
O! let the sculptor's cunning hand prepare
To blazon high his princely virtues there.
Let maudlin bishops scenic tears pretend,
And bankrupt parasites deplore their friend!

Pourtray him revelling in his tinsel bowers,
'Midst lackered pinnacles, and band-box towers.
Pourtray his darling implements of vice—
The cards gnawed deeply and the loaded dice.
The horrid orgies' closing rites design—
The broken cup that spills its lees of wine,

The dying lamps, survivors of the night,
That wave and flicker in the morning light;
The great Silenus, wallowing in his stye,
With limbs collapsing, and with leering eye;
While reeling fauns their pirouettes display,
With nymphs that reel as merrily as they——
Away!—No more!—The ivy twines between,
And modest foliage hides the sensual scene! ....

A tragic tale our sculptor's art must tell.
Twine, twine the cypress, for it suits it well.
It speaks of woman's wrong, of villain's art,
The broken promise, and the broken heart.
On yonder couch, a mournful Queen reclines,
Oppressed with sorrow, and in sickness pines.
How joyed the land—how beautiful and gay
The princely pageant of her bridal day!
Alas! ere morning, from the genial bed
Gone is young Hymen—Até reigns instead!
Even to the grave, malignant fiends pursue—
And He, the pure and virtuous, leads the crew!
From scenes too foul to meet a maiden's eyes,
With streaming hair, the youthful Charlotte flies,
She flies indignant from the house of sin,
For Comus waves his sorcerous wand within!.....

Deep tolls the midnight bell. A sable train
Winds through the aisles of yon funereal fane.....
Spared her sire's shame, her injured mother's wo,
O, weep not thus—'tis mercy gives the blow!.....

Again that bell!.....*His* life's vile dream is past,
And he is called to his account at last.
And death has come. No kindred hands assuage
Th' ignoble sufferings of irreverend age.
Immodest arms the sinking head sustain,
And stifled conscience wakes, nor wakes in vain.
High o'er his tomb, 'midst plumes of peacock, set
False jewels in the pinchbeck coronet,
And paper wreaths—fit emblems to supply
Of him whose life was one Incarnate Lie.....

See—for their rights the outraged people plead!
What the reply? The trooper spurs his steed—
They fly—they fall, by brutal force oppressed:
The dungeon cell and famine tame the rest.

For those sweet Patriots shall no space remain,
Who kindly forged a rivet for our chain?
Yes—Heaven-born Pitt in speaking gesture stands,
And Melville rears aloft his spotless hands.
His patent gag, let Addington display—
His scorpion lash, the courtly Castlereagh.
O, great quartette of statesmen! fit to wait
On such a monarch, for his guard of state!

Blest Patron Saint! To thy congenial shrine
Shall flock all worthy spirits like to thine.
Assassins, there, shall whet the deadly steel,
And sad Conservatives bepraise their Peel;
Adore their Wetherell's wit, their Goulburn's sighs,
Recount the tears that flow from Eldon's eyes;
Gloat o'er their Sibthorpe's incoherent dreams,
And groan, *Amen*, while Perceval blasphemes;
For placeless, hopeless, briefless Twiss deplore,
And spin the same trite falsehood ten times o'er.
Ex-placemen, there, shall league with ruined spy;
And lamp-light Circes lure the passers by;
Despair and Crime shall consecrate the place—
The rendezvous of all that's foul and base!

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POLITICAL STATE OF THE THREE NORTHERN ENGLISH COUNTIES.

In order to come to a correct estimate of the political state of the three northern counties of Cumberland, Northumberland, and Durham, it is necessary to recur to circumstances now of long standing, and of times past. In the years 1817, 1818, and 1819, until the passing of those memorable and infamous enactments, entitled "The Six Acts," there existed, in great force, in these counties, an organization well known by the name of "The Great Northern Union." Its greatest strength was on the banks of the Tyne and Wear, and in the city and neighbourhood of Carlisle; but its ramifications were spread over the whole three counties; and there were few towns, of these counties, which were not more or less, according to circumstances, in communication with it, or affected by its influence. The Northern Union, however, consisted nearly altogether of the lower classes. The middle classes at that time, no doubt, contained a body of persons strongly attached to constitutional liberty, and averse to the reign of terror (for it was nothing less,) which then prevailed. But they were attached, from long habit, to the party known by the name of "Whigs," as distinguished from other grades of reformers; and the whig leaders of this period certainly betrayed a want of spirit, which, if it were prudent, as perhaps it was, is to be distinguished by that epithet alone. Their conduct was that of men who had become alarmed at the very storm they had assisted to raise; and, with the honourable exceptions of Lords Grey and Durham (then Mr. Lambton,) they joined the Tories, either openly or covertly, in the "Conservative" mercies of that dark period. The dungeons of government were crowded with victims, arrested "on suspicion;" between whom and their prison, no "Habeas Corpus Act" was left to interpose. No public meeting, even under a roof, could take place without the license of a servile magistracy; the press was subjected to all but a censorship; the course even of criminal justice was warped and suspended; and the blood spilt at Manchester "cried from the ground" in vain. By these measures, the spirit of the people was for a time broken; and the Northern Union was, *to all appearance*, broken up, quelled, disheartened, and dispersed. It ceased openly to show itself, and dwindled down to a size of comparative insignificance. That bond of brotherhood was, however, in many instances, too strong to be broken; and exists, at this hour, in renewed and growing solidity.

That the conduct of the Whig leaders in the North, alienated from them the respect and confidence of the mass of the population, is undeniable; and, in this state of alienation they remained, until the events that crowded upon the country during the latter part of the Wellington administration, opened a door for reconciliation; which the accession of Lord Grey to power, and the proposal of the Reform Bill, might have effected fully and completely, as it actually did partially and to a certain extent; and had the Whig leaders, during the excitement of the general election of the Spring of 1831, cordially thrown themselves upon the people, they might have commanded, and continued to command, the three counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, and Durham. Doubt and fear, however, intervened; and the election of the liberal candidates in these districts, was less owing to the exertions and leadership of the Whig party, emphatically so called, than to the overpowering zeal of the

body of the people, which proved to be too strong to be resisted or controlled for a single moment. The Reformers, as by one impulse, formed immediate committees throughout the three counties—money was liberally subscribed—the people named their own candidates—the distant voters pledged themselves, wherever they had the means, to go to the poll at their own expense—the central committees of the three counties corresponded, and rendered each other mutual good offices. The consequence was, that the Lowther, Londonderry, and Northumberland ducal influence, vanished like a night-mare, as soon as the giant, so long chained and torpid, began to move; and the fortresses of Toryism, so long deemed impregnable, were carried with an ease and rapidity which astonished both the victors and the vanquished. So entirely unexpected was the result by those who had not the means of knowing the determination and unanimity of the people, that, until the events of the election were known, it is believed that the Noble Premier despaired of the success of his son, one of the present Members for Northumberland.

When the agents of the pretended Whig, Lord Tankerville, joined the agents of the Tory Duke of Northumberland, in canvassing for the Tory candidate, (which is the fact,) it was clear enough that, upon the people, and nobody but the people, the success of the reforming candidates depended. They threw themselves upon the people; and in Northumberland and Durham the whole was decided in a few days. In Cumberland, the stronghold of the Lowthers, and in Westmoreland, the struggle was more protracted.

The great and valuable effect of these memorable elections was, that it taught the people the secret of their own strength; a revelation, which having been once made, cannot be smothered or forgotten. A second consequence of this knowledge, and of the excitement created by it, was, the rise of the "Northern Political Union;" a Union formed upon the model of the celebrated Birmingham Union, and including the elements of the great Union of 1819, with superadded force, derived from the open junction or known friendliness of a great portion of the middle classes throughout the counties of Northumberland and Durham. There were, no doubt, some secondary causes which aided in the formation, and gave wings to the popularity of this association. The seamen of the Tyne had been long in union for the regulation of wages; and the colliers of the Tyne and Wear, tired out by a long series of real or supposed hardships and grievances, were adopting similar measures. When men once begin to inquire, inquiry will not be confined to one channel. When men once begin to contend against oppression, the resistance speedily extends itself into a war against oppression of all sorts. These men have therefore begun to be politicians, and to look beyond the mere circumstances of the moment for the real cause of many of their privations. Throughout the rural districts of Northumberland and Durham, a considerable spirit of independence had long been preserved and cherished. Amidst these combined favourable circumstances, therefore, the Union has gone on extending itself; with little open opposition from the Tories, and indeed with little opposition of any sort.

It has been objected to this and to similar associations, that they resemble the clubs of the early French Revolution, and are therefore to be deprecated. The objectors however forget that union only gives unity of time and direction to the expansive power of public opinion. If public opinion be healthy, then union must be a benefit: if it be unhealthy,

the contrary. Nor is it possible to prove that men can be fitted for the enjoyment of free institutions who are unfit to act in union for the attainment of those institutions.

Be this as it may, the union of the people of the two counties of Northumberland and Durham has gone on in steady, not to say rapid progress, and is every day becoming closer and closer. While the institution was yet in its infancy, its friends and associates dined together on the day of the Coronation of his present Majesty, to the number of *sixteen hundred persons*, who were accommodated in a connected series of tents erected for the purpose! And on the rejection of the first Reform Bill by the Peers, the meeting of the Union to address his Majesty to retain his Ministers, consisted of certainly not less than eighty thousand men, attended by fourteen bands of music, and carrying various banners and devices.

That this combination has done great good, in promoting a good understanding and proper intercourse between the middle and lower classes of these populous districts, is quite undeniable. Hardly a week passes, without the acting council receiving addresses of thanks, on different occasions, agreed to by district meetings of the associates, or invitations to attend these meetings. It seems in vain to deny, that such meetings, by causing a pleasing intercourse between men who could hardly otherwise have met, are producing great and lasting benefit.

By such intercourse, good feeling is not only promoted, but ability drawn forth. The habit of properly discussing political topics is gradually taught and learned; the real bearings and effects of political measures are traced; and the advantages of an intelligent unanimity enforced and explained. There was a period, when the "Universal Suffrage," and "Annual Parliament" doctrines of Mr. Hunt were beginning to take effect; but this has, in a great measure, been checked by the enlightened policy of Lord Grey, in bringing forward so extensive a plan of Reform. It may, generally speaking, be safely affirmed, that the inhabitants, that the great bulk of the population, of the counties of Northumberland and Durham, are unanimous in their support of the Reform Bill, and irrevocably bent upon the attainment of their object. That they esteem the proposed measure as final, is unquestionably not the case; and, though disposed to give it a fair trial, as it stands, it is certain, that a proposal of the "Vote by Ballot," and of "Triennial Parliaments," would find amongst them many advocates. It may also be safely asserted, that though the correspondence between the inhabitants of these two counties, and those of Cumberland, is not of that intimate sort as is their correspondence with each other, yet, in all material points, they are perfectly agreed.* The best proof of the unanimity of feeling, in the north of England, are the facts, that, any petition for Reform in Parliament, in the name of the Union, would certainly obtain forty thousand signatures in the course of a very few days; and that, by the same means, the almost entire population of the Tyne and Wear districts could be brought together to act in concert, at thirty-six hours notice, should the emergency call for a display of numbers.

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* One of these points of agreement, is the unpopularity of the existing overgrown Church Establishment. Its *unpopularity in its own cathedral towns*, is one of the most striking arguments against the English Church. It is difficult to say whether the Established Church is most obnoxious to the feelings of the people at Carlisle, or at Durham.

With all this steady enthusiasm, however, they are, especially the Northumbrians, perhaps the coolest-headed set of men in his Majesty's dominions, and the least likely to be led into turbulence or violence. Should the Reform Bill pass, they will diligently and perseveringly cultivate it for its fruits,—equal laws and cheap government. Should it (which may Providence avert!) be again rejected, or be destroyed in detail by the Peers, they will, with the same constancy, stand by those who shall be the National Leaders through so arduous a crisis. This is quite certain; and it is in vain to think of reaction or apathy. They are irrevocably determined to have the Bill; especially those towns to whom representatives have been promised. They are determined to have some voice in framing the system of legislation by which they are to be governed; and reject, to a man, with indignation, the audacious assertion of the mitred and insolent Horsley, that "the people of England have *nothing to do with the laws, but to obey them!*"

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SHAKING HANDS.

Gentle Reader, if thou hast any philosophy in thee, give me thy hand! Let us make a peripatetic tour over the town for an hour or two. I have a theory to establish which wants nothing but facts and fair inductions, to confer a glory on its author "above all Greek, above all Roman fame." 'Twas always a favourite notion of mine, that there existed some mystic mutual relationship between the *hand* and the *heart;* but never, till last night, after long, deep, and sweet cogitation on the delicate phenomena of a parting squeeze impressed upon my palm, did the mode of verifying this great law of nature suggest itself. Now that I *have* penetrated the mystery, and may, I presume, with all the modesty of true science, shout my "Eureka," hie we away, gentle reader, where mortals most do congregate! You yourself shall furnish the tests by which the truth and perfection of this immortal hypothesis is about to be confirmed beyond all dispute, quackery, or cavil. You have only to introduce me to any friend you may meet on our journey, of whom I possess no previous knowledge; and, no sooner shall I have joined hands with the stranger, than, as surely as the falling of an apple elicited the law of universal gravitation, shall I, the humble, yet uncelebrated student of nature, present you with a full, faithful, and minute analysis of his or her idiosyncracy and general character, fairly deduced from the *mere modus of manual contact.* We shall go most Baconically to work, cool, calm, observant and unprejudiced, "ab odio, amicitia, ira, atque misericordia, vacui;" and, if successful in our experiments, as, doubtless we must be, the royal road to the knowledge of human character is, at length, as satisfactorily ascertained, as that to Newhaven, or the windings of the Niger. Phrenology may scratch his bumps, and go to bed, with old dame Chiromancy. His occupation and hers alike are gone for ever.

Well, most courteous reader, thus far on our journey, I perceive you look inquisitively in my face, to learn what properties, moral and intellectual, my theory ascribes to yon tall, good-looking fellow, we just now left in front of the Register Office. By the way, I beg your par-

don for alluding to his *stature* or *physiognomy;* for, on the honour of a man of science, I shall borrow no auxiliary lights from these sources. These are qualities not dreamt of in our philosophy. Its supreme glory, in fact, arises from a complete independence of all other sciences. It acknowledges not a link of the *quoddam commune vinculum*, which Cicero, in his half-enlightened wisdom, stated to exist between all departments of human knowledge. No, no; the hand, the hand alone, is the talisman by which we are to penetrate the arcana of character; the five fingers are the mystic symbols, by means of which an intellectual freemasonry between the physical and moral world, pregnant with splendid utilitarian results, is about to be illustrated for the first time. Grasp, pressure, shake; their duration, intensity, spontaneity, tenacity, with all the *je ne sçai quoi* of mode and action which escape the vulgar unphilosophical performers of the well known but ill-understood ceremony of shaking hands; these are the data on which our inductions shall proceed, at all times.

But now for the particular case before us. We have—let me see—promptly proffered, full spread palm; firm muscular gripe, without pinching *ad dolorem*, free swing of the arm from the elbow; temperature healthful; spirit, soul, vitality, in the *tout ensemble*. Why, gentle reader, if our science may be in aught believed, that tall friend of yours does you credit. His heart is in the right place; nay, he must needs be an honest, unaffected, clear-headed, intelligent, manly fellow. Let me tell you, ere we proceed further, we shall not meet with many gems of his water 'mid all the multitudinous mass, male and female, promenading it in Prince's Street. He is a person I would fain see more of: not but that, by the aid of science, I have searched him as with lighted candles already; of which you shall anon have satisfactory proof. I am convinced he loves his old friends warmly—is more feared than fearing of his foes—his soul blends with a congenial spirit as one flame with another. All is open and straightforward with him: he hates fudge and subterfuge, and seasons not his talk with "ifs" and "buts," and "so to speaks." He thinks aloud—claims and allows the widest range and latitude of opinion—talks in public companies as freely as to a solitary crony—never studied those modifications of language and sentiment that qualify for the court or the drawing-room—is temperate without the patronage of Temperance Societies, and social in spite of them: rigorous in all the essentials of morality, he is more willing to lend the cloak of charity to a frailer neighbour, than to cast it over the blemishes that prying eyes may fancy they find in himself: he has more sterling sense than philosophy—studies men more than books, and women more than either: is not likely to remain a bachelor long after the Reform Bill has passed; but must have a wife who understands domestic, better than political economy, and who possesses a great many good qualities and accomplishments, without being too deeply sensible of her superiority. With regard to his political faith, (for a politician he must be, maugre all the petty tyrants who would lord it over "meddlers in these matters,") certes, he is a radical; that is, being interpreted, a rational, a patriot, a political millenarian, who believes it as possible to chain the steeds of the Summer sun to their ocean-stall, as to arrest the march of human improvement by the drags, and the clogs, and the too-long venerated lumber of antiquity. But, lest I should fall into the philosophic sin of presuming, too hastily, on the perfection of our science, I shall sum up your tall friend's character, by merely adding, that, in lite-

rature, I should consider him solid, well read, critical; possessing fire, fancy, and energy, as a writer, probably attached to the grenadier corps of some quarterly periodical, and, no doubt, ranking among the *élite* of a certain "*new* Monthly," that shall, for the present, be nameless. Now, most patient reader, putting all these items of character together, and making due allowance for the minute and delicate data on which so ample a structure has been reared, tell us, whether you are not astounded at the exact accordance of the result with that of your previous experience; whether you have not felt irresistibly prompted to exclaim, as we proceeded, "How charming is divine philosophy!"

Deeply convinced, much beloved and admiring reader, that such have been the emotions of thy bosom, we joyfully pursue our course, regardless of the taunts and base insinuations which wont to wait on exhibitions of super-eminent merit. And, as for number two, it is a case on which I have no particular desire to enlarge; I mean the gentleman whom we greeted at the door of ———'s hotel. 'Tis an instance of mere physical energy. There was no more indication of mind in that man's *hand* than in that of a pump. As for *heart*, if he indeed possessed such a thing, he surely would not habitually endanger the shoulder-joints of God's creatures by such an unmerciful twig as that he gave me just now. Thank Heaven! he inflicted no second wrench, otherwise, instead of thus calmly pursuing our experiments, Dr. Liston must have been called upon to experiment sorely on me. Oh! if the "schoolmaster" should ever come athwart that fellow, I hope he will forthwith send him to study "Monro on the Bones," that he may see the peril his friends encounter when they meet him! Ladies! who have once met this two-horse-power machine, I am certain ye would run into a gin shop for shelter, rather than risk a second greeting. For my part, if it shall ever be my lot to come within his clutch again, I shall take care to fortify my right arm by grasping it firmly immediately above the elbow with the left hand; and, in order to prevent accidents to that useful member, the tongue, during the *shaking* ceremonial, I shall keep the teeth together as hard as if I had "locked jaw." As for this man of muscle's peculiar talent, it is altogether gymnastic, I opine; therefore, I leave the Six Feet Club to supply the deficiencies of our sketch, without discredit, I trust, to the philosophy we illustrate.

Our third experiment is to ascertain the constituent elements of yon rickety, cadaverous-looking personage, who hastened away from the neighbourhood of No. 78, where we met him, as if he had felt an incipient gripe of cholera in his nether man, when Tait's flaming *affiche*, announcing the appearance of the "True Edinburgh Maga" caught his eye. Pho! how clammy, cold, and repulsive was the brachial fin he deposited in my hand, to be shaken, if I list, but too devoid of animation for reciprocating the action; and, did you not observe, how deadly pendulous it fell down again by his side, after I had involuntarily shrunk from its torpedo touch? Why, this individual furnishes one of those obvious proofs of our theory's soundness, which makes me marvel that the fame now awaiting us had not been anticipated long ago. I never saw the man in my life before, except once, I believe, sneaking into a certain hole-and-corner meeting; and, in strict Parliamentary phrase, *I hope, through the kindness of Providence*, I shall never see him again. But the vision of his whole walk and conversation is before me. By the flambeau of science, the most occult and cobwebbed recesses of his soul—if soul he has—are revealed. His symptoms cannot be mistaken. 'Tis

a case of toryism of the most malignant type—foul-handed, cold-hearted, moribund toryism. The diffusion of knowledge among what he calls the *low orders* of society, has infected the creature with the taint of premature decay. He cannot long survive the visitation of growing knowledge and independence. The innovations which justice and common sense are daily making alike in Church and State matters, are verily appalling to a being like him, who, trimmed and disciplined according to the creeds of ancestral wisdom, could not allow himself to pare the nail of a big toe, were it protruding through the upper leather of his shoe, unless he could find some precedent in the family records authorizing the operation. But, gentle reader, having, by the mere touch of this creature's hand, detected, to thy satisfaction, no doubt, the genus to which he belongs, it is unnecessary to spend time with the individual—*Non parliam' di lor', ma guarda e passa.*

Are we now asked to solve the problem of *his* idiosyncracy who condescendingly vouchsafed us the left hand ungloved, with the *aisance* of a thorough-bred disciple of Chesterfield? A few words will suffice. The youth having some certain powers of observation, and, being withal imitative, acts his part exactly as he saw the thing performed between Lord Swagger and a tenant of his own, who had kindly accommodated his Lordship with the loan of £5000, to pay his winter expenses in London. It is quite clear, therefore, that the lad has no claim to originality of thought, his left-handed greeting not being a mode of his own invention. When we next meet, I shall put three fingers, and no more, in his fist; which must be allowed an elegant and appropriate return.

Now, gentle reader, it is almost high time that we *shake hands* and part; especially since the evening air, according to the non-contagionist doctors, predisposes for cholera. Yet, how can I bid you good bye, ere some investigation be made into that sweet psychological rarity, Miss—Miss—what d'ye call her, of ——— Crescent, who, just now, glided away from us like a boreal aurora? Ay, such are the objects of which our philosophy is most devotedly cognisant! That little alabaster hand "saith more than thousand homilies," or legislative orations either. Those twinkling talismanic fingers send their harmonious vibrations through the favoured palm that touches them to every string of this heart, not mute and insensible. They are redolent of gentleness, liveliness, suavity of temper, delicate taste, and most exquisite fancy. Her shake too, was not that conventional, weighed and measured operation, which prudent mothers may find it necessary to teach less observant girls. It was spontaneous, inartificial, I had almost said, divine; altogether, such as we may suppose the customary ceremony of angelic beings when they bid each other good morning, on the spangled pathway that skirts some downy cloudwreath, as stainlessly pure as their own celestial selves. I am too old a man for changing my way of life; and, moreover, the world claims the philosopher as public property, and conceives itself wronged, when those who are "born for mankind" narrow their sphere of action to the domestic circle; but, were it otherwise, I—I should ———— Shade of the mighty Newton! save from the common frailty of humanity, the man who has thus aspired, however feebly, to illustrate the sublime science of shaking hands!

NON-PROPOSALS; OR DOUBTS RESOLVED.

I wonder when 'twill be our turn
A wedding here to keep!
Sure Thomson's "*flame*" might quicker burn,
His "*love*" seems gone to sleep!
I wonder why he hums and haws
With 'kerchief at his nose;
And then makes one expecting pause,——
Yet still he don't propose!

I wonder whether Bell or Bess,
It is he most admires.
Even Mistress Match'em cannot guess—
It really patience tires!
He hung, last night, o'er Bella's chair,
And things seem'd at a close;
To-day t'was Bess was all his care,
But yet he don't propose!

He's gone to concert, play, and ball,
So often with them now,
That it must seem to one and all
As binding as a vow.
He certainly *does* mean to take
One of the girls, and close
The life he leads—the flirting rake!
But yet he don't propose!

I often wonder what he thinks
We ask him here to do;
Coolly he Cockburn's claret drinks,
And wins from me at Loo!
For twenty months he's dangled on,
The foremost of their beaux,
While half-a-dozen else have gone,—
And still he don't propose!

No matter—'tis a comfort, though,
To know he will take *one*,
And even tho' Bess and Bella go,
He still may fix on Fan!
I'll have him in the family,
That's sure!——But, why, you look"—
"Oh, madam! Mister Thomson's just
Got married to his cook!——"

SCOTTISH YEOMANRY.

PERILOUS times are approaching; every prudent man will look to his means of defence. The preparation for violence, and the system of intimidation, begun by the late soldier ministry, has not been discontinued by our Whig rulers. The military are ostentatiously paraded, almost daily, through the streets of our principal towns, to shew the inhabitants what is ready for them. Our slumbers are disturbed by the fife and the drum. Troops are marching and countermarching throughout the country, to convince the people that the Government is not defenceless. The army has been increased by eight thousand men. All this is pleasing to the Tories; who seem confident of regaining place and power, and are anxious to increase the means of coercion, by embodying corps of yeomanry. With this object, the Tory periodical press has, for the last year and a half, been flattering the yeomen. "They are the true constitutional force of the country," "Britons to the core;" and the ease with which they are to "squash" the radicals, is much vaunted. A new system of sword exercise is in preparation for them. It is observed, that it is unnecessary to teach them the whole exercise, as they will not be opposed to cavalry, but merely to mobs, to men armed with staves and pikes only, or, in some few instances, with the musket and bayonet. One or two parts only of the exercise, applicable to attacks on cavalry, are, however, to be taught the yeomen. These cuts will be useful, it is pleasantly remarked, when the radicals get into a tree, or upon a wall. *(Vide United Service Journal.)* Our present object is to review this part of the Tory forces, and to endeavour to point out the part the yeomanry will act in the contemplated campaign against the liberties of the people.

By yeomanry, we of course do not mean that array of wonderful horsemen mounted on hacks with broken knees, hired at livery stables, or withdrawn, for the day, from the butcher's cart or the baker's waggon, which such places as Edinburgh and Glasgow occasionally exhibit in their streets, for the amusement of children. It is impossible to conjecture how such motley assemblages of advocates and attornies, bankers and bakers, butchers and brewers, manufacturers and millers, and so on, through all the letters in the alphabet, would act in a political struggle. The fur helmet or laced jacket is the only bond of union in such bodies. The uniform of the different troopers is the only point of resemblance among them. There is no common feeling in such a heterogeneous mass. They know nothing of each other; they never associate, except when engaged, for a few days in the year, in what they are pleased to term military duty. The influence of such bodies, in an appeal to force, would amount, we believe, precisely to nothing: the abettors of corruption would find their efforts paralyzed by the friends of freedom, in their respective troops. That many of these troopers would willingly dye their sabres in the blood of the reformers, we do not doubt. They make a boast that they would. But, on the other hand, we are well aware, that the most efficient part of such troops—the part that would not sicken of a campaign in a single week, because they were deprived of their usual enjoyments,—are stanch Reformers; most of them deeply tinged with radical, some even with republican principles.

Dismissing, then, such corps, without further remark, let us consider the state of feeling among our real yeomanry, the tenantry—that part of the population which stands between the aristocracy and the peasantry.

This is a most important class, not only from the numbers, but from the hardy habits of its members, which fit them for soon becoming efficient soldiers. The Tories remember, that, in 1803, on the threat of Buonaparte's invasion, these men rose almost *en masse*, and that, in Great Britain and Ireland, nearly fifty thousand were embodied at one time in yeomanry regiments, while, probably, as many more served on foot. Various false alarms were made, perhaps for the purpose of seeing if any reliance could be placed on such forces; and the result was most satisfactory. In one instance, every trooper except two, in the yeomanry of an extensive southern county, assembled in less than six hours, although the alarm was given at midnight. When the Tories, therefore, find the whole body of the people of the towns opposed to them, when they reflect on the events at Paris and Brussels, and see the small number of disposable troops this country possesses—they look with much eagerness to the yeomanry. They hope they will afford them the means of coercing the inhabitants of the towns, and that, while the army in their castles and barracks keep the people at bay, the yeomanry will cut off the supplies of provisions from the country, and starve them into submission.

This is, no doubt, a very pretty plan of a campaign for the protection of the sinecures of the Lord Charleses, and the pensions of the Lady Julianas; but it is drawn up without due investigation. The authors of it, like all town's-people, are extremely ignorant of country affairs; and even such of them as belong to the landed aristocracy, have kept themselves too much aloof from their inferiors to know anything of their state of feeling. It is imagined that the same spirit which was in operation thirty years ago is still alive, that it will be as easy to raise yeomanry corps now as then, and that these corps will lend their assistance as willingly to putting down the people and supporting corruption, as they formerly did to repel the foreign invader. It is altogether forgotten that in thirty years a new generation of men spring up, that education has been greatly extended, and that the labours of the press have diffused knowledge into the most remote districts. The change in the behaviour of the aristocracy to their tenantry is overlooked. At the breaking out of the first French Revolution, the Scottish aristocracy were so much alarmed at the severe retribution the tyrannical conduct of the French noblesse to their inferiors had brought down on their devoted heads, that they resolved to do every thing they could to conciliate their tenantry. They easily succeeded in their aim; for a small degree of attention bestowed by a great man on his inferiors operates wonderfully. Besides, agricultural pursuits were then in a flourishing state, the price of grain was yearly rising as the currency was depreciated, and the leases under which the Scottish tenantry always hold their farms enabled them, for a time, to draw the whole benefit of the rise. These circumstances put the tenantry in good humour, and rendered them willing to oblige their lairds when they wished to ride at the head of a troop of yeomanry.

But matters are now in a very different state. There is no foreign enemy to repel. The yeomanry never contemplated that they were to be employed as a body of armed policemen, and far less that they were to be engaged in civil war. They have discovered that even Revolution is not a word of so portentous a meaning as they formerly imagined. They now see that there are enemies at home, more dangerous than any abroad, because they are nearer head quarters, and their attacks are

more insidious. The aristocracy having recovered from the terror inspired into them by the first French Revolution, have for many years ceased to ingratiate themselves with their inferiors. Attempts to conciliate them have no doubt been made since *The Three Days*, but with about the same success as would attend the civility of a notorious pickpocket to a man of sense in the streets of London. They comprehend the meaning of the change of behaviour, and see that condescension at home is the mere effect of revolution abroad. Besides, agricultural pursuits were never in a more depressed state. Since 1815, the tenantry have been paying, in the shape of rents, to their landlords, that capital which had cost them and their fathers half a century of toil to realize. The resumption of cash payments operated with more severity on the Scottish tenantry than on any other portion of the community. Their leases prevented them quitting their farms when they found their farms not worth the rent. They were forced to remain, until their capital was exhausted, and their effects sold off to satisfy the landlord's demands. They consider the change in the currency nothing less than a piece of legal robbery,—a contrivance, by which the land proprietors—the only part of the Scottish country population which is represented in parliament—raised their rents one third during the currency of their leases. In the face of such a measure, they treat with derision the assertion that they are represented in parliament by their landlords. The rigorous enforcement of the game laws of late years, has been another cause of disgust. It has alienated the affections of the whole body of the peasantry from the aristocracy; and some of the most resolute, who have suffered from these laws, are eager for revenge. The tenantry are in a most gloomy, despondent, and discontented mood; and being in as bad a state as they can well be, no men are more anxious for a change of system. They know any change must be favourable to them. No class of men are more thorough-going reformers. In some counties, more than nineteen out of every twenty of the farmers signed petitions to parliament for reform. These petitions were got up entirely by the tenantry. From not *one* county in Scotland has there been a petition by the tenantry alone against reform. A few of those who were in arrear of rent, have been compelled to sign such petitions, prepared by their landlords or their factors; but this is no more to be considered an act of free will, than the retiring to the Sanctuary to avoid imprisonment for their rent. Some certainly refused to sign any petition; they said they would not humiliate themselves by addressing a body which treated their representations with contempt. Some (we tell it with regret, but it is right that the Tories should know the whole truth,) did not scruple to say, that matters were far beyond remedy by a reform in the representation; that revolution is the only cure; and that reform is injurious, by retarding its approach, and by deluding the people.

With such feelings and notions, nothing excites the derision of the tenantry more than the Tory project to embody them to put down reform. Hence, the efforts to raise troops of yeomanry have been singularly unsuccessful. In Fife, it is now nearly a year since we read the appointments of the officers in the Gazette; but we have never heard of the regiment having been seen in the field. The Tories have had to pay for the uniforms of such of the tenantry as the state of their accounts with their landlords forced to enlist. It is injurious to a man's credit to be seen in a yeomanry uniform: his rent is suspected to be in arrear. The most strenuous exertions have been made in many counties, by men

of the highest rank, and possessing a numerous tenantry, without their having been able, in some instances, to embody a single troop. During the war whole regiments might have been raised with half the effort. The lairds have been told by their tenants that, on the slightest prospect of foreign invasion, they will rise as readily as they did in 1803; but, as the object is to organize a force to protect the barons in their castles against the consequences of their own misconduct and folly, they will leave them to defend themselves as they best can. Besides, the military mania which pervaded the country during the war has disappeared. The very children have ceased to "play at soldiers."

We, therefore, assure our town readers that the Tories are much mistaken when they think they can make tools of the Scottish yeomanry, to aid them to put down freedom. On the contrary, the yeomanry will be found arrayed on the side of Liberty; and not only *their* aid may be relied on, but also that of the peasantry, who will readily enlist themselves under the banners of their masters and employers in any political struggle. The peasantry know well the causes of their misery and poverty, and who are to be blamed for it. Whatever, therefore, may be wanting in the day of trial, it will not be men; for the rural population of Scotland alone will furnish 250,000 able to bear arms.*

KEEP HIM DOWN.

"John, what noise is that?" "It's the man, my lord." "What does he want *now*?" "He wants up." "Keep him down then, I say, keep him down."—*Story of a man disturbing a Court.*

One day, when we stood *third* in the first form at —— school, the master propounded some general question to the class, at which we all dutifully stood dumb for a few moments, scarcely hoping or daring to answer any thing so much apparently beyond our depth, and so entirely out of the routine of our lessons. At length, a rather awkward-looking boy, near the bottom of the form, one of the ἀ Ρολλοί of boobies, who, like the lower depths of the ocean, were never in the least disturbed by the revolutions that might be going on nearer the top, started forward, and half screamed an answer. Had Virgil come in and responded himself, the class could not have been more astonished than it was at the sudden ambition, the rashness, the impudence of this boy, in supposing that *he*, forsooth, us, should have known anything about it, when *we*, the *Conscripti Patres* at the head of the class, held our silence. An universal titter of "Eh—eh!" got up, and half of the class literally pointed at him the finger of mingled scorn and raillery. "Right!" however, shouted the master, to the infinitely greater astonishment of all; and, in the turning of a leaf, our suddenly inspired idiot was seated at the top, while every one of his former superiors and scorners lost a place.

The value of a story of this kind depends upon its truth; now, this one is true; it is, *bond fide*, a genuine anecdote of human nature. More than this, we can relate, with an equally conscientious regard to truth,

* There are at present 25,000 soldiers in Great Britain, and 20,000 in Ireland.

that the lout who thus strangely shone forth among his more pretending companions appeared to receive a kind of impulse from the event. His ambition, formerly dormant, was excited; he studied to retain his elevated place, or at least to sink back as little from it as possible; he finally became one of the best scholars in the class, and he has since conducted himself very respectably in a learned profession.

The anecdote, we regret to say, is of too extensive application in the business of the world. All mankind are in some measure a set of schoolboys, crying "Eh!" and pointing the finger, whenever any one endeavours to start out of their ranks, even for the purpose of doing them good. One would almost suppose that the first attempt of an individual to do a clever or a great action is felt as a personal insult by all the rest, or as a design to do them some injury. "For *him* to set himself up in that kind of way!—what is he, forsooth?—a fellow not fit to do so and so, let alone attempting so and so—a forward puppy!" Or, perhaps:—"Poor creature—led away by his own vanity, he has published a book—an awful piece of trash, *of course*—he is much to be pitied for exposing himself in such a manner. Poor silly young man!" Or possibly:—"Great vapouring fellow! what could put it into his head that he was fit to illuminate mankind on that subject—more fit to be a porter than anything else; I dare say, put him into a mill, he would have strength enough to continue turning it; but for a fellow like that to pretend to do so and so—he ought to be sent to Bedlam—he must be put down."

We are far from assuming that men are invariably or obstinately reluctant to acknowledge merit where it exists. But we affirm that, until that point be turned where it becomes a settled matter in fame, and often even much later, merit is sternly and very generally denied. The vast multitude of the class of pretenders in all departments of excellence may, perhaps, account partly for this cruel system; but it cannot account for it altogether. Pretension *is* frequently sanctioned in the end by fame; why, then, ought it so invariably to be sneered at and disputed at the first? It is a dreadful fact against all orders of enlightened professional men, literary and scientific men also, that the merit of young aspirants is rarely acknowledged first by that class in which they aim at placing themselves. It is first perceived by the public at large, or some unconcerned class, and then coldly and slowly allowed by the profession itself. Indeed, the greatest disposition to *keep down* is always manifested by those very persons from whom, on account of the similarity of their pursuits, and perhaps of their early circumstances, sympathy was most to be expected. It is somewhat like a struggle at the Pit door. You are trying, perhaps, to raise yourself up to a certain platform, where you will have a chance of getting in among the first. You make repeated attempts; but your predecessors in that advantage stand wide, and endeavour, by every means, to prevent your elevation. Your toes are once or twice dreadfully pinched; your hat is knocked down over your eyes; and you think yourself shockingly ill-used. You gain your point at last, and—oh, the depravity of human nature!—you immediately begin to stand wide, tramp on the toes, and knock down the hat of every one who tries to follow you! "Keep him down there, I say!"

All this is very bad in human nature, and ought to be corrected by reason or ridicule. Nothing, we must confess, is so apt to excite our gall as to see some senior, who, perhaps, is established in the reputa-

tion of very moderate talents, turning up his senseless nose at the effort of some younger and more ardent spirit, whose wings as yet have scarcely been tried—as if youth, in Chatham's phrase, 'were a crime, 'and ambition a misdemeanor.' Some twaddler, for instance, of "the stove," who lives upon the fame of having written an article in the Blue and Yellow, about the year 1808, sneering at the tastes and pursuits of some young literary neophyte, whose writings are said to be making their way in the world, or some sinecure *editor by profession*, who assumes, and is allowed the credit of a great name, for nobody knows what, unless his name be rendered *great* by the endless string of initial letters appended to it—at the genius of some half-fledged *litterateur*, who is likely to be remembered a thousand years after him. Or,—but we dare not trust ourselves with the various members of the great *keep-him-down confederacy*; otherwise, we think there are some envious, and, therefore, *consciously small* men, whom we could appal with "their own image."

In the "Pilgrim's Progress," there is a fine vision seen by Christian at the Interpreter's House. It consists, at first, of a palace, with bright Ones enjoying heavenly pleasures on the roof, and a crowd of devils guarding and occupying the door. Whoever wants to get up to the roof must make his way through this demoniac *guarda costa*, who are prepared to tear every intruder in pieces if they can. A strong man in armour comes up to a clerk who is sitting at a desk on the lawn. "Put down my name," says the stranger, who then fixes his buckler, grasps firmly his sword, and dashes fearlessly into the throng of fiends. They, of course, fall upon him tooth and claw; but, in a minute after, he emerges upon the roof in triumph, and is joyfully received into the heavenly company. Bunyan, in this allegory, has unintentionally shadowed forth the history of every young aspirant in letters. He is received, at first, by a troop of fellow-creatures rendered fiendish by malignant passions—'by envy, malice, and all uncharitableness;' and it is only such determined spirits, as can encounter and survive this horrid probation, that make their way to fame. Those who have hitherto been his compeers, see him go forward from their ranks with a howl of jealousy, and a long-resounding "Eh!" of scorn: those who form the class in which he wishes to mingle, meet him with serried spears and presented bayonets, amidst which he must throw himself, with the chance of being trampled down, kicked, stabbed, spit upon, and finally tossed out from the ranks, a lifeless and gory lump. Even those persons who may have hitherto been his friends, are apt, on this occasion, to leave him to his fate—perhaps, to add to its bitterness. They either see him stealing a march a-head of themselves, which, to poor human nature, is a most grievous thing; or else they see him endeavouring to rival them in something in which they have hitherto been eminent, and comparatively alone; which is also a very intolerable thing to man born of woman. Hence it would almost appear as if these people felt relieved and put out of pain, when they hear of his failure in what he attempted. His non-success they candidly ascribe to his total incapacity. He might be a very good drudging tradesman, "if he would stick to it;" but for so and so, that it is quite a different thing. "Keep him down there, I say!"

It would astonish many of the innocent unconscious reading public if they knew what paltriness of feeling, what jealousies, what a strong disposition to *keep-him-down-ism* pervades the republic of letters. The

man who publishes once in the three months despises the man who publishes every month; the man of a month holds light the man of a week. There is an aristocracy of six shillings scowling at a *populus* of half-a-crown; and a *populus* of half-a crown sneering at a *plebs* of sixpence; even sixpences, we do not doubt, have their own thoughts respecting coppers. There are many most useful and popular kinds of literature, which the quarterly people would sooner die than acknowledge; or, at the utmost, if they do ever allude to such low things, it is with a quizzing-glass and kid-glove fastidiousness, similar to an Exquisite's delicacy on the subject of any odious thing he may have occasion to look at or handle. There is a certain man of three months, who, when he cannot avoid speaking of an author as yet unacknowledged by his equals, gets over the dilemma by giving him a different Christian name from his own, or by misquoting the titles of his books. He seems to think that it would ruin him altogether were he to appear quite *au fait* with the concerns and doings of such a low person.

We should be loth to think our brethren of the quill the only offenders in this way; and indeed this big round world is full of them. In busy life, a young fellow who claims kindred with the established has some chance of getting on—he is smuggled in as one of themselves. But long and heart-breaking is the waiting for admission within the busy circle, of him who has nothing but his own good head and heart to rely upon. Every attempt to push himself forward is rewarded with a cool supercilious glance; no one condescends to extend a friendly hand to him. Every man he addresses turns away to speak with another. He gets embarrassed, stammers—they nod coldly to each other, and it is all up with him. Oh! if those who at the bar, or in any other department of mundane business have elbowed themselves into place, would but think how one smile of encouragement, one cordial word, may sweeten long years of fluttering expectation, and nerve to fresh exertions, they would surely be more ready to come out of their shell of reserve.

This is no very pretty feature of human nature; and yet, like every thing else, it has its uses. It tries and strengthens the sufferer; and we confess we have little tolerance for him who sinks under it. He shews a want of stamina—he is a puny hot-house plant. Give us the brawny, sturdy, spirited fellow, who feels his courage and determination increased by each rebuff. Such a man cannot be "kept down." A cold look is a sort of shower-bath bracing his nerves; a rude rebuff, a wrestling match, giving toughness to his sinews. Every new encounter adds to his skill, strength, and endurance, and paves the way for his final triumph.

Such a fellow is our young and beloved bantling, TAIT'S MAGAZINE; although, honest man, he has little to complain of the world's tendency to *keeping-down-ism*. On the other hand, the honest and hearty welcome he has met with in every quarter where it was desirable, makes us fear he runs no small chance of being spoiled. Our young Gargantua has been as kindly dandled and fostered by his good gossips of the daily and weekly press as ever was his great prototype, the hero of the immortal Rabelais—and heartily do we pray that it may be with like good issue. Not but some scurvy knaves, whose bad word is more to be desired than their praise, have pretended to look askance on his sprightly infancy, and made mouths at him behind his back. By the wings of the wind-mill of Myrebalais, they were best not repeat the joke; "for, "though he be not splenetic nor rash," yet nothing delights him more than to deal back a lusty buffet with compound interest.

INCIDENCE OF TITHES.

The time being obviously at hand for the accomplishment of a final and universal commutation of tithes, it is necessary for our countrymen to be aware how this odious tax has hitherto affected them, in order that they may look on with intelligence, whilst means are devising for its extinction. The cant of high churchmen, and those aristocrats to whom High Church was useful, has, up to the present time, been this:—Tithe is a part of rent;—if abolished, the peasant would just pay so much more to the landlord,—it therefore affects nobody; it is Mother Church's landed estate, and nobody has a right to complain of it. Now, it is our fortune to be entire infidels as to this orthodox logic; so sceptical indeed as, in the first place, to deny the premises; and, even granting the premises, still to resist the conclusion. We deny that tithes are a part of rent, or have the most distant affinity to rent: we deny that their abolition would make the farmer pay one farthing more to his landlord: and even, although we should assent to this preliminary proposition, still would we altogether disallow the jesuitical inference, that they are the imprescriptible right of Mother Church, that they oppress nobody, and that nobody has aught to do with them.

First, then, we undertake to maintain, against all Christendom, and eke Heathenesse,—that tithes are a *bonâ fide* tax upon the produce of the soil,—that, like all such taxes, they act in raising the price of that produce, and, therefore, in throwing the burden upon the consumer. Were agricultural produce not tithed, we uphold, that it would just be one-tenth cheaper than it now is; and, consequently, that our tithe-fed clergy are supported by this increment of price, extracted from every man, woman, and child, within these realms, who requires food,—peasant, honourable, or noble. The true state of the case is obvious in the extreme; and, if we mistake not, it will now, for a few not very deeply hidden reasons, begin to be recognised by many who have hitherto been afflicted with a marvellously convenient dulness of intellect. A few plain considerations will make our whole readers understand it; and, as the matter is one which affects us *en masse*, we have no hesitation in claiming for it the attention it so urgently demands. To avoid every complexity arising from the vague vastness of the thing, let us suppose some other article than corn subjected to tithe. Let that article be *hats*, and fancy that we employ as much power in this manufacture, as produces one hundred per week. If tithed, ninety hats only would remain to the capitalist; and, is it not evident as an axiom, that he will act in regard of the sale of these ninety, precisely as if they were his whole production? That he actually produced ten more, signifies not a whit. Ninety are his whole efficient return; and, from ninety, he must extract his necessary reimbursements. Now, these necessary reimbursements have evidently no connexion whatever with the number of hats produced: they depend solely upon the expense of men and capital required for the manufacture. The expense remaining the same, the reimbursements necessarily remain also the same, whatever the mere quantity of produce. For the ninety hats then, he must just receive as much money as he would have demanded for the whole hundred, in case of his being free from tithe; and all that the tax thus does, is *to raise the price of each hat by one-tenth*. Supposing £90 were his adequate money return, it is clear, that, on the imposition of tithe, he will make each purchaser

pay twenty shillings for a hat, which he would have otherwise sold for eighteen shillings. The wearer or consumer would thus pay just two shillings in behoof of Mother Church; and, were her tithes abolished, the price would so far fall. On whom the burden falls, then, in this case, is clear; and, if it is still contended, that the same thing will not happen, supposing corn the tithed article, it must be upon the ground, that there is something about the mode of producing corn, in an economical point of view, which applies to no other manufacture.

Now it may be said, and said plausibly, that there *is* such a peculiarity,—RENT being paid by no producer but the agriculturist;—which remarkable circumstance may alter all the bearings of this question. If tithe is a part of rent, doubtless this peculiarity will altogether demolish our reasonings; but we can show, without difficulty, that the rent of any manufacture subject to rent, would be precisely of the same amount, whether the produce was tithed or not;—and, to determine the mooted point, this showing will of course suffice. Add, for this purpose, to our original supposition another, odd perhaps, but easily granted and followed out. Suppose, *first*, that by increase of the number of wearers, more hats came to be wanted than the foregoing one hundred; and, suppose, *secondly*, that no more could be produced, except at the expense of *more than the proportional labour*. The state of things may be so unfavourable, that double the strength of men and capital, which were adequate to produce the first one hundred, may not be able to produce more than one hundred and ninety; half the strength being employed in producing the one hundred as before, and the new half only producing ninety. Suppose again, that the rough material, or *felt*, were got from a quarry, and that the cause of the increased difficulty of production is the circumstance of all quarries being more difficult to work than the one at the command of the first manufacturer. If this quarry is upon a third person's ground, it is a moral certainty that its proprietor will address our said first manufacturer somewhat after the following wise:—"I see, Sir, your neighbour employs as many men and as much capital as you, and is satisfied with ninety hats per week; it is clear, therefore, you could go on quite well, though you also had only ninety; and since you produce a hundred, you must give me the surplus ten, and make yourself equal with your friend, otherwise you shall no longer have the use of my good and easily-wrought quarry." To a moral certainty, as we have said, such language would be held, and just on account of its entire reasonableness the manufacturer must needs submit. The new arrangement then would be as follows:—Each of the active producers would get the same number, viz. ninety hats in return for his week's labour and outlay, and the possessor of the preferable quarry would receive the ten as RENT. Supposing, as before, £90 to be the capitalist's adequate reimbursement, and, as the hats, in order to afford it, must sell for £1 each, £10 would be the proprietor's money rent. Without one iota of difference, does all this apply to the case of corn;—rent arising and being determined, solely because we have to operate upon soils of varied fertility. Let us now proceed one other step, and consider the operation of Tithe.

The second manufacturer who produces the ninety hats, after paying his tenth or tithe, would have eighty-one remaining; and the first manufacturer who produces the hundred, would, after tithe, have only ninety remaining. Now the cause of rent was the difference of the quantities of their produce from the same outlay, and its operation merely went to

put them upon an equality. The first manufacturer, therefore, cannot now pay *ten* hats in rent, as that would reduce his *clear* returns to one below his neighbour's. Rent will, therefore, be reduced to *nine;* each manufacturer will retain *eighty-one* as return for outlay; and the bishop, or other hierarch, will receive *nineteen*. Rent thus appears reduced, but it is only rent in *kind*—not rent in *money* or in *value;*—for mark the other consequence. For these eighty-one hats the manufacturer must still have his adequate return or his £90; and will not now, therefore, sell them below £1, 2s. 2⅔d. sterling each. Every wearer is thus taxed in the amount of 2s. 2⅔d. for each article he consumes; but the proprietor suffers nothing, nor is his rent changed,—nine hats at this higher rate amounting to £10, exactly as before.

Who then pays for the hunters and fox-hounds of Mother Church? Landlords or public?—rent or price of corn?—nobody or every body? Had our hard-working population not been to be gulled, and Younger Sons Bishopped, there would not—at least for these many years—have been one man inclined even to put the question. Not in all the science of economy does a more irrefragable truth exist, than that the tithing of the produce of any one manufacture must just raise its price and impose a tax on its consumer. Except in so far as he consumes, the landlord is nowise affected by tithe, nor is there one farthing of it drawn from rent-sources. The oppression, the just odiousness of our church tax, is now therefore, apparent. Inasmuch as it falls upon the necessaries of food, and inasmuch as an individual's consumption of mere necessaries, varies very little with his rank or wealth; the burden of church revenues is almost equally distributed over our whole population; or, in other words, tithe is as near as possible to a POLL TAX.

We enter not here upon the question as to whether these revenues are enormous; we ask not, nor wish to inquire, whether the Reverend Father brings to market a full return for the sweeping sum he pockets. These, in regard of our present purpose, are ulterior topics; and we unhesitatingly declare, that although it had already become evident as day, and as such, been accepted by all men,—that those many millions of our good money are worse than wasted, and every Hierarchy no better than a night-mare, bestriding the human intelligence, impeding the course of improvement, and marring human happiness, to the full extent of its impotent powers; we should yet consider the existence of that church, and the yearly destruction of the immense revenue it absorbs, as evils light as a very feather, compared with the revolting fact, that its subsistence is drawn almost wholly from the earnings of the poor; and that our Modern Priors, and Reformed Abbots, roll amidst a wealth, and wax sleek and leering, upon benefices upheld by the toils of the wretched! Every atrocity at all similar to a poll tax, has been long banished from our political codes, and lay-systems of finance.* Not unexceptionable these last yet are,—nay, full of partialities, and running over with a very

* We, of course, allude to a direct or positive taxation only;—that sort of taxation which flows from commercial restriction and monopoly, is not included under the foregoing condemnatory sentence. The grand tax of this nature,—a tax before whose magnitude all the taxes of our tax-blessed country shrinks into insignificance,—the corn law—is, of course, directly a POLL-TAX; whatever we have said above of this species of taxation, we request may also be applied to it. At the very lowest computation, it sweats our population, and, of course, mostly the poor, out of above £12,000,000 annually!

superabundance of abuse; but schemes for the maintenance of a revenue to be paid in equal sums by the rich and poor, the child and the grown man,—they have either in shame relinquished, or piously abandoned in favour of Mother Church. To sound lovers of orthodoxy, to resolute supporters of "things as they are," it will doubtless afford satisfaction to be informed, that by tables of British statistics, it may be made abundantly manifest, that out of every twenty shillings of tithe-raised income, fifteen are paid solely and exclusively by our labouring and indigent population! The beauty and philosophy of this *unique* arrangement we profess our utter inability to comprehend; but we wonder not,—for we are none of the initiated. The acknowledged and absolute principle of all modern theoretical finance,—that a man should contribute to the public revenue something in proportion to what he costs, which again is not far from being proportionate to his income, has always struck us as just, humane, and generous: but *canon law* is most probably upheld by Transcendental logic; and the Reform Bill has left us no leisure of late for Transcendentals. To Mother Church, it is not in her submissive children to mean any ill; and, with much pain, does our reverent allegiance venture one question as to her conscientiousness, or a remark on her wise regulations. All cognizant of her virtue, and all steadfast in our obedience, it yet strikes us as a strange thing, and, perchance, an awful, when we look to the hordes of England's semi-barbaric peasantry, and calculate the money paid in support of her by the very machine-breakers and stack-yard burners, whose crimes evoke groans from pampered prelates, and induce upturnings of the pious eyeball;—it is startling, we say, and solemn, to ask, why these men are now in brutal ignorance! or, after the methods of human arithmetic, to compare the value paid them in return, in the shape of sermons to ears polite, divine-right discourses, tropes, flowers, and milky words! Doubtless, in the eyes of Mother Church, is the sorely defective balance-sheet made up, by that mysterious Honour thought to be done us by the Great, when they oppress and *ride* mankind. Not singular is She; as we who look on the fantastic world from a commanding watch-tower, can in good conscience aver. The warrior, or great king, whose epithets fill all lands, applies to myriads doses of it indeed plentiful; and therefore thinks not of the sweltering misery and clotted gore underneath his "fields of the cloth of gold:"—the dead soldier's widow must not weep since her king laughs, and his foodless children are free to expend their cries in huzzaing out their king's name. What more sweet sounding in The House at one time, than a West Indian's harangue; and what more comfortable and complacent, than a dinner by "the Interest," to a negro-hating, white-loving statesman? The ground below is terrible to common eyes, but then there is the compensating Honour! So rolls the car of Juggernaut crashing on; and it is said the grim god smiles, when the victim's blood spouts above the chariot wheels. Bland Hierarchs! Reverend Fathers, meek and mild! Do you smile likewise? Does it increase the comforts of your downy couches, that you know whence your luxurious ease has proceeded?

So much then for the question of Incidence. We trust we have inquired to the satisfaction and good pleasure of all, whether or not church-tax, in its present form, affects nobody; and whether or not it is "no "grievance." To all intents and purposes do we maintain, that this justly odious impost acts as a Poll-Tax; and nowhere else, in any en-

lightened land, can we meet at this day with one open, cherished and defended relic of what is emphatically the finance of our most barbarous antiquity. The very name of Tithes thus carries us to the days of Cade and Tyler; and, oddly enough, its coming extinction will be mainly owing to the Cades and Tylers of Ireland. Farther yet, however, we have to do with our friends the Jesuits; and again we dare them to the combat. Even allowing tithe to be a RENT-TAX, and, as such, the annual produce of certain lands; it any thing but follows, as they aver, that none but Mother Church has to do with it; that it can be no grievance, or is by no one to be complained of. That all this is true is quite possible; but it must be established by another sort of showing, and does not follow from these premises. To avoid complexity and unnecessary hypotheses, take the case of the Scottish Church. Teinds in their present shape are rent-taxes, and therefore appear the fruit neither immediate nor remote of any one individual's or class of individuals' industry. They, as well as all such, may be said to belong to *nobody*,—but only because they belong to *every body*. This peculiar character of rent-taxes will be at once understood if our readers refer to the nature of rent. The rent of £10, talked of above, arose, as they will remember, and went into the proprietor's pocket, without any exertion or industry of his whatsoever. So it is with all real rents. And if, before teinds are PURCHASED by individuals, government appropriated them, or part of them as revenue, that part of its revenue could never be shown to affect any person, or to interfere with any species of industry. All the blustering and balderdash about "no grievance," reduces itself, we presume, simply to what we have said. But the question remains quite open regarding the inalienable right of every citizen of a free empire to see to the proper employment of that revenue,—its useful and impartial application. The revenue being public revenue, is therefore the property of all; and it matters nothing as to its source. If a man feels himself aggrieved by an injurious or partial direction of the expenditure, it is surely the most miserable of mockeries to tell him that the revenue arose from rent-taxes, and therefore that he has nothing to do with it. The absurdity is at once demolished by the retort—*Who then has to do with it?*—and it were most easy to demolish it a thousand times—to beat and re-beat the beaten; only not so desirable, inasmuch as we are alike chary of our own words and tender of the patience of the reader.—But let the moral of the argument we combat, not pass here without marked observation. Often has the song of "no burden" been dinned into our ears, and oft flung with indignation at the prying and restless Dissenter,—a fact than which nothing could more clearly betoken a conscious lack of more defensible grounds. In intellectual warfare, the outworks are never defended, except there are prophetic bodings of the insufficiency of the merits of the stronghold; and the stubbornness with which the advocates of our Establishments have stuck to this shallow sophism, is a memorable evidence, either of their convictions or their fears, that the portion of revenue in question is not at present expended with a proper breadth of view towards the general utility; and that Establishments, as they now exist, might not fairly be supported, were their sustenance derived from the population at large, or if the population at large "had anything to "do" with their economy. More on this subject we shall impress at an after time.*

* If, in the foregoing paper, we may seem to have spoken disrespectfully of any set of men who differ from us, we beg it to be understood distinctly, that this disre-

BRITISH WRITERS ON AMERICA.

It is much easier to find fault than to drag reluctant beauty to the light of day. Any one can carp and cavil; for to be able to do this it is only necessary that he should feel annoyed. But to feel the fine harmonies of nature,—to point out the sunny-side of society, requires kindred susceptibilities, and the power of expressing aptly what has been generously conceived. We heartily wish that it were in our power to impress this truth upon the conviction of British travellers in general, and British travellers in America in particular. John Bull does not like to be put out of his way; and he is, moreover, convinced that he himself is a model of perfection. A Frenchman is trivial; a German is loutish; an American clownish; but John—absolute John—is gallant without frivolity,—staid without sluggishness,—independent without rudeness; at least he believes himself to be so. The consequence of this, again, is, that, although at the head of his own table, one of the warmest-hearted fellows that ever looked and talked consequentially, he no sooner steps abroad than he begins to make himself unhappy, censure his neighbours, and become at once impertinent and disagreeable. The consequence is, that John is in a fair way to get himself voted a bore all the world over. It is chiefly at the expense of America that he has of late been exhibiting this amiable trait of his character; and, as persevering in such a line of conduct may, one day or another, lead to unpleasant consequences, we think it high time to appeal to his good sense, of which, after all, he possesses more than strangers are incined to give him credit for, respecting the absurdity of his conduct. In other words, we propose to overhaul, in a summary manner, one or two of our late writers on America.

First on the list comes Captain Hall—as good a fellow as ever stepped between stem and stern—and a great fool into the bargain. A propensity to theorise and scribble is with him an hereditary disease. In his case, this *cacoethes* shewed itself at first in rather a pleasing form,—as fevers sometimes send a higher flow of spirits, and a more lustrous flash of the eye before them as heralds of their approach; or as the delicate hectic forebodes sickness at the core. The Captain's Loo-Choo, and his Cruises off the Coast of South America, are as nice Summer reading as any lady in the land could desire. The poor man began to take airs upon his success; to talk big among the crowds that congregated to see

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spect attaches solely to those who, while a certain opinion was the safest, chose to cling to it without examination as to its truth; and, as we may not uncharitably add, without any regard for the truth whatsoever. To these men "the *fitting* is always the *true*;" and they may, therefore, take what they have got. It were uncandid, however, to disguise or conceal the fact, that many whom we believe to be conscientious inquirers, and accordingly reverence as such, likewise hold the opinion that Tithe is Rent-Tax. We profess ourselves in this, as in most things, followers of David Ricardo, and nothing we have yet seen has shaken or tended to shake our opinion of his accuracy. His views have been adopted and expounded by Mr. Mill, Mr. Macculloch, Sir Henry Parnell, and others of our most distinguished economists. The leader of the hostile party appears Mr. T. P. Thomson of Cambridge, who threw down the gauntlet in his clever pamphlet, "The true Theory of Rent." Some time hereafter we may be tempted in all probability to take part in the war, and to follow out the effects of the corn monopoly; meanwhile, let the foregoing article go forth with no other pretension than that of being a popular and approximate illustration of what we deem the truth upon a question becoming every day of more instant importance.

that rarest of all lions, a sea one; and to fancy himself destined for higher achievements. Like all men of small and lively intellect, he was extremely fond of forming theories respecting what he had never seen; and of defending them with particular warmth against every one who spoke from personal observation. The *caste* to which he belongs are eminent for their vituperation of every thing American; and he, knowing nothing of the matter, became, of course, a zealous patroniser of our cousins across the Atlantic. The conclusion to which he came was correct; but not exactly in the manner he understood it. The Americans are not, in reality, the beings whom bigotted tories picture to themselves; but to them they must always appear such. Our kind, warm-hearted seaman was right in thinking they must have many good points. His mistake lay in supposing that a person, nursed in his prejudices, holding his opinions, could discover them.

Away he posted to America, with his mind made up to find the inhabitants such as he had often demonstrated they must necessarily be, and prepared to be most extravagantly delighted with every thing he saw. "I knew how it would be," said a gentleman and scholar of our acquaintance, who chanced to cross the Atlantic in the same packet. "There was an exaggerated determination to admire every thing, that could not fail to break down." And so it proved. The Americans, whatever they might be in other respects, were not exactly the kind of beings Captain Hall's restless fancy had pourtrayed them; and the moment he discovered this, they fell one hundred per cent. in his estimation. The land might be a very good land; but it was not the kind of land he expected to see. This was one of the fruits of his sage determination to go to America without consulting any of his predecessors. Had such a restless guesser as he, been capable of keeping his mind a perfect *tabula rasa*, the resolution would not have been so much amiss; but had he known any thing of his own character, he would have discovered, that want of information could not keep *him* from prejudging the people he was about to visit. The question was, whether he should deduce his opinions from slender *data* or from none. He preferred the latter alternative.

Soured at finding the realities of America did not at once fit into the nice little pigeon-holes he had prepared in his mind for receiving them, instead of setting about to reform his own pre-conceptions, he immediately began to condemn, in good set phrase, every thing that differed from them. The same amiable mood prompted him to remain a sturdy non-conformist in all those little trifles, which every man, who wishes to live comfortably in a foreign country, acquiesces in. For example, in America (as in Germany), the dinner-hour is earlier than with us, and it is a thing almost unheard of for travellers to dine elsewhere than at the *table-d'-hôte*. "But brother Jack had ta'en the pouts," and must have his dinner when and where he would; and the consequence was, great annoyance to the worthy bonifaces, who had never dreamed of such out-of-the-way doings, great discomfort to our traveller himself, and an immense accession to his bile. Another circumstance fairly overthrew what remains of good humour he had left. He had blown his trumpet pretty loudly, announcing both far and near, that he was come as judge of assize to sit in judgment on them. What more natural than for the Americans, when they saw "a chield amang them takin' notes," to evince some little curiosity respecting the opinion he entertained of them? Yet this the Captain immediately set down as a solecism in

American manners, aggravated by the want of proper docility in receiving his strictures, as if those who saw his half-knowledge, or total misapprehension, were bound to acquiesce in all his pragmatical strictures! All his fairy castles had now dispersed in thin air; and in a mood, compared with which, Johnson, growlingly and reluctantly dragged as a raree-show through Scotland, was gentleness and affability itself, and Smollett (poor Sterne's Smelfungus) the very milk of human kindness, Captain Hall went "dim-sounding on his perilous way," pre-determined to walk through the land from Dan to Beersheba, and cry that all was barren. Indeed, he seems himself to be more than half aware of this, his most blessed condition. One-half of his book is taken up with apologizing for the the tone he assumes. He felt that he was expressing himself with too much warmth, but could not think of moderating his expressions. It would have been undignified to reconsider, and troublesome to re-write his book—so he betakes himself to little sophisms, to quiet his own conscience, and silence his revolted reader.

The truth is, that his facts do not bear out his inferences. Captain Hall has the feelings and principles of a gentleman, and could never dream of stating what was not. But, unluckily, he glides from position to conclusion, down the soft flowing stream of passion, instead of toiling along the hard, dry high-way of logical inference. He is everywhere kindly and warmly received. Every nook and corner of the land, every domestic arrangement, is laid bare to his scrutinizing, peering, inquisitive gaze. No concealment is attempted, but frankness is the order of the day. And how does he proceed to his business of calm and impartial observer? He finds, in New York, the most effective establishment for extinguishing fires it has been his lot to meet with; and his first thought is to grumble at the firemen for making too much noise. He examines, at West Point, an admirably organized military academy; he is told that it has been the means of sending well instructed engineers to every quarter of the Union; and he disapproves of it upon certain speculative reasons of preference for a standing army, which it is intended to supersede; and demonstrates, upon abstract grounds, to his own entire satisfaction, that his informants must be mistaken. He visits several penitentiaries, and acknowledges that they are admirably conducted; but then, in his opinion, based upon no knowledge of the peculiar circumstances of America, the punishment of death is indispensable in every well-regulated society. His objections never amount to an assertion that the system does not work well, but merely that his own maggoty brain could hatch a better.

But, it is not in regard to America alone that the Captain has laboured to keep his mind free from all previous information; he seems to have crossed the Atlantic with an ignorance of his own country, very pardonable in a sailor, but not at all enhancing his qualifications to judge of another. He instances many peculiarities of American society, which he might have found flourishing rankly and luxuriantly at home. He goes so far, that he mentions as characteristic, that, on the Erie Canal, the passengers are in the habit of jumping out, and running or walking a little in advance of the boat. Did he ever travel, we wonder, in an English stage-coach? In the days of our youth, it was customary to do something "very near this," while the process of changing horses was going on. Again, the Captain attributes to the democratical institutions of America, what he calls the rambling unsatisfactory character of the legislative debates; but, had he ever visited St. Stephen's, or even

a meeting of the freeholders of his native county, he might have witnessed an equally bush-fighting style of debate, under our monarchical (we beg pardon, corporation and paper-vote) system of government. Lastly, he instances as the result of a defect in the American frame of polity, that the police is rather feeble in the back settlements. But he does not say that it is more so than in our own, where, in addition to the blessed supremacy of King, Lords, and Boroughmongers, bowed down to by every true Briton, the inhabitants acknowledge the additional and no less awful rule of Lieutenant-governor, Council, and Provincial Assembly.

From Captain Hall, whose volumes contain more pretension, with a comparatively less portion of solid information to excuse it, than any we have lately perused, we turn to Mrs. Trollope. We have said, and justly, that it is not of mis-statements that America has to complain in the Captain's case. It is because of the envenomed spirit, which always discovers an unfavourable symptom in the mere trifle, that she is entitled to grumble. Mrs. Trollope goes further; for, with double his quantity of spleen, she is by no means particular about the accuracy of her statements. But we are anticipating.

Mrs. Trollope sailed in the Autumn of 1827, for New Orleans. She had left her husband behind, and was in company with Miss Wright, an amiable but weak-minded enthusiast, who undertook to demonstrate, experimentally, the equality of blacks to whites in point of intellect,—tired of the task, in a short time, and traversed America, preaching an entire revolution in the moral and religious world,—and finally settled down into a wife. What Mrs. Trollope's views were in going to America, is nowhere very explicitly stated. She ascended the Mississippi; parted in a pet from her philosophical friend, and settled, for rather more than a year, in Cincinnati. She then crossed the Alleganies; visited Washington; and took up her abode, for a time, in a small town on the banks of the Potomac. She afterwards visited Philadelphia, and finally embarked at New-York for England.

One remark forces itself upon us, on looking back to the very outset of this tour. A lady, evidently not genteel—for she belongs most unequivocally to the silver-fork school—but accustomed to all the snug comforts of a London life, transports herself at once to the back woods of America. She has no employment but to sit and brood over the loss of the buttered muffins, which find no succedaneum on her breakfast-table; and she is too helpless to supply, by her own devices, the want of the little amenities which custom has made indispensable to her. The people around her are almost exclusively emigrants, whom want has drawn from their eastern home—busied in the first great task of securing a livelihood. The lady has, moreover, quarrelled with her Utopian friend, for having lured her to this uncouth land, and is dreadfully afflicted with the sullens. Now, we put the case even to a Quarterly Reviewer, Was she in a fit situation, and a proper temper, to judge of the refinement of the Americans? Take a parallel case. Suppose a Parisian *badaud* to be transported at once from the *Boulevards* to the coast of Merioneth, or to some valley in the distant Lewis, and forced, by circumstances, to spend a year there;—would he be entitled to pass judgment upon the tone of society among the educated classes of England?

Let us follow the lady on her tour. She takes a flying glance at Washington, where she is obliged to admit a better tone of society prevails. She then squats among the slave-holding buckskins of Virginia.

And here, as formerly, at New Orleans, she forgets that all that is worthy of blame is the consequence, not of democratical institutions, but of that moral blight, domestic slavery. Her last visit is to Philadelphia; and here the picture is really pleasing. The heart of the woman relents; and the little malicious strokes which she at times deals out, are equally applicable to our side of the Atlantic. The ladies of the Dorcas Society will find admirable parallels in our sermon-hunting patrons and promoters of repositories and charitable sales of ladies' work. Keeping in view that Mrs. Trollope enjoyed such a transient glimpse of American polished life—that her friends and intimates were evidently of that class whose minds are more occupied with business than elegant accomplishments—that her connexion with the fair preacher against Christianity and wedlock, (for they are no more tolerant on these points in America than here,) must have clung to her like a plague-spot, shutting against her the doors of the bulk of cautious, steady citizens—we feel no-ways surprised at the virulence with which she writes about a country, where she must have felt herself so awkwardly circumstanced. Indeed, her diatribes appear not only natural but proper, when we learn, from the incidental statement of her son's leaving her to enrol himself at Oxford, that the work has been compiled for the pious and maternal purpose of recommending the son of so orthodox a mother, to the paternal care of the heads of colleges.

So far all has been quite proper. Mrs. Trollope is very angry with America and Americans; and it is just and proper that she should vent her spleen, like a true woman, in a hearty scold. It is not quite proper, however, in her to tell fibs, or what is just as bad, unaccredited stories, for the purpose of giving greater finish to her invective. Scarcely one of her anecdotes is given as the result of her own observation; they are, for the most part, picked up at that fountain-head of trustworthy information, the tea-table. The atrocious calumny against Jefferson itself, is hazarded on no better authority. Not a few of her stories we recognize as old friends whom we have met before in the pages of American Annuals. And even in what she saw herself, laying aside her splenetic microscope and viewing objects in their natural size, we recognise, as in the case of Captain Hall, many traits common to us with the Americans. The proceedings at the Camp Meeting are very foolish indeed, but not without a parallel in the annals of the Southcotian, Rowite, and other heresies in our own land. The scene at the theatre in New York is odd enough—but then Mrs. Trollope was forewarned that no respectable person could go to that particular establishment. If ladies will go to naughty places, what can they expect?

We proposed at first to advert to the frequent attacks upon America in the Quarterly Review; but it is not worth while. The character of that publication is too well known. It was started to defend every old existing abuse against the vigorous attacks of the Edinburgh. Search was made among the magnates of the land and the dignitaries of the church, but not one of them was found able to advocate the cause of his order. They were obliged to intrust their defence to a self-educated shoemaker,—himself a living proof of plebeian capacity, as they were of the inadequacy of the institutions which gave them power to embue them with ability. The last number of the work shews, as in a mirror, the souls and tenets of its supporters. There is a bit of learning for the scholar, and a bit of fine feeling for the lover of humanity; and then, under this gilding, there is a bitter nauseous pill of falsehood

and sophistry. Mrs. Trollope is welcomed with avidity; bitter inuendoes are appended to her sarcasms; every light in her dark picture is struck out, in order that one confused chaotic mass alone may remain; and the few sketches of American worth and virtue with which she has thinly sprinkled her work, are anxiously passed over in silence. Next, a retainer of quality is introduced to tell us his adventures at Melton Mowbray, that we may become yet more enamoured of the land which has such a Delphos for the centre of its civilization. The great end and aim of his article is to tell us that he has twice followed the hounds, and actually been admitted to the table of a "noble *bon-vivant.*" The adventures of the evening are detailed with a minuteness and reverence, which shew the writer would have previously deemed a voyage to the Pole shorter and of less difficult achievement than the journey he had made upwards into good society. Admitted to the table of a "noble *bon-vivant!*" And it is upon the authority of such specimens of prostituted talent—of men who sacrifice every feeling of independence, and the consciousness of powerful, cultivated, honest minds—who belie their feelings for the mean purpose of obtaining admission to a society which despises them,—that we are to credit all the idle tales we are told concerning American rudeness.

The Americans need have no fear. Our countrymen have more sense, than to take their opinions of blood-relations from the distorted accounts of petty whipster book-makers, disappointed vixens, or literary toadies. They do not believe that America is more advanced in knowledge and refinement than Europe; but they know that, with slight divergencies, both hemispheres are in this respect nearly abreast of each other. And they know, that both being yet far from the goal, their generous Transatlantic rivals start unencumbered by many old prejudices and social trammels, which we cannot here escape from. The Americans have many asperities in the intercourse of daily life to rub off:—they will do well to learn this even from the remarks of enemies. But they have generous feeling, sound sense, and, above all, a rising literature—the only true softener and purifier of manners. It is not to our bullet-headed and iron-fisted barons of the feudal times, nor to the silken Sybarites of the age of the last Stuarts, that England owes her eminence in minor morals. Germany had the one—rude, boorish, coarse. France had the other—rotten in their minds as in their bones. It was the Steeles and Addisons of England who first reclaimed her lordly savages; and it was our free institutions which awakened the genius of these amiable moralists. Let America remember this; and, instead of hankering (as we fear a few mal-contents still do,) after the aristocratic flesh-pots of Egypt—after "butter in a lordly dish"—let her look steadily to the East, where only the true sun rises. The diffusion of knowledge, and a taste for art, be the great, the unremitted object of her patriot labours.

SCOTLAND TAXED
BECAUSE OF CHURCH-OF-ENGLANDISM.

In another paper of this number we have shown that tithes raise the price of the necessaries of life by one-tenth. The tax thus laid upon us by so clumsy a machinery is a POLL-TAX; and we leave it for the consideration of all conscientious men in the religious world, whether, for religious purposes, a mode of taxation so barbarous ought any longer to have existence in our statute book. Our countrymen have been often grievously charged with exclusive attention to their own narrowest interests, and a few of them perhaps justly. On our strong representations on behalf of tithe-oppressed populations, these latter will cross their arms, make off with something in imitation of a Bond Street swagger, and recommend us to leave the English and Irish with their battle, as this is no business of ours. We can tell these Samaritans differently. The tax is not confined to Ireland and England. Our own church, it is true, is not tithe-supported, and, at any rate, is not a dear one; but, *besides paying for it, we also are taxed*, BECAUSE OF THE ENGLISH AND IRISH HIERARCHIES, *just as severely as any Englishman or Irishman in the United Kingdom*. Startling the fact may be,—new it will appear to many,—but, FACT IT IS; and we invoke all Scotland's energies to deliver us from the extraordinary grievance. Mark how the matter stands. We have said and shown that, because of tithe, the price of corn is heightened by one-tenth. Now Scotland, compared with England and Ireland, in an agricultural point of view, is a trifle—a single small corn field. *The price current of England, therefore, necessarily determines the prices here;* and it is a natural and immediate consequence, that *by whatever affects English consumers, Scottish consumers are also affected*. The most ordinary method of considering the tithe question brings this out as distinctly as could be done by scientific demonstration. Is not every farmer and every smatterer in economics aware, that tithe in England prevents an immense quantity of land from being broken up? Remove tithe, then, and the plough is instantly in action; the increased production of corn brings down prices, and the Scottish consumer obtains his share of the relief. We by no means say that the quantum of tax or revenue thus extracted from US goes to the pockets of the southern Bishops, but it is nearly the same as if it did. What becomes of it, and whom every meal-eater is thus made to carry upon his shoulders, is no inscrutable mystery. The tithe-raised price forces into cultivation worse soils than would otherwise be brought under the plough. That Scotland is farther cultivated than England is notorious, nor does she owe it to her superior husbandry *alone*. The extra cultivation INCREASES RENT, and to our rent-holders, our proprietors—it matters little to the consumer that their heads wear no mitres—does one share of the tax regularly go. When we hear of Scotland having nothing to do with the tithe question, we laugh. She has nothing to do with it, only if it is unimportant to her that every meal-eater is taxed in one-tenth the price of provisions. We have brought forward this distinct statement for the purpose of infusing all the energy of selfishness into our Northern fellow-countrymen's opposition to the continuance of this hateful impost under any form; but, be it declared, that for the miserable low-browed Patriotism which cannot be roused by the call of friendship, or touched by a disin-

terested sympathy—we have neither regard nor toleration.* To the unworthy Caledonian who, in ignorance of the foregoing effect, folds his arms and refuses help to generous England, we could almost wish, in punishment, a perpetuity of the burthen. His case would be no anomaly in the moral world; he would be frozen into a new and remarkable illustration of the beneficent law, that a man can never neglect or overlook his neighbour, without, by his own selfish hands, inflicting a wound upon himself.

ON A SHARP DEBATE IN A CERTAIN NOBLE HOUSE.

When "Noble Lords" wax hot with "Noble Lords,"
How wisely they repeat, those "Noble words!"
How grand to hear the "Noble Earl" rebuke
The ignoble meaning of the "Noble Duke!"
Convict the "Noble Viscount" of a lie;
Give "Noble Barons" all but a black eye;
And prove the "Noble Marquis," in his mirth,
The saddest fool that ever walk'd the earth.

"What," asks the poet, "can ennoble sots?"
Fine words 'midst broken heads and flying pots.

IRISH MELODIES.—No. I.—(New Series.)

Air—"*Away with your Pouting.*"

Away with your twaddle and prosing,
Your speeches, and similies bright;
The front of the Whigs is imposing,
We'll make no more of them to-night.
Oh! push not the House to division,
Our weakness we'll only display;
I would not come into collision
With fellows who *will* have their way.

Exhibit no more of your dudgeon,
Rhetorical figures don't sport;
For Joseph, the Scottish curmudgeon,—
'Tis *figures* alone is his forte.
And as for that spalpeen Macaulay,
Who cut up my beautiful work,
You may search from Aleppo to Salee,
Ere you find such a terrible Turk.

Bad luck to the baronet, Hobhouse,
Of yore call'd the Westminster flower,—
Pray, did he not cruelly rob us
Of influence, places, and power?
From the first, 'twas his party's intention,
To o'erturn us ere ever we wist;—
Alas! I had cousins to pension,
And none of them, then, on the list.

Farewell to our glories for ever,
From the summit of grandeur we're hurl'd;
For the Whigs have inserted a lever
Will alter the course of the world.
Like a true philosophical hero,
In this my unhappy condition,
I'll sit down, and revise "Talavera,"
And publish a second edition.

No. II.

Air—"*The Meeting of the Waters.*"

Oh! there ne'er was a place to my mem'ry endear'd
Like the flower-cover'd mound where *no* voters appear'd;
Contention and wrangling was never known there,
For the hall was untenanted—empty the chair.
For the hall, &c.

Yet it was not 'cause harmony smil'd on the scene,
Nor that concord for ages had resident been,
Nor that I, its proprietor, aye had my will,—
It was *something* more *sterling* and beautiful still
It was *something*, &c.

'Twas its affluence, influence, patronage, power,
That attended my steps, and enlivened each hour;
It's weight in the senate, my joy and my pride,
Excell'd five Scotch boroughs that stand on the Clyde.
Excell'd five, &c.

Sweet mound of Old Sarum! tho' they've done thee wrong!
I shall pour my regrets and my feelings in song;
And when on my death-bed I calmly recline,
May my ashes, dear borough, be mingled with thine.
May my ashes, &c.

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* When shall Scotland cease to be twitted with her Parliamentary selfishness and almost proverbial abasement? The answer is,—when Scotland shall really appear in Parliament. The FORTY-FIVE nominees of paper voters, and little Town-council oligarchies were about as properly her representatives as they were of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. Latterly, however, the MOB broke in; and, as usual, did much good. The repute and actions of Mr. Hume recorded its triumphs; and it was also the popular voice which bore into St. Stephen's, across the necks of the fretting, fuming, village oligarchies, such industrious and independent members as Mr. Ross, Mr. Gillon, &c. &c.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

POLITICAL HISTORY.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

REFORM.—The Reform Bill has continued to advance slowly since our last. The Third Reading was carried in the House of Commons, by a majority of 116, on Thursday the 22d of March. It was carried to the Lords, and by them read a first time on Monday the 26th. The Second Reading was voted by a majority of NINE; and it now stands committed for the first day after the Easter Recess. The speeches of the Opposition Lords were less characterized by eloquence, or by any novelty in argument, than by exquisite ignorance of their real position, and empty bluster. Lord Ellenborough, in a speech which set Cocker and Aristotle alike at defiance, told the House that the Bill disfranchised "both the middle and lower classes." This enumeration leaves only the Aristocracy remaining; but we suspect, had the object of the measure been to enfranchise them exclusively, his Lordship's opposition would have been much less vehement. We have all along been unable to conceive any possible argument against the Scottish Bill, but his Lordship has helped us to one. "Under the Bill the Members for Scotland would be Presbyterians, distinguished for bigotry and a persecuting spirit." He concluded with the emphatic declaration, "by rejecting the Bill, *inconveniences* might be created; but none which might not be met by a *firm* Government," a speech which shall not be forgotten. The Bishop of Durham—a minister of peace, was also of opinion, that "the dangers of rejecting would be transient, and required but the *energetic* exercise of the powers of Government, to be disarmed of their terrors." The Earl of Wicklow gravely argued, that since Earl Grey had acknowledged the present Bill to be a considerable improvement upon that of last session, noble Lords "were called upon, by the prospect of still greater good, and further improvement, to vote for the rejection of the present measure." "Hark you! that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling clouts!" The Marquis of Londonderry bawled out, that "he was not debarred nor deterred from stating *every* thing he heard by *delicacy*—(laughter)—*or any other feeling!!!*" This is honest, but we can say no more in its favour. Really, if the Marquis go on at this rate, he must be kept at home, and not allowed "to play the fool but in his own house." Whether he will venture to do so there, is questionable, for report avers that *vanes* are turned by *tempests*. Lord Mansfield thought the House of Commons, both in constitution and conduct democratical enough. He believed that the Lords had "on many occasions found the House of Commons interfere with"—with what, in Heaven's name?—"*with some of their schemes for public improvement!*" In other words, the House of Commons stands, even in its present state, too much in the way of the Lords, and ought to be abolished! The great danger of the Bill was, that voters "would require pledges from their representatives *which it was impossible for them to give;*" as if there could be any danger in a man begging for what cannot, in the nature of things, be given him. The great crime of the rotten boroughs was, that they had been the means of sending to Parliament, Members "too licentious in the cause of liberty." The Duke of Wellington, with more debating tact than we gave him credit for, laid hold of a silly averment by Lord Melbourne, "that he did not expect any relief to the distress of the country from this measure." It is, however, of little consequence what the expectations of the noble Secretary are, and of still less what the noble Duke pleases to infer from them. Lord Winchelsea argued against the Bill because he found all its supporters viewing it in reference to their individual interests. It slipped out, however, that these supporters embraced every class of the community; so the noble Earl's observations are in favour of the Bill. Balaam-like, he has blessed it. He added, that he was "as much a Reformer as ever," which is not improbable; and that, in the event of Peers being created, he "would not condescend to sit in the House," which

would be no great loss. The Duke of Buckingham attempted to be eloquent, and even poetical, but only succeeded in making a sad splutter. He called Charles I. "a Citizen King;" told the Marquis of Shrewsbury he was no gentleman; and lauded both Houses of Parliament as perfect specimens of a "democratic aristocracy, and aristocratic democracy." Really, looking to the polite manners of the Lords, and the liberal (in money matters) legislation of the Commons, we incline to agree with him. The Bishop of Exeter anticipated "severe lessons" from the noble Lords opposite; and in this he was not disappointed. Some of his Lordship's imagery was so lewd, that the Society for the Suppression of Vice are said to have it in contemplation to prosecute every newspaper that reported it. The law lords were as dull as usual. Earl Carnarvon attempted to be witty at the expense of "Scotch boroughs with barbarous names," as if he could have found none such in Wales. The crime of the boroughs in question was returning Charles Fox to Parliament,—we wish that none of these corporations had heavier faults to answer for. Earl Grey opened in support of the measure. His speech was, as usual, characterized by lucid arrangement, felicitous and nervous diction. We think, however, without being one whit less conciliatory, he might have taken his stand on higher ground. Lord Melbourne acknowledged that he did not think the Bill would do any good beyond quieting the people. "The *wish* was parent to that *thought*." What has such a cold friend to do in the cabinet? The Earl of Shrewsbury, not so hackneyed in the jargon of the House, told their Lordships some home truths, which do not seem to have been particularly relished. Earl Radnor supported his well-won character for manliness and patriotism. The Marquis of Lansdowne was the first to read the Bishop of Exeter one of the "severe lessons" he had anticipated. With the most delicate irony he complimented him upon his efficient discharge of the office of recruiting-officer for the Duke of Buckingham, insinuating that he doubtless "did this with all the sincerity which was so well known to belong to him." The speech of the noble Marquis was distinguished by its bold and just views, and the extensive acquaintance with modern history which it displayed. Next evening Lord Durham, in a speech of the most overwhelming eloquence, recurred to the subject of the Bishop of Exeter, and laid bare to the general gaze the mean, calumnious soul of the triple-turned renegade. Philpotts had doubtless winced under the fine sneers of Lansdowne, but Durham's storm of blows battered and astounded him. Confused and reeling, like a drunkard, he rose to *explain*; but only involved himself further; for his equivocation called up Earl Grey to give him the *coup-de-grace*; and we all know his Lordship's power in this way, when put to his mettle. The creature is not likely to disgust the public by another exhibition. To return to Lord Durham. His speech was second to none in research and eloquence, while, in firmness and decision, it is, out of sight, the first delivered during the debate. The power evinced by his Lordship of wedding the coolest self-possession and forethought to all the energy which unbounded passion lends to other men, entitle him to a high place in the cabinet. He has more of Chatham in him than any man now alive. HE MUST ONE DAY BE OUR PRIME MINISTER. Lord Goderich was respectable. Lord Brougham has of late been suffering severely in mind and body. We now come to the "convertites." The speech of Lord Harrowby was excellent. That of Lord Wharncliffe was also statesman-like, but ought to have been delivered when the Bill was last before the House; it contains nothing he did not then know. The Bishop of London was satisfactory. These three peers will gulp and swallow the whole measure. We have now gone over the only important part of the debate; for the Duke of Buckingham's notice of a bran-new plan of reform, and the eulogiums passed upon it are rather too fat-witted a *ruse* to have much of danger in them. Wellington protests, and like Juliet's nurse, we do rejoice to hear it." Their Lordships have been left to "chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy" till after the Easter recess. If by that time they have not made up their minds to pass the measure unmutilated, and Earl Grey hesitate a moment longer to march in a grenadier company of peers among them, why then he will richly deserve the impeachment with which he has been so often threatened. We learn, from an authoritative source, that the chief stand of the Opposition is to be made on the metropolitan districts. We have no great fears on this head so long as the Parliament continues to sit in Westminster.

IRELAND.—On the 2d of April, Mr. Stanley, in conformity with the first of the resolutions moved by himself on the 13th of March, brought in a bill "To facilitate the recovery of tithes in certain cases in Ireland, and for the relief of the clergy of the Established Church." Its

provisions are:—That the Lord Lieutenant be authorised to advance 60,000*l.* for the purposes of the act; that applications for relief by ecclesiastical persons who have not received tithe for the last past year be made by memorial to the Lord Lieutenant; that when an ecclesiastical person is declared entitled to relief under the act, his right to tithes for the last past year ceases, and is vested in the crown; that whenever any ecclesiastical person has been declared entitled to relief, a proclamation shall be issued by the Lord Lieutenant, enjoining defaulters to pay their arrears to the collector of excise in their district, within one month, under penalty of suffering levy and recovery for the sums remaining unpaid; that the receipt of the collector of excise shall be a sufficient receipt; that ulterior proceedings, if necessary, shall be instituted in the Court of Chancery, and that they shall be summary; that intending petitioners under the act shall give ten days warning; that monies paid under the act shall be placed to the credit of the Teller of the Exchequer, and kept separate; that parties unjustly sued shall have their costs paid from the surplus fund. Several Irish members expressed their hostility to the measure, but declined entering upon details till the second reading.

In future we propose reserving our history of the legislative and financial measures of every session till its close. We shall thus be enabled to communicate to it a more systematic and satisfactory character.

BRITISH ISLANDS.

The public temper differs from what it was when we concluded our last monthly retrospect only in the accumulated intensity of its silent vehemence. No demonstrations of importance have been made, during the interim, in any of the three kingdoms. Cholera continues to gain ground languidly.

COLONIES.

A bill was introduced by Messrs. Rice and F. Baring, on the 23d of March, "to authorise the Commissioners for auditing the public accounts of Great Britain, to audit accounts of the receipt and expenditure of Colonial Revenue." The operation of this bill is of course restricted to the Crown Colonies. As its object is to reduce the number of unnecessary officials, and as it bears marks of the wise system of gradual centralization and simplification of accounts which his Majesty's Ministers have adopted, we hail it with delight. It is to a pervading reform of our system of administration that the colonists, as well as the mother country, must look for relief from their real distress. To this they are entitled, a fact which ought never to be forgotten amid our squabbles with them in vindication of the rights of their black peasantry.—A bill was introduced on the 10th of April, "To allow the importation of lumber, and of fish and provisions, duty free, into the islands of Barbadoes, St. Vincent, and St. Lucia, and to indemnify the Governors and others of those islands for having permitted their importation duty free." We would request the attention of the slave-holders to the fact, that all their real grievances and distresses are readily listened to by the people of this country, and when it is possible, promptly remedied or relieved. That we extend the same good will to the sable victims of their oppression is out of regard to the sacred rights of the slave, not out of enmity to the master. They shall ever find us kind kinsmen; but whatever power circumstances may give us over them shall be used to check them in the career of oppression.

West Indies.—In our historical summary for last month we hazarded the opinion that a crisis was approaching in the history of our slave-holding colonies. It may not be unnecessary, with a view to judging more accurately of the progress of events, to recapitulate here the late transactions between these provinces, and the general government.—An order in Council was passed on the 2d November, 1831, for improving the condition of slaves in British Guiana, Trinidad, Saint Lucia, Mauritius, and the Cape of Good Hope. This order was intimated to the Governor of these colonies by a despatch from Lord Goderich, bearing date the 5th of the same month. On the 10th of December his Lordship again addressed the Governors of the Crown colonies, intimating the intention of Government to bring forward, at the earliest possible period, a fiscal arrangement for the relief of such of them as should be found to have obtempered the Order, and of such colonies, possessing Legislative Assemblies, as should have declared its provisions to have the force of law. A circular of the same date, from his Lordship, to the Governors of the West India Legislative Colonies, conveyed a similar intimation. He entered, in that document, into a detailed defence of the conduct of Government in substituting this mode of enforcing an amelioration in the condition of the slaves, for the course of authoritative admonition, which had been pursued for nine years, with-

out producing any effect.—In a circular to the same authorities, dated the 16th of December, he requests each of them, if the Assembly of his Colony be not in session at the time of his receiving the Order, to convoke that body, together with the Council, at the earliest period, for the purpose of taking so important a question into consideration.—The despatch including the Order in Council, was received in Demerara on the 19th of December. The Court of Policy met on the 10th of January, 1832, and agreed to memorialize the Governor on the expediency of postponing the publication of the Order. Their memorial was presented next day. The Governor, holding that no discretionary power was left him, issued a Proclamation in terms of the Order on the 12th.—Sir Lewis Grant, Governor of Trinidad, as soon as he received the Order in Council, forwarded a copy to Mr. Jackson, chairman of the Committee of Proprietors, suggesting that it might be productive of beneficial effects, were the colonists to anticipate in practice the changes proposed. This gentleman replied on the 31st of December, requesting, in name of the Committee, that certain provisions of the order should be modified. On the 4th of January, the Cabildo (the municipal body of Port d'Espagne) memorialized the Governor, requesting him to delay the promulgation of the Order till such time as they might receive an answer to their intended petition to the throne. The prayer of this memorial was refused, on the ground that the Cabildo, in arrogating the right to present it, had exceeded its constitutional functions. The Proclamation was issued on the 5th; copies being, at the same time, forwarded to the commandants of quarters, and the principal proprietors of sugar estates, while, at the same time, a sufficient number was printed for the use of all proprietors and managers. The proprietors met on the sixth, and petitioned for a modification of some provisions of the Order; which was refused, as out of the governor's power. While these transactions were going on, the slaves on two estates in the colony refused to work, on the plea, that, at the time of their removal from Tortola, ten years ago, they were promised their freedom in seven years. Their story had much to corroborate, but not sufficient to establish its truth. The slaves were tranquillized by the promise of an open trial. Sir Lewis addressed Government on the 18th, recommending compliance with some of the suggestions of the proprietors: whose conduct and language, he has, from the first, described as being, with one or two exceptions, highly correct and moderate.—The Order in Council was proclaimed in St. Lucia on the 24th of December. This step was attended with disturbances, partly originating in other causes, which will be found detailed below.—The Governor of Barbadoes, in compliance with Lord Goderich's circular of the 16th December, lost no time in convoking the Council and House of Assembly; to both of which bodies he transmitted copies of the despatch. The Speaker of the House of Assembly acknowledged the receipt of his Excellency's message on the 17th of January, and intimated the intention of the House to give the subject due consideration.—Sir E. J. Murray Macgregor's despatch, dated 28th January, 1832, intimates, that the local legislature of Dominico being in session when the circular arrived, the Order in Council had been immediately laid before them. Both the Council and House of Assembly pledged themselves to give it serious attention. The latter body adjourned, to afford the members time for mature consideration; but the Governor expresses a degree of confidence, that their resolutions will be satisfactory.—In Grenada, both branches of the legislature met on the 26th of January, and appointed a Joint-Committee, to take the matter into consideration. The House then adjourned till the 6th of March.—The House of Assembly of Antigua, intimated to the Governor on the 25th of January, that—"It feels itself compelled to decline, to entertain the speculative opinions which have been so authoritatively addressed to it on this occasion; involving, as they do, the introduction of a code of innovations, ruinous in their effects, being compatible neither with the safety of the colony, nor with a fair and equitable consideration of the rights of property." The Board of Council, in like manner, declared, on the 2d of February, that "It feels itself called upon to decline its compliance with the determined and ruinous conditions submitted by his Majesty's Government to our unmodified adoption."—Sir George Hill writes from St. Vincent's, on the 28th of January, that he has summoned the legislative bodies for the 10th of February; and that he will employ the intermediate time in "ascertaining the views and dispositions of the gentlemen of property and influence, and in a sincere endeavour to obviate such objections as they may oppose to his Lordship's powerful reasoning in support of the proposed measures." Governor Nicolay writes from St. Christopher's about the same time, that he will

immediately submit his Lordship's communications to the legislatures of that island, Nevis, and the Virgin Islands. —Meanwhile, the West India interest in this country has not been idle. Mr. Maryat transmitted to Lord Goderich, on the 23rd of February, "Observations upon the Circular Despatch, transmitting the Order in Council of 2nd November, 1831," agreed to at a meeting of the Committee of Crown Colonies. This document, although long and elaborate, contains nothing new.—In the course of February, accounts of the Jamaica insurrection reached this country. The Privy Council was immediately convened, for the purpose of determining upon the best measures to be adopted in such an emergency. The result was an announcement, on the part of Lord Goderich, to Lord Belmore, that the instructions, on the subject of Negro Slavery, could not be revoked. His Lordship was authorized, in case events had obliged him to suspend the execution of the orders he had received, to continue that suspension until the restoration of general tranquillity. At the same time he was instructed to seize the earliest occasion, after internal peace had been restored, to direct the attention of the Council and Assembly to the subject. This despatch was followed up on the 10th by another, addressed to the Governors of the West India Colonies, with the exception of Jamaica and Honduras. It alludes to the disturbances in the first mentioned colony; adverts to the intemperate discussions of last year as the most probable cause; and transmits a copy of a proclamation drawn up for Jamaica, to be used if necessary. This document requests the Governor to warn the proprietary body of the danger of publicly imputing to Government resolutions which it has never adopted; to enjoin upon the magistrates to convey the earliest intelligence of every movement indicating a rebellious spirit; and to check the progress of delusive hopes among the slaves. —The West Indians at home still continue to agitate. They convened a meeting of the planters, merchants, ship-owners, manufacturers, tradesmen, and others interested in the preservation of the West India colonies, on the 5th of April, which was crowded to excess. A great many long speeches were made, and twelve wordy resolutions agreed to, the sum and substance of which is as follows:—That the West India Islands are a valuable possession for Great Britain; that the conduct of this country towards the planters has been most unjust, and is likely to draw down the loss of these colonies; that the negroes are spoiled children, and would be ruined by being withdrawn from under the whip of the overseer; that a bonus ought to be given to the planters for the promotion of slavery; and that the opponents of that system are lying fanatics." We were nothing moved at hearing such sentiments from the older and more hardened advocates of slavery, but to see at their head the nephew of Lord Daer! Is this boy, scarcely escaped from the ferula, not contented with blazoning his apostacy from the principles of his family in his constitutional seat, that he seeks an ultraneous occasion of shewing at how early a period the heart may get hardened to the sufferings of humanity?—On the 6th, the West India merchants of London transmitted to Lord Goderich a protest against the Order in Council. They declare, that the order of 2d November, 1831, is unjust, inconsistent with the parliamentary resolutions of 1823, and destructive of the right of property; that the enforcement of the order by fiscal regulations is only paralleled by the attempt to tax America, which occasioned her revolution; that property in slaves ought not to be meddled with before a fund is prepared for compensation; that they do therefore throw all the responsibility of these measures upon the British Government, and protest against them. Here, for the present, the matter rests. The colonists are entitled to every possible alleviation of their burdens—to freedom from the shackles of commercial restriction. We claim for them the same immunities we demand for ourselves. But the slaves have the same hold upon them. "How can they expect justice, rendering none?" The West India interest is in a deep decline, and nothing can cure it but the introduction of a healthy state of society—liberty to the peasant and free trade to the planter.

JAMAICA.—We resume our narrative of the servile war in this colony where we broke off last month. On the 6th of January, Sir W. Cotton had felt himself warranted to write to Lord Belmore "that the neck of the insurrection was broken." It would be in vain were we to attempt a sketch of the numberless small operations which ensued, having for their object to trample out the sparks left behind by the flame just quenched. The Maroons volunteered their services to hunt down their black brethren, and were gladly employed. It is customary for these barbarians to substantiate their tales of the slaves they have slaughtered in the mountains by producing the ears of their victims. The militia, recovered from their first panic, breathed nothing but blood. A negro woman, who was in

company with a body of rebels, when surprised by the militia, held up her child as a flag of truce. She was immediately brought down with a shot; and the monster who perpetrated the act made it a matter of boast, that his aim was so nice as to kill the mother without hurting the child. The commander-in-chief was obliged to issue an order, forbidding negroes, taken prisoners, to be shot without trial. He seems, however, to have been but indifferently obeyed. On the 12th of January, Lieut. Gunn of the Trelawney regiment was tried by a court martial for shooting a negro driver belonging to Lima estate, where the slaves, although not working, had not joined the insurgents. The deed was proved to have been done in cold blood, no resistance having been offered by the man when apprehended. The commander-in-chief had visited the estate a few hours before, and promised the negroes protection. The court declared the charge "not proved."—Pfeiffer, a Moravian missionary, was arrested, accused of accession to the rebellion, tried and honourably acquitted. Burchell, a Baptist missionary, just arrived from England, was arrested on the 17th of January, but nothing was found to criminate him. It appeared, however, that some negroes had been heard to say, "that he was to bring their freedom out," and he received orders to remain on board the ship in which he sailed from England.—On the 21st, the Governor summoned a council of war, at which it was unanimously resolved that martial law should be continued in operation.—On the 25th, certain Wesleyan missionaries waited upon his Excellency, and preferred complaints against the militia stationed at St. Anne's Bay.—On the 29th, Lord Belmore embarked for Montego Bay, it having been judged expedient for him to visit in person the disturbed districts. He found, as indeed he had been previously informed, by letters from Sir W. Cotton, and the Custos of St. James's, that affairs were ripe for issuing a conditional amnesty. He accordingly issued a proclamation on the 3d of February, but the overseers not having returned to their estates, the ringleaders had not been ascertained with accuracy, and the document was necessarily vague. It was nevertheless so effective, that in a few days the number of slaves absent from their estates in Hanover parish, amounting, at Lord Belmore's arrival in Montego Bay, to 1600, was diminished to 400. This step produced a good deal of discontent among the whites; and their mutterings increased when a restriction was laid upon the trials by courts martial. Although an immense number of half-starved wretches had been killed in the woods, and shot or hanged by awards of military tribunals, although the gaol at Montego Bay contained, at that moment, 500 prisoners, crowded into the court-house, which, having been used as a prison, was, in the words of the Jamaica Royal Gazette, "becoming so obnoxious, from the noisome stench, arising from so many *unkempt* and filthy human beings, as likely to create pestilence," they were yet unsatiated with gloating upon the sufferings of their victims, and clamoured still for blood. On the 5th of February, the Governor, by proclamation, declared, that martial law had ceased. He issued, at the same time, a militia general order, under the 48th Geo. III. c. 4. commonly called the Party Law; by which the Governor is entitled to order out parties of militia in times of insurrection and rebellion. The object of this step was to enable the overseers to return to their estates, where the negroes had, for some time, been working without any whites to superintend them.—On the 6th of February, Lord Belmore set out upon a progress through the disturbed districts. He proceeded that day to Lucia. The next to Savannah-la-Mar; and, on the 9th, continued his route to New Savannah. He everywhere found the prisons crowded, and adopted the same humane measures as in Montego. On the 11th, he returned to Montego Bay by the western interior road, visiting several of the estates which had been the scenes of violence, and addressed the negroes.—On his Excellency's return to Montego Bay, he found that a new scene of disorder had occurred during his absence. A large mob had assembled, and rased the Baptists' chapel to the ground. He soon after learned, that the Baptists' chapels at Falmouth, Lucia, and Savannah-la-Mar, had shared the same fate. On the 13th, his Lordship published a proclamation against the rioters. No authentic intelligence of a later date has yet reached this country, but more serious outrages against the missionaries are apprehended. Lord Belmore's conduct has hitherto been everything that could be wished. We trust, therefore, that the same stern and inexorable justice, which has been meted to the slave, shall be measured out to the freeman likewise.—A curious example of the temper of the slave-holders is afforded, by the proceedings of a Court of Inquiry, held in St. Anne's parish, on the 23d of January. A Mr. Watkis, one of the two coloured members returned to the last Assembly, was accused of the atrocious crime of having remarked to an ac-

quaintance, under the seal of secrecy, that the insurrection to leeward was some of the sweets of slavery." Of course, this gentleman was immediately sent to Coventry: with a view to redeem himself from this unpleasant situation, he demanded the investigation in question. The charge was, however, completely established against him, and he still suffers the punishment due to his offence.

ST. LUCIA.—The proceedings which followed the proclamation of the Order in Council of 5th November, 1831, in St. Lucia, have their rise partly in discontents, previously rankling in the breasts of the planters; to explain which, we are under the necessity of going so far back with our narrative as the beginning of August last.—On the first of that month, three members of Council addressed a memorial to the acting Governor, Lieutenant-Colonel Bozon, requesting a reduction of public salaries, &c. and desiring him to forward it to the Colonial Secretary. Their request was complied with on the 19th; Colonel Bozon forwarding, at the same time, a representation from Mr. Bustard, Chief-Secretary of the colony, pointing out some inaccuracies of the memorial. Lord Goderich's answer bears date the 5th of November. His Lordship promises that so soon as a commission for a new Governor shall have been issued, arrangements shall be made for conferring upon the Council "every proper authority for the exercise of financial control." An insinuation in the Memorial, that the crops of the island have decreased in consequence of the improvement in the condition of slaves is disproved by reference to the annual exports. Several suggestions of the Memorial are adopted.—Before the representations of the Council arrived in this country, the hurricane occurred which swept so destructively over Barbadoes, St. Lucia, and St. Vincent. The same three gentlemen lost no time in again addressing Government. Colonel Bozon in transmitting their representation, complained of a want of courtesy evinced by the late period at which it had been forwarded to him. Lord Goderich's reply contained a gentle hint that justice required that all complaints against the local authorities ought to be communicated to them, with a view to enable them to state their defence. This despatch is dated the 17th of November. —The Order in Council of the 2d November was published on the 26th of December, with notice that the same would be in operation fourteen days thereafter. Mr Hunter, the most influential man on the island, with two others, waited upon the Governor on the 28th, requesting permission to call a meeting of the inhabitants; their petition was granted. The meeting was held on the 4th of January; much violent language was uttered to a committee appointed to memorialize the Governor on the expediency of delaying the inforcement of the Order. The medical practitioners resolved the same day to cease practising if the Order in Council were enforced, and the merchants to furnish the planters with provisions or clothing except for ready money. The Governor replied to the memorial of the Committee of inhabitants on the 6th, stating his inability to suspend the Order in Council. On the 7th of January Mr. Hunter threw up his commission as assessor of the Royal Court. On the 9th, the medical reporter to the Government resigned. The island continued harassed by alarming reports of burnings and insurrections of the slaves up to the 16th of the month. They all proved groundless, and are understood to have been invented for the sole purpose of alarming the government. On the morning of the 16th, the merchants shut up their shops, and refused to transact any business, until the Order was suspended. On the 17th, the keeper of the prison reported that he had only two days provisions on hand. The slaves found themselves unable to purchase provisions, and a rebellion was expected.* The Governor summoned a Council, at which it was resolved, to dispatch a vessel to Martinique for the purchase of 400*l.* of provisions. The Governor of that island refused to sanction the transport of any provisions, on the plea, that certain run-away slaves had been harboured in St. Lucia—an allegation apparently groundless. The merchants, the medical and legal practitioners seized this moment of alarm, to harass the Governor with fresh remonstrances against the heavy taxation of the island. Towards evening, the Admiral on the Barbadoes station, alarmed by the report of a slave-insurrection, appeared off the island with two frigates, but immediately set sail, on learning that it was a false alarm. Next day an unusual anxiety to dispatch a sloop, the Jane, to Martinique, was displayed; and the Governor, fearing that the object might be to dissuade the merchants of Martinique from furnishing provisions, laid an embargo on all the vessels in

* That such a result was actually contemplated by the planters, appears from Robert Hannay's letter, seized on board the Jane. "All the slaves have been shut up since you left this, and as tranquillity may reign but a short time, while Quashy gets hungry, I see no harm why we should not be prepared with 'defencibles;' and I wish you would see the price of a pair of *small pistols.*"

port. A proclamation was at the same time issued, declaring the combination entered into by the merchants to withhold supplies illegal. At night, a boat belonging to the Jane, attempted to break the embargo. Letters from seventeen of the most influential persons on the island to their correspondents in Martinique, were found on board. Their tenor was, that the inhabitants had resolved to starve the Government into a compromise on the subject of the Order; and, in all of them, the merchants of Martinique were exhorted not to deal with the Government envoy, and to obstruct and detain him by every means in their power. On the 23d, the Governor agreed to defer the payment of the taxes complained against until the meeting of the Privy Council of the Island, which was summoned on the 30th; and the merchants re-opened their stores at the same time. Next day, the Governor arrested Mr. Stephen Williams, a principal merchant, Messrs. Voisson and Kossac, second class merchants, and Mr. Walker, a clerk to a commercial house, with a view to their being proceeded against according to law, for conspiring against Government.—Lord Goderich, in his despatch to the new Governor of St. Lucia, approves of Colonel Bozon's proceedings. In the question of taxation, right is apparently on the side of the colonists; but their attempt to evade an act of justice to the coloured peasantry, by a line of conduct which rendered insurrection, in their own opinion, inevitable, is as wanton and flagitious a crime as can well be conceived. The conduct of the French Governor in abetting the colonists was most reprehensible.

TRINIDAD.—In this Colony, as we have stated above, the Order in Council was, after a modest opposition, submitted to, and a petition for some modification of its provisions transmitted to Government. On the 30th of December, Mr. Marryat, M. P., transmitted a petition from the colonists for an elective legislature. To this petition, the Secretary for the Colonies adverts in his despatches of the 14th and 30th of January. He admits the disadvantages laboured under by the island in consequence of the taxes being imposed by the executive; but justifies the refusal of a constitution, on the ground of so large a portion of the population being in a state of slavery. This is just. The home Government, by giving the colonists a House of Assembly, would weaken its power of interfering in behalf of the slave. As soon as all the inhabitants of Trinidad are equal before the law, they will have an undeniable claim to a constitution. To procure it, they have only to emancipate their slaves. As they love cheap Government, let them instantly complete this act of justice.

CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

FRANCE would be, if her rulers pleased, the head of the European constitutionalists; as Russia, Austria, and Prussia, are of the legitimates. These three powers, each with a different form of government, each with a different state religion, yet all alike divine, look from their eastern locality, with hatred and distrust, on every land where popular principles of government are asserted. United among themselves, they have delayed the settlement of the question between Belgium and Holland, in hopes that the chapter of accidents might turn up something in favour of legitimacy. The level lands at the mouth of the Rhine and Scheldt, are still kept by this unworthy policy in a fever-fret of anxiety.—That rope of sand, the German confederacy, seems likely to be blown apart. The whole country is at present in a state of high excitement respecting the Liberty of the Press.—Italy is unsettled. The Pope stands between France and Austria, like Captain Macheath between his two wives,—

> "How happy could I be with either,
> Were t'other dear charmer away!"

The only countries, where internal history has of late presented any very marked feature, are France and Russia.

FRANCE.—The cholera has broken out in Paris, with a violence that makes our visitation look trifling in comparison. Up to the 14th of April, there had been 8,349 reported cases in Paris alone, of which 3,226 had proved fatal. The official reports, however, give no adequate notion of the real violence of the disease. The highest classes have been attacked as well as the poor. Peers of France, Deputies, Judges, foreign Ambassadors, have alike fallen its victims. The President of the Council has been attacked, but is expected to recover. The cholera may be considered as extending through France, from Troyes in Champagne to Rouen, from Chateau-Thierry to Evreaux, and from Campiegne to Orleans. It is also stated to have made its appearance near Lille. The Faculty of Medicine in France seems as ignorant of any manner of dealing with this baffling disease, as our own physicians.—The progress of the pestilence has not abated the violence of party-spirit; but it has thinned the attendance upon the Chamber of Deputies most materially. The

opposition to the Ministers languishes of course; and the legislative and administrative functions are discharged in the most slovenly manner. The budgets have not, up to the time of our latest intelligence, been thoroughly discussed; and, for the same reason, that we defer the history of our own financial measures, till the close of the Session, we adopt a similar plan with the French. A new corn law was definitively voted in the Chambers of Deputies on the 31st of March. From the 1st July, 1833, corn of all countries is to be subjected to the duties; but these duties vary in each of the four districts of France. A surplus duty is imposed on corn imported in foreign bottoms. A Bill, introduced for the purpose of reducing the enormous bounties on French Fisheries has been much mutilated during its progress through the Chamber, at the instance of the Deputies for the maritime towns. On the 13th of April, the Chamber was unable to proceed to business, a sufficient number of members not having assembled. On the 15th it was adjourned *sine die*. A serious disturbance occurred during the Carnival at Grenoble. Some maskers paraded the streets in characters intended to ridicule the Ministry. The magistrates, with undue precipitation, called in the military, on the refusal of the revellers to disperse, and several lives were lost. The indignation of the inhabitants was raised to such a pitch, that the soldiers were withdrawn from the town. On the 23d of March, an order of the day from Marshal Soult appeared in the Moniteur, thanking the soldiers. This was a most wanton and gratuitous insult. The disturbance was caused by the introduction of the military, and ceased the moment they withdrew. An attempt has been made to link this affair with some alleged plot between the Carlists and Republicans, but without success. Louis Phillippe sits on a tottering throne, but he has only to thank himself and his advisers for this. The people will not be satisfied until the basis of the representation be extended, nor ought they. A chamber, as at present constituted, is in no hurry to effect the necessary reforms. It is in vain for a monarch, who is neither a great soldier, nor possessed of a hereditary title to the throne, to dream of treading in the footsteps of Napoleon or Charles. He must throw himself into the arms of the nation; there he will be safe, and there alone. No doubt, the Carlist faction is at work, but the nation thus reconciled and united, their infamous machinations would soon cease to be of any avail. The reckless character of their incendiary practices must be revolting, even to their own friends.

Russia.—The doom of Poland has been, for the present, consummated. This unfortunate country has been deprived of her constitution, and incorporated with Russia. Of the ukase, by which this rank violation of all international law is decreed, the following are the most important provisions: Art. 1. The kingdom of Poland is *for ever* re-united to the Russian empire. (Prophetic and blasphemous.) Art. 20. Our army in the empire, and in the kingdom, shall compose one in common, without distinction of Russian or Polish troops. (Vain attempt; the Polish spirit may animate the Russian, but cannot be extinguished by the pressure of his dulness. This is seeking to check a contagious disorder, by surrounding the patient with a dense crowd of healthy subjects.) Art. 25. The governor of Poland has the power of suspending every determination of the administrative council, that he fears may be displeasing at head quarters. Art. 26. The nomination of all functionaries is vested in the Emperor. (These two provisions speak for themselves.) The autocrat has got the Poles muzzled and tied up, and thinks he may now go to bed. There let him slumber, till a storm comes rattling over the Caspian, to awake him.

CONTINENTS OF AMERICA.

There is little of importance in the last arrivals from the United States or Mexico. The South American republics shift and change with much rapidity, that it is dangerous to predicate any thing concerning them.

Brazil.—Among the many instances wherein the commercial interests of Great Britain have been either sacrificed or neglected, owing to these interests having no just, fair, and legitimate influence in the representation of the country, there is, perhaps, none more striking than that of the present state of the heavy commercial claims which our merchants have upon Brazil, and which, although repeatedly and powerfully urged on the attention of the Canning and Wellington administrations, remain yet unredressed and uncompensated. As a short narrative of the facts of this transaction, by which nearly half a million of British property has been withheld from its rightful owners for upwards of five years, may interest certain of our readers, and may shew them the absolute necessity there is for such a reform in Parliament being obtained as will afford to the commerce of this country a greater attention to its growing interests, we subjoin the following simple statement.

—In consequence of the war which broke out in the year 1826 between the United Provinces of Buenos Ayres and Brazil, the port of Buenos Ayres was declared by the latter power to be under a strict blockade; notification of which was published in the London Gazette on the 26th February of that year. For some considerable time, however, after this blockade was declared, it was maintained in the most inefficient manner; so much so, that vessels of all nations arrived and sailed from the port of Buenos Ayres without any obstruction; and, indeed, the Admiral (Lobo) in command of the Brazilian blockading squadron was compelled, more than once, to seek refuge in Monte Video, then in possession of the Emperor of Brazil.—At the period this blockade was declared, a very extensive trade was carrying on between Great Britain and the River Plate; and as it was known that the instructions to the Brazilian Admiral were to warn off all vessels before making any capture, this, coupled with the very inefficient manner in which the blockade itself was enforced, induced the vessels then loading in British ports for Buenos Ayres to proceed on their respective voyages, the masters being instructed, if the blockade was in force on their arrival in the River Plate, (for it had been repeatedly raised by the gallantry of the small squadron belonging to Buenos Ayres, and commanded by Admiral Browne,) to proceed to Monte Video, and either wait there until the blockade should be raised, or discharge their cargoes as their consignees might consider most advisable. —By the time, however, that these vessels arrived, a more adequate force had been employed by the Brazilian Government to maintain the blockade, and they were all, as they respectively approached, captured by the blockading squadron, (in defiance of the Emperor's express instructions that every vessel should first be warned off,) and sent either to Monte Video or Rio de Janeiro, where they were all condemned by the Courts of Admiralty; not for any attempt, or even alleged attempt, to break the blockade, but on the above ground, that they had sailed from Great Britain in the knowledge of it. These sentences were afterwards, in the great majority of instances, declared illegal, and reversed by the Brazilian Court of Repeal; but, in the meantime, some of the vessels and their cargoes had been sold under the first sentence, and those that were afterwards restored were all, more or less, plundered and destroyed.—These arbitrary proceedings, as may be conceived, caused no small distress and ruin to the merchants interested in the trade to the River Plate, who called loudly on the British Government to procure them the restoration of their property, or ample compensation; and, at last, in the month of May, 1829, a memorandum or treaty was concluded between Lord Ponsonby, his Majesty's ambassador at Rio de Janeiro, and the Brazilian Government, by which ample compensation was stipulated for the property so unjustly captured and destroyed, and a commission named to examine into and settle each claim according to the terms of the treaty.—It soon became evident, however, that the Brazilian Government had no real intention to settle the British claims, and recent instructions were given to the Commissioners to protract, by every means in their power, the settlement of any one claim; and so successful have been the means employed, that, in point of fact, up to this moment not one claim has been settled, nor one farthing has been received by any British subject for the property of which he was so illegally deprived so far back as the years 1826 and 1827.—Very different was the course pursued by the Governments of France and America, whose subjects were placed in precisely similar circumstances as the British. They immediately sent powerful squadrons to Rio de Janeiro, with instructions to demand compensation for the captured property, or to make reprisals; the consequence was, that treaties were made in *August*, 1828, fixing the rate of compensation and mode of payment; and, in fact, the subjects of France and America have long since received full compensation for their property, while the losses of British subjects remain at this moment uncompensated and unredressed.—On the accession of the present Ministry to power, numerous and energetic remonstrances were addressed to them both by the claimants in this country and their agents at Rio de Janeiro, stating the long-continued and successful system of delay that had been adopted by the Brazilian Government through their Commissioners; and that they had no hope whatever of ever receiving any compensation for their property, unless such measures were resorted to as had procured, for the subjects of France and America, such prompt redress for the losses they had sustained. The subject has also been repeatedly brought under the notice of Parliament, by the member for Glasgow and others; and, accordingly, it is understood that the British Government transmitted, by the *Magicienne* frigate, which arrived at Rio on the 26th December last, instruc-

tions to Mr. Aston, H. M. Charge d'-Affaires there, to make reprisals with the naval force on the station, which is amply sufficient for the purpose, unless the settlement of the British claims was immediately proceeded with in terms of the treaty so long ago concluded by Lord Ponsonby.—In this state the question now rests; and the chief difficulty that presents itself is the mode of payment, as the Brazilian Government, seeing from the peremptory demands of the British Government, that the settlement could not be much longer delayed, applied to the legislative assemblies during their last sitting for means to be placed at their disposal to discharge them, and which was, after many stormy debates, granted, by empowering the Government to borrow a certain amount at the same rate for which the last loan was contracted—viz. 62½, while the stock is now only worth 45, and likely to go still lower should such an additional sum as between 400,000*l.* and 500,000*l.*, the estimated amount of the British claims, be also thrown into the market.—It may be worthy of remark, that in several cases where these captures were brought under the review of our courts of law, in actions against the underwriters, and where the sentence of condemnation was pleaded in defence, it was held out to be tenable, as the principle on which those acts of condemnation was founded was wholly illegal.

STATE OF COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.

APRIL, 1832.

THE two causes which we mentioned in our last report, as mainly operating to restrict commercial activity, namely, the Cholera, and the uncertainty that prevailed as to the fate of the Reform Bill, still continue to produce a very unfavourable effect. Not only is the foreign trade of the country considerably injured by the cholera, which has led to the establishment of quarantine against British ships in other countries, but the home trade is also depressed by the same cause, added to the political disquietude which prevails.—That the uneasiness and want of confidence which prevail in the commercial world are, in a great degree, to be ascribed to the cause here assigned, is rendered highly probable, not to say certain, by the fact, that there is no other adequate cause (except the cholera) for the distrust that unquestionably exists. There is no want of money in the market, but only a want of employment for it. The revenue is in a satisfactory state, and the funds are steady. The character of the circulation is perfectly healthy; and the exchanges with foreign countries are high. The home market is not glutted with manufactured goods, but notoriously and very much the reverse. Yet gloom and anxiety prevail; speculation is at an end; the retail dealer buys the smallest possible quantity of goods that will suffice for his trade; and the manufacturer keeps his stock as low as he conveniently can. The import trade is necessarily affected by this state of things, and most articles of foreign produce are depressed. The universal opinion of persons in trade is, that the passing of the Reform Bill would restore confidence and activity; and the very existence of this universal opinion proves, that the suspense as to that measure is a principal cause of the present stagnation.—There is no ground for despondency as to the commercial condition of the country. A parliamentary paper, just published, shews the amount of the foreign trade of Great Britain and Ireland for the years 1830 and 1831; and if we add from official documents the foreign trade for the years 1828 and 1829, the result will be very satisfactory as to Great Britain, though less so as to Ireland.

TRADE OF GREAT BRITAIN WITH FOREIGN PARTS.

Years end. 5th Jan.	Exports of British and Irish Produce and Manufactures from Great Britain.		Exports of Foreign and Colonial Produce from Great Britain.	Imports into Great Britain.
	Official Value.	Declared Value.	Official Value.	Official Value.
	£	£	£	£
1829	52,029,150	36,152,798	9,928,654	43,536,187
1830	55,465,723	35,212,873	10,606,440	42,311,840
1831	60,492,637	37,691,302	8,555,736	44,815,307
1832	60,990,123	36,652,694	10,720,942	48,161,661

TRADE OF IRELAND WITH FOREIGN PARTS.

Years ended Jan. 5th.	Exports of British and Irish Produce and Manufactures from Ireland.		Exports of Foreign and Colonial Produce from Ireland.	Imports into Ireland.
	Official Value. £	Declared Value. £	Official Value. £	Official Value. £
1829	768,304	661,377	17,890	1,632,278
1830	747,318	617,596	15,962	1,669,668
1831	648,223	560,200	14,651	1,429,844
1832	593,810	510,953	15,129	1,552,228

The above table will suffice to show that the foreign trade of this country is steady and improving; and though it may afflict Mr. Alderman Waithman to see the growing disproportion between the official and declared value of the exports, yet, if he will look at the constantly increasing amount of imports which they purchase for us in return, and at the increasing tonnage of our shipping, as displayed in the table we published last month, he may take comfort, and dismiss his crotchets.

The revenue for the quarter ending the 5th of April 1832 is very satisfactory, and might seem to disprove the assertions we have made respecting the dulness of trade. Unhappily, however, those statements are universally felt to be true; but the state of the revenue encourages the hope that trade would become brisk and prosperous if the Reform Bill were passed, and if the cholera should not extend to the manufacturing districts.

Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain, in the Years and Quarters ended on the 5th of April, 1831, and the 5th of April, 1832, shewing the increase or decrease on each head thereof.

	Years ended April 5.		Increase.	Decrease.
	1831.	1832.		
	£	£	£	£
Customs	16,538,425	15,084,207	.....	1,454,218
Excise	16,069,612	14,602,488	.....	1,467,124
Stamps	6,565,575	6,567,695	2,120	.....
Post Office	1,350,011	1,400,006	49,995	.....
Taxes	4,964,025	4,988,412	24,387	.....
Miscellaneous	628,355	413,722	.....	214,633
Total	46,116,003	43,056,530	76,502	3,135,975
	Deduct Increase.....		.....	76,502
	Decrease on the Year...		.....	3,059,473
	Quarters ended April 5.		Increase.	Decrease.
	1831.	1832.		
	£	£	£	£
Customs	3,713,386	3,460,878	.....	252,508
Excise	2,362,607	2,634,220	271,615	.....
Stamps	1,587,043	1,653,828	66,785	.....
Post Office	339,000	348,000	9000	.....
Taxes	325,523	449,593	124,070	.....
Miscellaneous	92,769	97,169	4400	.....
Total	8,420,328	8,643,688	475,868	252,508
	Deduct Decrease.....		252,508	
	Increase on the Quarter.		223,360	

The deficiency on the *year*, ended 5th April, 1832, compared with the previous year, is almost entirely accounted for by the repeal of the taxes on beer, coals, printed goods, candles, hides, and cider; and the increase of 223,360*l.* in the *quarter* just ended, shews the country to have been, on the whole, in a prosperous state. The decrease in the customs duties for the quarter is, no doubt, to be ascribed mainly to the obstruction of foreign trade by the cholera, especially at the port of London. The loss of the coal duties, which, if continued, would have produced 80,000*l.* to the quarter; a difference of 18,212*l.* in the corn duties, as compared with the corresponding quarter of last year; and an excess of 70,000*l.* in the payments of sugar drawbacks this quarter, would shew the real decline in the customs to be not 252,219*l.*, but only 84,007*l.*

The FOREIGN TRADE of the country is, as we have said, very injuriously affected by the cholera. In some of the countries of Europe, as in *Spain* and *Portugal*, the quarantine is so long, and is attended with such vexatious circumstances, that it has put an almost total stop to exportation. Not only is there a heavy expense incurred by the detention of the vessels, with the trouble and risk of discharging the cargoes at the quarantine stations; but the manufacturers feel that their goods may probably be delayed till the season proper for them is past; in which case they would have to lie over for twelve months, with almost a certainty that a change of fashion in patterns and colours would by that time render them unsaleable. In *France*, owing to the breaking out of the cholera in Paris, with a degree of fury altogether unparalleled in any other part of Europe, quarantine has been abolished as useless; and if other governments would be convinced by the proof now afforded (in addition to the experience of all the other countries where it has appeared,) that quarantine can no more exclude this epidemic, than it can fetter the circulation of the atmosphere itself, there would be a general abandonment of these injurious restrictions. The quarantine in Holland is still absurdly long; but at Hamburgh, and in the ports of the Baltic, it is merely nominal. In the Italian States the term varies, but it is not immoderate.

The unsettled state of the question of Belgian Independence, owing to the refusal of the King of the Netherlands to agree to the treaty, and the warlike preparations making, both in Holland and Belgium, seriously affects the trade to the largest European markets for British manufactures. The agreement of England and France, and it is understood also of Austria and Prussia, to the treaty of Belgian Independence; together with the amicable assurances of Russia, seems to leave but little doubt that peace will be maintained; but even that little doubt is sufficient to repress commercial activity, and the markets of *Germany*, *Belgium*, and *Holland*, are, in consequence, receiving much less than the usual supply of British goods. The exportation to *Russia* will be affected in some degree, by the recent augmentation of custom duties in that country. The trade to *Italy*, the *Greek Islands*, and the *Levant*, is, on the whole, steady and good.

The market of the *United States*, as mentioned in our last, has been overstocked with British goods, and the reaction is now felt very unpleasantly: accounts are received of failures and distress in that country, of the scarcity of money, and a great fall in the price of goods. It is difficult to obtain returns from the States; which is not to be wondered at, as our ports are now closed against foreign grain and flour by the high duties. 282,500 barrels of American flour are in bond at Liverpool, and there is no prospect of its being liberated for many months. The system of our Corn Laws makes the trade a complete lottery, and it cannot but disgust the Americans, and indispose them to modify their tariff, besides necessarily and directly operating to limit the commerce between the two countries.

The trade to *British America* has lately been prosperous and increasing. The population of these colonies is rapidly augmenting, no less than 50,000 emigrants having gone out last year; and as the emigrants soon obtain a comfortable subsistence, the demand for British manufactures must be gradually extended.

Mexico, *Brazil*, and *Buenos Ayres*, are overstocked with British manufactures; and this cause, combined with the unsettled state of the governments and the insecurity of property, renders it inexpedient to send goods to these markets.

The view above given of the generally unfavourable state of the foreign markets necessarily limits our exports, and oppresses the great branches of manufacturing industry.

LONDON, though free from anything like panic or alarm on the ground of the cholera, which has almost exclusively confined itself to the Borough and the south side of the river, still feels the injurious effects of the disease on foreign commerce. The export trade is extremely languid and unsatisfactory; and

a heavy failure at Hamburgh, affecting many houses connected with that city, and with the ports of the Baltic, either directly or indirectly, has added distrust to depression. In the import trade, especially in *Baltic produce*, there is no life or speculation, the consumers buying in the most sparing manner. The *wood* trade has never recovered from the depression which succeeded, in Autumn last, to the brisk demand of the previous Spring and Summer; and both European and American timber is now selling below the cost of importation. In *flax*, *hemp*, *tallow*, and other articles of Russian produce, there is also a total absence of animation, although the stocks are unusually small, except of hemp, upon which it was hoped that government would have reduced the heavy duty of 4*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* per ton; but it is now understood that the petition of the merchants for this boon to the shipping interest has been rejected.

In the *Corn* market there has lately been some indication of improvement; but the state of this trade will depend on the prospects of the ensuing crop, and on the extent of the supplies from Ireland; from which country the supply of wheat, last year, much exceeded that of previous years. The market for *Colonial Produce*, after having been greatly improved, on the arrival of the disastrous news from Jamaica, has become much less brisk, and the prices of *sugar* have slightly receded. A considerable demand for the Continent occurred towards the end of March, which raised the price of *coffee*; but as the rise of this market has not been met by a corresponding advance of prices in the Netherlands and Germany, there is less animation in the trade. At the beginning of this month the stock of British plantation sugar in London and Liverpool was only 11,000 casks, whilst, at the same time last year, the quantity on hand was 17,700 casks; and, at the end of March 1830, it was 22,000 casks. The comparative quietness of the demand can, therefore, only be accounted for by the general circumstances of the country. No announcement has yet been made of the nature of the relief to be granted to the West India interest by government; but nothing can effectually relieve that interest, except the abolition of all restrictions on the lumber and provision trades; and the relief of the West Indians ought no longer to be admitted as a reason for restricting, by unfavourable duties on East India sugar, the agricultural and commercial improvements of Hindostan.

But to come to our great branches of domestic industry:—The COTTON MANUFACTURE is in a state of much less activity than at our last report. Owing to causes explained above, the demand for Europe and America has been curtailed; and the London buyers, through whom the consumption of the south of England is principally supplied, are doing as little business as possible. The trade of *Manchester* is, therefore, dull; and *Glasgow* has suffered more severely, as its manufactures could not until lately be sent to Liverpool without undergoing quarantine, (that being the port where quarantine on coasting vessels was longest enforced,) and as the circuitous route of Leith and Hull is more expensive. All business between Lancashire and Glasgow, which can be put off, is in consequence suspended; and thus the total amount of transactions is greatly diminished. Too little is doing to enable the manufacturers to make satisfactory profits. The spinners, as a body, are working at a loss. Power-loom manufacturers are doing worse than they were last month, their goods having declined in price. The same is the case with the hand-loom manufacturers, who have reduced wages in order to meet the depreciation in their goods. In velveteens, which had been paying well, the decline is considerable—about three half pence per lb. The printers, who were fully employed in January, February, and March, are now complaining of want of orders.

At *Liverpool* the *cotton* market continues to be in a good state. An advance of price took place on all qualities during the month of March; and, at the close of the month, the stocks of cotton in the different ports of the kingdom, were less than in former years, being 201,950 bales in 1832,—260,490 bales in 1831,—and 250,870 bales in 1830. Early in the present month, large arrivals took place, and a slight depression of price was the consequence; but it is still supposed that the crop arriving this year will fall short of the preceding one. The foreign trade of Liverpool flourishes at the expense of London, owing to the happy exemption of the former place from cholera. The arrivals and sailings of vessels have of late been unusually numerous, and the merchants are in good spirits. From this port 80 vessels, of 22,575 tons, sailed, for British America, between the 1st of March and the 7th of April; and at the latter date, 25 ships, of 4,836 tons, were loading for the same destination. The quantity of goods exported to British America this year has been much greater than in any previous year. A new article of commerce, namely, *East India flour*, is coming extensive-

ly into use, for the making of size and starch; it is chiefly imported by the Calcutta Flour-Mills Company, and is found to answer better than American flour, which has hitherto been considered the best for this purpose. The manufacture of *soda* from common salt, for the purposes of bleaching and making soap, is now carried on to a considerable extent in Liverpool; and this article is likely to compete with, if not to supersede, pot and pearl ashes, for the above-mentioned purposes, as it can be sold for about 20*l.* a ton, whilst ashes of equal strength cost 28*l.* or 29*l.* a ton. This new manufacture will be beneficial to England, though injurious to the Canadas, whence we now obtain so large a quantity of ashes.

The WOOLLEN MANUFACTURE is in a still more depressed state than at the date of our last report, owing chiefly to the failure of the foreign markets. The manufacturers of the *West of England* are better employed than those of *Yorkshire*. At this season, trade ought to be lively; both the London and country buyers usually purchase largely, in this month, to answer the spring demand: but the buyers from London are few; and, though the country dealers have, of late, increased their purchases, it is chiefly for the lower and middling qualities, made by the domestic manufacturer, whilst there is a very slack demand for superfine cloths; and the mills of *Leeds*, *Huddersfield*, and *Halifax*, are but partially employed. Many weavers are out of employment. The domestic manufacturers are well employed. The blanket and flannel trade, and also that of baizes and buckings, are greatly depressed.

The WOOL TRADE necessarily sympathizes with the manufacture. *English Wools* have declined a little in price during the month; the farmers still demand the same prices, but the staplers are compelled to accept the reduction offered by the manufacturers. The prospect of the supply of wools at the clip is very good; owing to the mildness of the winter few sheep have died or been diseased. *Foreign Wool* is a little lower, which may be, in part, ascribed to the season of the year, when the new clip is about to come in.

The WORSTED STUFF MANUFACTURE is flat, but not worse than last month; the stocks in the hands of the manufacturer and the retail dealer are low. The Bradford market has been dull during this month; and there has been a small reduction of price in the kinds not wanted, but those in demand retain their price.

In the IRON TRADE there is no alteration; much is doing, to little profit. The reduction of wages in the iron works has made the workmen much dissatisfied. The LEAD and COPPER trades are equally dull; the importation of copper from South America has depressed the English copper trade.

The HOSIERY and LACE MANUFACTURES of *Nottingham* and *Leicester* are in a state of great depression.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Francis the First, an Historical Drama. By MISS FRANCES ANN KEMBLE. Murray: London.

CURIOSITY has been considerably roused by the appearance of this work, so often announced, so long deferred. The public, or that small portion of it that cares about such matters, was rather pleased with this dextrous preliminary game at bo-peep, and happy to witness, on any terms, the modern miracle of a good tragedy. Nor was it ever doubted or questioned that the revival of the tragic drama, in which so many had failed, was left to a young lady scarcely out of her teens. Genius, which, like the wind of Heaven, bloweth where it listeth, might as readily find Miss Kemble in the Green-room as Shakspeare holding a link before the theatre. The play was acted; the London press was in a rapture, and the dramatic efforts of Coleridge, Byron, Mitford, and Maturin, were, by some of the newspaper critics, thrown to the dogs. As for Milman or Knowles, they were really not worthy of being named in the same day with *Francis the First*. It is not Miss Kemble's fault that her entrance on the stage, some years ago, was announced by a prodigious flourish of penny trumpets; and now, again, in a higher walk, by a bray, and twang of Jews' harps. It is not her fault that foolish admirers, and injudicious friends, have challenged comparison between her and those with whom her own modesty

and good sense never could have permitted comparison; or that she has been be-puffed, be-praised, and be-paragraphed, till the public, like the great goose it often shews itself, begins to take her drama on the exact terms it did the young Roscius when, much in the same style, and by the self-same means and machinery, he was thrust before her noble uncle John, to the amusement of the ill-natured, and the disgust of the enlightened and judicious. None of these things are Miss Kemble's fault; and it is her merit that, having been born and bred among a hereditary race of players, and of cultivated people connected with the stage, she early put herself apprentice to acting and dramatic composition; and from her advantages, natural cleverness, and tact, has succeeded wonderfully in both walks; and with the same diligence may succeed much farther, and yet leave the stock tragic pieces of the British Theatre much as she found them. The language of the play is, throughout, correct, smooth, and elaborately polished; and rather of a poetical cast than poetical. The plot, or double plot, is not very coherent, but the chief defect is in the characters; and yet we should have minded little what they had done, provided it was well and boldly done. The Queen Mother is, we presume, the leading female personage. She is of a caste on which none of the great dramatists have ever ventured: one of those unnatural monsters—a Potiphar's wife—of the existence of which, save in their fierce Egyptian prototype, we could doubt altogether, were it not for the strange pleasure female writers take in delineating a character the most unfit for dramatic, or for any other good purposes.† The character of the Queen Mother is, throughout, wholly and only disgusting; there is no grandeur in her guilt nor terror in her power. Since she was there, however, new and deep tragic interest might have been created by the conflict of passions between the mother and daughter, whose affections are unconsciously placed on the same person. Of a similar circumstance, in humble life, Coleridge has made powerful tragic use. The early scenes between De Bourbon and the Queen are too abrupt, and the passion of the lady developed with a haste which fully justifies the Constable's scorn. That which follows between him and the Princess Margaret is a deeper blot, as the character of the Princess is finely imagined, which makes us the more sorry to lose her, without either rhyme or reason, the instant she has inspired us with interest, and indignant to see her so vilely treated. De Bourbon, beloved by the Queen, is the plighted lover of her daughter, yet "a beggar in his drink," would not so brutally have violated the holiest sanctities of nature as does the chivalrous De Bourbon in hurling the burning shame of the "Royal harlot" upon her innocent daughter,—that daughter, his own chaste and tender mistress. Of the Princess we never hear again, and no wonder: we expected to have the mother's part of her "speaking daggers," or the mistress's lamenting the treason of her lost lover, or the angels soothing and protecting Françoise, a gentle maiden, yet "silly, sooth," who falls the scarcely resisting victim of the unbridled and unpunished licence of Francis. This is not what was wont to be called poetical justice; but slight atonement goes far in Princes. Are the ruin, misery, infamy, and death, which the crimes of the King spread around him, presumed to be all expiated by the sentimental harangue over the dead body of the lady with which he insults the presence of her betrothed husband? In conclusion, we have pleasure in saying, that though very far from a perfect drama,—Francis the First is, all-things considered, a wonderful production:—it contains some fine scenes, and many pleasing ones; which, though they may render the play slow-paced and languid, read well in detached portions. We had marked out a few of the best portions as specimens of the language and sentiment, but must be brief. The following is the address of Margaret to De Bourbon in prison, whither she has come to urge him to escape. He recks little of his life, saying, there is none to inherit his name. She replies:—

Hold there, my Lord!
Posterity, to whom great men and their
Fair names belong, is your inheritor.
Your country from whose Kings your house had birth,
Claims of you, Sire, your high and spotless name!
Fame craves it of you;—for when there be none
Bearing the blood of mighty men, to bear
Their virtues also,—Fame emblazons them
Upon her flag, which o'er the world she waves,
Persuading others to like glorious deeds.
Oh! will you die upon a public scaffold?
Beneath the hands o' th' executioner!
Shall the vile rabble bait you to your death!
Shall they applaud and make your fate a tale
For taverns, and the busy city streets?
And in the wide hereafter,—for the which
All warriors hope to live,—shall your proud name
Be bandied to and fro by foul tradition,
Branded and cursed as rebels' name should be?

† Ladies have sometimes odd tastes. It appears impossible to some of the best of our female writers to weave a story together without some naughty episode, at the very least. Miss Porter, for example, can imagine no perfect hero, nor one worthy of her stamp, till his virtue is exposed, and comes forth immaculate from the fiery ordeal of the temptations of one or more of the above monsters,—the Potiphar's wives.

The following description spoken by Francis at midnight looking out from the door of his tent on the eve of the fatal battle of Pavia, is pleasing, if not very original.

How many are there, sleeping on you field,
Who shall to-morrow lay them down for ever!
How many heads, whose dreams are all of conquest,
Lie pillowed on their graves! Where shall they be
After the dawn, awakened by our trumpets,
Has drawn away night's curtain? . . .

Now through the silent air
And the dark night, might Fancy dream she saw
Death stalking in the midst of yonder field,
Marking the prey that shall be his to-m rr w
Why, how is this? my blood chills in my veins!
A shadow passes over me! shall I?—
Oh, conscience! lie thou still. It is thy hand
That strikes so cold upon my sense, . . .

I'll wake D'Albret,
For now already through the twilight breaks
The dappled hue of morn, chasing away
Night's shadows, and these gloomy phantasies.
There is a freshness in the early air
That quickens every faculty, and makes
A keen enjoyment of existence only.
. . . . . .
What, ho! awake D'Albret! the day hath dawned,
And the young morning, clad in saffron robes
Of glorious light, opens heaven's eastern gate,
And bids the sun good morrow.—Hark! the trumpet,
Clear as the lark's shrill matin note, doth sound
Through the blue vault—the hum of multitudes
Rises in the still air,—the clash of steel,
The tramp of trained feet doth beat the ground
In even measure. Steeds neigh long and loud—
And voices of command, whoop and halloo,
Ring through the tented lines; . . . .

The following sisterly lines are pretty:

Oh, Lautrec! blame me not; we twain have been,
E'en from our birth, together and alone,
Two healthful scions of a goodly stock,
Whose other shoots have withered all—we've grown
Still side by side; I like some fragile aspen—
And thou a sturdy oak, 'neath whose broad shelter
I reared my head: then frown not that the wind
Doth weigh the trembling aspen to the earth,
While the stout oak scarce owns the powerless breeze.

Illustrations of Political Economy—No. 2, the Hill and the Valley.—No. 3, Brooke, and Brooke Farm. Fox: Paternoster Row.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS IS ABROAD! This we propound as a discovery, secondary only in importance to that made by the Lord Chancellor; and when he next repeats his declaration, let every one couple ours with it. In complete unconsciousness of their scope and object, we opened these small volumes—the *Hill and the Valley* first. Their character and tendency were so novel and singular, that we fancied we began "to spy a creat peard nnder the muffler." Scotch shrewdness was for once at fault; and on reading further, we became convinced that the *Hill and Valley*, and *Brooke Farm*, are as authentic as they are extraordinary female productions, *manly* in principles and reasoning, but softened and adorned with many feminine graces and felicities. In one word, these tales are Smith and Ricardo's theories put pleasantly in action, and made level to every capacity. May we not then truly affirm that the Schoolmistress is abroad; and that here we have her teaching the alphabet and primer, of a difficult and complex science, by an ingenious motherly contrivance of her own, which surmounts its difficulties, relieves its imagined dulness, and makes study a pastime. *Life in the Wilds*, which we notice forms the first number of this cheap and instructive series, we have not yet seen, but presume it refers to society in the rudest state of social accommodation. *Brooke, and Brooke Farm* familiarly applies the principles of political economy to agricultural affairs—that is, to the manufacture of corn, cattle, and dairy produce; and affords, apart from this design of instruction, a delightful picture of a small English rural community in a rapid state of progressive improvement. *The Hill and the Valley* relates the formation, profitable working, and destruction of extensive iron mines in South Wales; and illustrates the principles of capital and production, the rights of labour, and the value of machinery; also in connexion with a pleasing story, of which the personages are the capitalists and workmen. Though not quite prepared to subscribe to every application of the principles Miss Martineau expounds in these volumes, we heartily and unreservedly bear testimony to the ability with which she has executed the task she has so ingeniously, and with so much boldness and originality, devised for herself; and feel sincere pleasure in directing the attention of others to what has so agreeably surprised, and profitably occupied our own. That the story-lover may not fancy himself entrapped, and defrauded of his rights, we shall first give an extract in the old beaten way, before proceeding to the new track so unexpectedly opened up.

There is not a village in England that I love so well as Brooke; but I was born and have always lived there, and this is probably the reason why I see beauty in it; for strangers do not appear struck with it.

There is one long straggling street, where the blacksmith, the publican, the grocer, and the haberdasher live; their houses being separated, some by gardens, others by cowsheds or pigsties. My father's house stands a little way out of the village, just a quarter of a mile from the "Withers' Arms," the only public-house in the place. Our dwelling stands so far back from the road, and is just so much planted with trees and shrubs, as to be free from noise and dust; while it is not so retired as to appear ashamed of

keeping company with the houses in the neighbourhood. The children playing in the road may see the ladies at work in the bow-window, by peeping through the bars of the white gate; and if any little boy should venture in to pick up his ball or recover his kite, he may chance to meet the master looking after his fruit-trees, or to catch a glimpse of the mistress cutting her roses.

At the west end of the village street stands the church, upon a rising ground planted with evergreens, while the modest parsonage retires behind it, with its little court in front, and its blooming pear-tree trained against the walls. Beyond, are a fine range of fields and some flourishing young plantations; but in my early days they wre not to be seen. There was, instead, a wide common, skirted in some parts with very poor cottages. No trees, no gardens were seen around them. I remember how bleak and bare the situation of those dwellings used to appear. A pool of muddy water was before the doors of some, and a dunghill was heaped up against the wall of others. Each had a cow-shed, such as it was, with its ragged thatch, and its sides full of holes, through which the wind whistled. Each cottager possessed a cow which grazed on the common, and which, though loan from being only half-fed, was the best wealth of its master. As each villager had a right of common, every housekeeper possessed a cow; and often in my evening walk I met eight or nine of these miserable cattle coming home to be milked. Little John Todd, the blacksmith's son, used to drive in several in company with his father's. He took charge of Miss Black's, the milliner, of Wicksteed's, the publican, and of Harper's, the grocer. With all these cows, there was no great abundance of milk, butter, and cheese, in the place; for no more milk was yielded than was wanted for each family. There were tribes of children in most of the cottages; and the grocer had his shop-boy, the publican his stable-boy, and the milliner her apprentice, to feed; so that there was a demand for as much milk as the poor animals could supply. A donkey or two, and a few pigs and geese, were also to be seen on the common, grazing or drinking from the pools, or dabbling in them. There was a pretty pond of clear water near the pathway which led across the common; and it was overhung on one side by a clump of beeches which formed a pleasant shade in summer, and were a relief to the eye in winter when the ground was covered with snow. Behind this clump the common was no longer level, but swelled into heathy hillocks, bright with gorse and broom, and the variety of plants which usually flourish in company with them. The view of the church and parsonage from the highest of these hills was particularly pretty when the setting sun shone full on their windows, and on the bench in the churchyard, where the old men used to go to enjoy its last beams. I have sat on that hill for many an hour, watching the children at their sports about the pond, or tending the cows; and have remained there with my father till no sound was heard but the dying hum from a distance, and nothing was to be seen of the village but the sparks from the blacksmith's forge.—My father agrees with me that Brooke is one of the prettiest villages in England.

Such is Brooke in its original state; and it is so pretty and engaging, that we have not the heart to present its portrait after the common was enclosed, the flocks and herds increased, husbandry immensely improved and extended, the cottages neat, substantial, and well furnished, the population doubled, and the people better fed, clothed, and educated; and all by the enclosure of Brooke common, the consolidation of small farms, the profitable employment of one intelligent gentleman's capital, and the co-operation of the labourers.

Our next extract must be of a different kind. Mr. Wallace, a partner in the iron mines, and his amiable and elegant wife, are conversing with old Armstrong, an eccentric character, who lives in solitude in a mountain cottage, with an ancient housekeeper, as much within, and to himself, as is possible for a man who lives on the verge of civilized life, and retains a strong taste for newspapers. He keeps his money under his bed, from distrust of mankind, and of commercial security; and we are rather surprised that the author does not show him murdered some night, and his cash-chest rifled; but she might not have the fortitude to execute such extreme justice, and as probably, thought him sufficiently punished in having so much unproductive capital beside him, and, by the state of defence he and his housekeeper were obliged to maintain in their mountain garrison. It is to this old gentleman Mrs. Wallace puts the following inquiry:—

"I should like to know," said Mrs. Wallace, "what it is that shocks you so much in our doings below."

She could not have made a more welcome inquiry. Armstrong was eloquent upon the inelegance of smoke, and rows of houses, and ridges of cinders, and all the appearances which attend an iron-work, and appealed to his guest as a lady of taste, whether such a laying waste of the works of nature was not melancholy. Mrs. Wallace could not agree that it was. It was true that a grove was a finer object at this distance than a cinder-ridge, and that a mountain-stream was more picturesque than a column of smoke; but there was beauty of a different kind which belonged to such establishments, and to which she was sure Mr. Armstrong would not be blind if he would only come down and survey the works. There was in the first place the beauty of the machinery. She thought it could not but gratify the taste to see how men bring the powers of nature under their own control by their own contrivances; how the wind and the fire are made to act in the furnace so that the metal runs out in a pure stream below; how, by the application of steam, such a substance as iron is passed between rollers, and compressed and shaped by them as easily as if it were potter's clay, and then cut into lengths like twigs.

Armstrong shook his head, and said this was all too artificial for him; and that granting (as he did not deny), that nature worked as much as man in these processes, she worked in another way which was not so beneficial,—in men's hearts, making them avaricious, deceitful, and envious.

"I was going to say," replied Mrs. Wallace, "that there is another sort of beauty in such establishments, which I prefer to that I was speaking of. I know nothing more beautiful than to see a number of people fully employed, and earning comforts for themselves and each other. If people obtain their money as they want it, they are less likely to be avaricious than if it came to them without exertion on their part; because the energy which they give to the pursuit in the one case, is likely to fix itself upon its rewards in the other. I do not know of any particular temptation to deceit or envy where all have their appointed labour and a sufficient reward without interfering with one another."

"I have seen enough of the tricks of trade," said the old man."

"You have been unfortunate as I have understood, said Mr. Wallace; but it does not follow that there is knavery wherever there is social industry, any more than that every one has such a pretty place as this to retire to in case of disgust with the world. But, as I was going to add to my wife's description, there appears to me not less beauty in the mechanism of society than in the inventions of art."

"That is, you being a master, like to survey the ranks of slaves under you."

"Not so," said Mr. Wallace mildly, for he was not inclined to resent the petulance of the old man. "There is no slavery, no enforced labour, no oppression, that I am aware of, in our establishment. Masters and men agree upon measures of mutual service, and the exertions of each party are alike necessary to the success of their undertaking." . . . . . .

"If all men had followed your mode of life to this day, there would have been no iron-work, nor any other sort of manufacture in existence; and life would have been barbarous in comparison with what it is; and there would have been few in comparison born to enjoy it. You would yourself have been a sufferer. You would have had no spade and no scythe, no bucket for your well, no chain for your bucket, no newspaper in the morning, and no Farmer's Journal in the afternoon. Since you owe all these things, and a thousand others, to the co-operation of capitalists and labourers, my dear sir, it seems rather ungracious to despise such a union."

"Well, sir, you shall have it your own way. How many classes of producers do you reckon?"

"Speaking of manufacturing produce, I reckon two,—the two I have mentioned; and I never listen to any question of their comparative value, since they are both necessary to production."

"I should have thought labour more valuable than capital," said Mrs. Wallace, "because it must have been in operation first. The first material must have been obtained, the first machine must have been made, by labour."

"True. Capital owes its origin to labour; but labour is in its turn assisted and improved by capital to such a degree, that its productiveness is incalculably increased. Our labourers could no more send ship-loads of bar-iron abroad without the help of the furnace and forge, and machinery, supplied by their masters, than their masters without the help of their labour."

"Then the more valuable this capital is, the more abundant the material wrought, the more perfect the machinery, the better for the labourer. And yet all do not think so."

"Because those who object to machinery do not perceive its true nature and office. Machinery, as it does the work of many men, or that which it would take one man a long time to do, may be viewed as *hoarded labour*. This, being set to work in addition to natural labour, yields a greatly increased produce; and the gains of the capitalist being thus increased, he employs a yet larger portion of labour with a view to yet further gains; and so a perpetual progress is made."

"Not without drawbacks, however," said Armstrong. "Do not forget the consequent failure of demand."

"That is only a temporary evil: for when the market is overstocked, prices fall; and when the price has fallen, more people can afford to buy than bought before, and so a new demand grows up. If printing and paper-making, for instance, were still unknown, we should have no newspapers; if the machinery were very imperfect, they would be so expensive as to be within reach of none but the wealthy; but, as the produce of both arts is abundant, and therefore cheap, we find newspapers in every alehouse; and if it were not for a duty which has nothing to do with their production, we should see them lying in many a cottage window. Thus, the public are equally obliged to the owners of printing presses and their workmen. These workmen are obliged to the masters whose capital sets them to work; and the masters are obliged to their men for the labour which sets their presses going. All are gainers by the co-operation of labour and capital."

From these extracts some notion may be formed of the object and execution of these remarkable volumes. To their author, Benjamin Franklin would have raised a statue, provided he had ever been betrayed into such a piece of romantic extravagance for any public benefactor whatever.

A Historical Treatise on Trial by Jury, Wager of Law, and other co-ordinate Forensic Institutions. By T. G. Repp. Edinburgh: Thomas Clark. 1832.

This is obviously the work of a man extensively acquainted with Scandinavian literature, and contains much curious information as to the origin and progress of jury trial, and the other kindred modes of procedure, by which, in rude times, justice was attempted to be administered in the North. The treatise, as Mr. Repp informs us, was undertaken with the view of furnishing information as to "whether the verdict of the jury in the north was required to be unanimous, or whether the verdict of the majority was received as valid and conclusive; and how far the judge had any influence on the final verdict when the jurors disagreed?' Towards the discussion of those questions Mr. Repp has examined about forty ancient codes of Scandinavian law, and has frequently directed his attention, to other points relating to the antiquity or authenticity of these codes, and to general history, which will be interesting to the legal antiquary. The nature and history of the Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, and Icelandic juries are successively considered; and the author has shewn that in all these cases the verdict was decided by the majority of voices. The theory that the unanimity required in English juries arises from the circumstance, that a condition, originally peculiarly to the wager of law, has been, as it seems by mistake, adapted to, and identified with, the regular jury, appears to us extremely probable. But we must refer those of our readers who are curious on such matters to the work itself, which they will find worthy of their perusal. Mr. Repp investigates the antiquities of jury trial in Scandinavia with all the zeal that might be expected from an ardent admirer of its expediency. He is an Icelander besides, and we may admire, though we cannot sympathize in, the vehemence of some of his national partialities.

The Cabinet Cyclopedia, conducted by Dr. Lardner and others. Vol. XXIX. History of Spain and Portugal, vol. I. London: Longman and Co., and John Taylor. 1832.

WE have much pleasure in recommending this first volume of a general history of Spain and Portugal. If the three remaining volumes be executed with equal care and elegance, we shall have a popular and correct history of the Peninsula, which our literature has hitherto wanted. That portion of the work now before us extends from the earliest period of Spanish history, down to the destruction of the Caliphat of the West in 1031; and embraces, in a rapid and pleasing narrative, a description of the original inhabitants of the Peninsula; the contests of the Romans and the Carthaginians; the settlement of the Roman power; the polity introduced by it; the irruption of the Barbarians; the rise, transactions, and institutions of the Visi-Gothic Monarchy; and, finally, the Mohammedan invasion and conquest of the Goths, and the history of the Caliphat. The author has shewn commendable industry in culling truth from the meagre, contradictory, and often incredible relations of contemporary chroniclers and historians. But we think he has been sufficiently harsh in his estimate of the Visi-Gothic polity, in comparison with that of the other European nations at the same period; and it may, perhaps, be regretted that the knowledge of Dr. Southey's projected work on the Arabian and Moorish Domination, should have induced him to compress his view of that part of it contained in this volume, within, perhaps, too narrow limits. We look forward, however, to the remainder of the work with considerable eagerness, knowing that the talents and learning of the historian will there be exerted upon subjects of greater interest in many points, but, above all, as illustrating the earlier rise, and the more speedy and full development, in the middle ages, of the principles of constitutional freedom in the Christian kingdoms of Spain, than in any other of the European states. We must here protest against the author's attempt, in one or two instances, to ingraft factious sentiments or expressions upon the discussion of matters with which they have no concern. What imaginable reason was there for bestowing upon us a note in defence of church establishments, to which the writer seems to think that tithes are a necessary adjunct? Uncalled-for exhibitions of political prejudice are poor recommendations of a historical work.

Poland, Homer, and other Poems. Black, Edinburgh; Longman & Co., London.

IT would be easy to string together a few smooth commonplaces to introduce this volume, but it is more just to give the whole of the limited space we can spare to the poems themselves. They are the production of that most enviable of all beings, a young poet; and are full of promise, as much from the pure and generous spirit they breathe, as from considerable poetic accomplishment. Poland, the longest piece, opens thus:—

Spirit of Freedom, shadow of the God
Whom nations worship when he walks abroad;
Shadow, yet light, to whom we turn our eyes,
When chafed by wrong or smote by miseries;
Guardian of truth, without whose aid our life
Would be a warfare of eternal strife—
Where hast thou hid thy face and veil'd thy brow?
The hearts of men are searching for thee now.
Lo! from its watch a glorious star is driven;
There is a comet wand'ring through thy heaven;
There is a plague upon the shrinking earth
That threats thy reign with pestilence and death,
A deep and dark conspiracy of sin ——"

This is still finer:—

O Europe! Europe! falsely named the wise,
How couldst thou gaze on such a sacrifice?
Well didst thou know the base and guilty wile,
And yet thy lips were smiling all the while.
Tell me, I pray thee, was the sight so sweet,
To view thy sister gasping at thy feet?
Was it so very pleasant to thy heart
To see her blood upon thy garments start?
Is that a stain so slight——

We would like to give a few lines from an animated apostrophe to Prince Adam Czartoryski, to whom the volume is appropriataly inscribed, but pass to the following invocation, which is in a yet higher strain:—

O! that a new Tyrtæus would awake,
To speak aloud as never man yet spake;
To scatter forth his passion like a shower,
With voice of glory and with words of power;
To move the passive nations, till they feel
The startling justice of that high appeal,
Until the spirit, caged within the soul,
Were freed, and bounding onwards.——

Homer contains many fine descriptive stanzas. Its close is impressively beautiful. It will probably be the favourite with most readers:—our own is the *Lament for Shelley.* It is *poetry;* and high earnest of what may yet be expected from the writer. Those who have heard of Shelley's death, and obsequies, can never forget circumstances so fraught with mournful interest. They are thus strikingly described.

Upon a bare and desolated shore,
Where the tired waters jangle with the shells,
The ocean flung the wasted form it bore
Amongst its ridged lines, and tufted swells.
There was he found. No toll of church-yard bells
Rings for his burial: no mourners keep
Watch o'er his coffin, till the iron nails
Rivet him down—they laid him on a heap,
Like an old Roman chief, who sleeps his wakeless sleep!

It was a hot and slumb'rous summer-noon;
The sun was glaring like a pestilence
Up in the sky, and over the lagoon
No shadow fell. The kindled pile, from whence
The smoke oozed out, in breathings dark and dense,
Threw a short shadow on the sand, spellbound
Was nature, and the quietude intense,
Broken but by the short and crackling sound,
And one lone sea-bird's scream, that flew in circles round.

The master † of the lyre stood near, his eye
Wandered, as when some doomed man doth read
A prophet's warnings of calamity;
And one was there, who leant his throbbing head
Against a tree,—his very heart did bleed
Within him, like a brother's.—Weep anew!
God shield thy spirit in its hour of need,
Thou persecuted man! for it is true,
And just, and good, though some would pierce it through and through.

We take leave of this volume, sincerely regretting that we can do such imperfect justice to its merits.

† Lord Byron and Mr. Leigh Hunt were almost the sole mourners at this "strange sacrifice." It must gratify the survivor to see, that, in a new generation, and among a distant people, there are ingenuous minds, that can think and judge for themselves, and calmly distribute retributive justice.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL composition seems nearly at a stand at home and abroad. The art, we are told, is spreading its influence among the Americans, who have established an Italian Opera in New York. The fame of PAGANINI is so far travelled, that a violin player at Calcutta holds out as an attraction, that he is an *élève* of the Italian prodigy! Even the Brahmins are distinguishing themselves as concerto players. VERAPIAH, in the service of the Rajah of Sanjore, executes the most difficult piano-forte pieces at first sight! Don PEDRO is making himself no less remarkable by the romance of his political venture, than by his overtures, which have been performing at Paris. One of these, in E flat, says Fetis, is *d'une facture correcte, et annonce dans son auteur, une connaissance etendue des effets de l'orchestre.* We fear the ex-Emperor's overtures will not be listened to by his opponent, even if musical, with much gratification. But we trust, for the honour of the art, that MIGUEL has "no music in himself," and is, consequently, only "fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils!"

The distresses of Poland have driven her exiled patriots to turn their musical talents to account in foreign lands. A Polish girl, Mademoiselle LEONORKA, just entering her teens, said to be equally interesting, on account of her misfortunes and her skill on the violin, has been giving concerts at Bourdeaux.

The veteran, PLEYEL—a composer who long enjoyed an almost universal reputation—died lately in France. Many persons will remember the time, when PLEYEL's compositions were the only esteemed things of the day; although he has long ago given place to the more impassioned and elaborate style of modern instrumental music. Several of his works will, however, withstand "the razure of oblivion." He is uniformly characterised by smooth intelligible writing; and his slow movements are full of sweetness and grace.

MUZIO CLEMENTI, the father of modern piano-forte music, has also paid the debt of nature at an advanced age. Besides his celebrity as a composer and concerto-player, CLEMENTI was a man of scientific acquirements and general information. CRAMER, FIELD, and BERTINI, were his pupils; and KALKBRENNER is indebted to him for the direction of his early efforts in music.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

Songs of the Seasons.—The Music composed by the Author of the Musical Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. —NOVELLO: London.

MISS FLOWERS has acquired deserved fame by her Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. The present work will add to—nay, completely establish her title to celebrity as a composer. The Songs of the Seasons are the result of profound, well-directed study, and pure refined taste. In style, they resemble the works of the old English masters, but are perfectly original; and, for bold freedom of harmonic progression, and fine-flowing melody, will vie with the productions of any composer, living or dead. We have our apprehensions, that their very excellence may mar their popularity. Modern taste has been formed upon models of so totally opposite and degenerate a kind, that it is quite unprepared to appreciate a revival of the styles

of PURCELL and ARNE. We hope it may prove otherwise. The authoress has our best wishes, and we shall rejoice in her success, looking forward to many future essays of her richly gifted powers.

The Favourite Airs in Robert le Diable, arranged for the piano-forte, by ADOLPHE ADAM. *Airs de Ballet in ditto,* by HERZ. London:

MAYERBEER'S *Robert le Diable* has been greedily seized upon, cut, carved, and dished-up by composers in various adaptations for the piano-forte. As the opera is new to us, we prefer, at present, the simple arrangement by ADAM; which is ably executed, and gives the player a good idea of this noble production, so redolent of beautiful ideas and rich effects.

Farewell. The words by LORD BYRON. *The music by* FERDINAND REIS. London: T. WELSH.

THIS is a well-expressed song; but so very scientific in structure, that we fear it will never be appreciated by amateur singers.

The Merry Moonlight Hour. A canzonet composed by JOHN THOMSON, Esq. PATERSON and ROY, Edinburgh.

A TRULY exquisite song; light, sparkling, and animated. It will bear comparison with the best productions of its original and clever composer. When known, we are convinced it will be a general favourite.

The Hour is come. A duet written by T. ATKINSON, Esq. *Composed by* JOHN TURNBULL. J. WILLIS, London.

A COMPOSITION that has absolutely nothing to recommend it. The melodies are trifling, and the accompaniments thin and ineffective. The words deserve better music.

O yes, I often think of Her. A Ballad by Captain CHARLES GRAY. *The music by* T. REED. J. WILLIS, London.

A CLEVER ballad, both as regards words and music.

The Widow. A Ballad by T. HAYNES BAYLY. *Composed by* G. A. HODSON. London: GOULDING and Co.

THERE is truth and feeling mixed up with mawkish simplicity in Bayly's ballads. The song before us is an elixir for young widows, resolved never more to submit to the matrimonial yoke, agreeing, we suppose, that

> The instances, that second marriage move,
> Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.

The music by Hodson is of a very commonplace character.

Child of the West. A Highland Ballad, written by F. W. N. BAYLEY. *The music by* G. A. HODSON. GOULDING and Co. London.

THIS is one of those vile cockney effusions that well deserve the fate of the daw with borrowed feathers, in the fable—to be pecked at by every person of discernment, for aspiring to the title it so presumptuously adopts. We marvel how such trash can be tolerated. The music is wretchedly bad, and the poetry absolutely ludicrous. A maid is addressed "Fair *chiel* of the West." The "bonnie bonnie thistle rears its head," and "nods to the purple heather." Protesting, that a "canny cot by the blue hill's side" is at her service, the fair *chiel* is directed by her swain to look to the mist in the north, gathering "like the spirit of song in its shadowy *vest*," (why not *kilt*?) But the *summum bonum* of their felicity is to "dance *o'er* the Highlands together." We advise the whole tribe, man, woman, and boy, of the pseudo Scottish composers, to join in this dance. A few skips and pirouettes, by one of the "blue hill sides," would rid the world of these poisoners and perverters of good old Scottish minstrelsy.

J. Johnstone, Printer, 19, St. James' Square.